

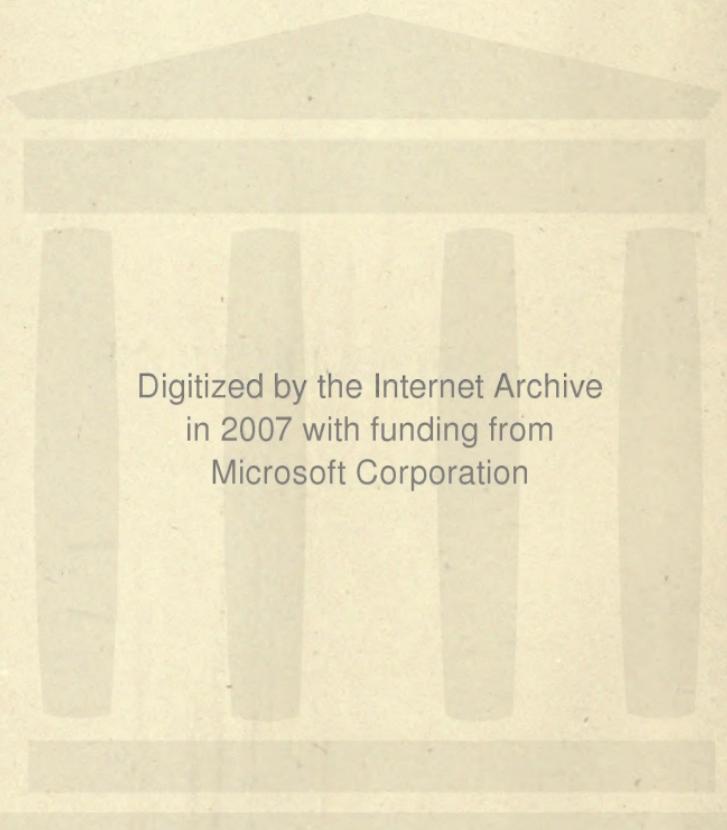
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VOLUME II

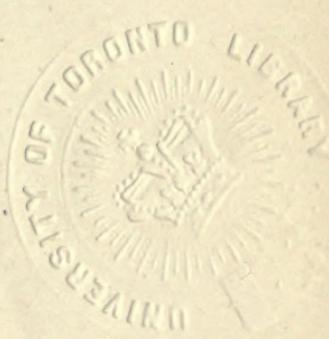


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WILLIAM TINSLEY



“I ran it through, even from my boyish days.”

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

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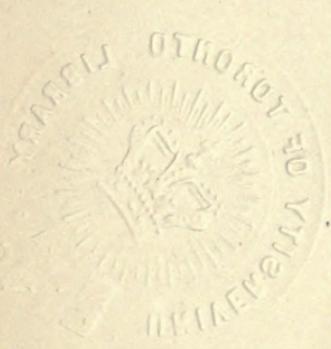
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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER I.

J. L. TOOLE—*continued.*

A CURIOUS THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENT.

One of the, if not the very last engagement Mr. Toole had at the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand before he went to America might have led to a much more serious misunderstanding than it did. I think I am right in saying that John Hollingshead seldom had written agreements with any of the principal people in the company. His word was his bond ; and his word was good for any sum to his staff. Toole's understanding in this particular engagement was that he was to take one-half of the receipts after, I think, seventy pounds per night. Now, on the face of that understanding, it would certainly seem that no mistake could arise, because, if there was not seventy pounds in the house any night, Toole would not receive anything. And it so happened there were nights when the receipts were under seventy pounds ; but on Monday and Saturday, at the least, there was nearly double that sum per night. On the first Monday an account

of the receipts was rendered to Mr. Toole, Mr. Hollingshead first crediting himself with six times seventy pounds, or, in round figures, £420, and then dividing the balance between himself and Mr. Toole. Toole at once objected to that mode of making out the account, and wanted to take no note of the under seventy pound nights, and only share the over that sum nights' receipts. He mentioned the matter to me, and I advised him to write Hollingshead a line on the matter. He did so, and I think the wording of his note was about as follows :—"Dear Hollingshead,—The account is wrong. I share after seventy, and have nothing to do with the nights under that sum.—Yours, J. L. T." Hollingshead's reply was more brief than Toole's :—"Dear Johnny,—You share on the week.—Yours, J. H."

And there, if I remember rightly, the matter ended. Both gentlemen were no doubt convinced in their own minds that they were right. The manager was obliged to insure as far as he could the expenses for his theatre and company, and such an experienced man as Mr. Toole should have stipulated per night, and not the week. However, Toole knew he would not be a great loser by the mistake, and I do not think the matter was ever made a serious question between matter-of-fact J. H. and J. L. T. I mention the matter because I really think it was a curiosity in agreements, and in litigious hands would have made a pretty case for arguments in wigs and gowns, because anyone

may see at a glance that the interests of both parties might have been considerable. For instance, if the receipts during no one night in the week had not been more than seventy pounds, Mr. Toole would not have secured a penny ; as a matter of fact, when he made the agreement, he reckoned that the receipts on Saturday, Monday, and perhaps another night or two in the week would insure him a good sum, and even if there were two or three nights of only forty or fifty pound houses, that was his manager's loss. But, as seen above, methodical John Hollingshead certainly knew what agreement he had made, and Mr. Toole did not. And yet he had, at that time, had agreements with almost every theatrical manager of note in the three kingdoms, and that particular form of agreement had escaped his memory, if he had ever made one of the kind. However, if I remember rightly, under seventy pound houses were an exception, so no great harm came to actor or manager, but the case is, perhaps, worth a mem. by actors.

The blessing of being able to sleep almost at will at any time day or night is not given, I am afraid, to many men or women when they have lived to the time when the cares of this world must, or should, make them think well over life's destiny.

Strange to say, I can well remember the time when Mr. Toole could go to sleep almost whenever he pleased ; to such a busy and active-minded man as he was it must have been a blessing indeed. The day nor the night was never too long for his

wonderful activity and mirth, but the moment, as it were, the curtain went down on the day or the night's work, joy, or pastimes, he would go to sleep almost at once, as a rule for a given time, and then awake and be up again as fresh as a lark.

Some years ago, I forget how many, Toole went to play at the Ryde Theatre, Isle of Wight, the last weeks of one of his most successful country tours. He did not expect to take much money there, for it was not the Isle of Wight season, and there were very few visitors. But he and his capital little company had had a hard-working travel round the provinces, so the genial actor-manager thought a week on the Solent would be good for him and his company. Besides, our dear old friend Humphry, or rather Humph Barnet, had rented the Ryde Theatre for a time, and had begged Toole to go there, reckoning on at least fair, if not great, business, even though the island was short of visitors. However, Humph had reckoned without his host, or, it might almost be said, with his host, for without doubt Toole is a good host at any time. At all events, much to the amazement of Barnet and the great comedian, business at the theatre was very bad indeed, so much so that, but for his old friend Barnet, Toole would not, I think, have played the week out.

Besides, a few old friends had agreed to meet and spend the week on the island during Toole's stay there. The subscriber and his wife and Mr. B. L. Farjeon were of the party, and a right merry time

indeed we had, and, strange to say, the bad business was the cause of much mirth. Barnet was by no means a poor man, so our thoughtless laughs at his loss, or rather not gain, of money he had doubtless counted upon did not injure him in any way seriously, although he did at times look so glum that it was hardly possible not to laugh. In fact, two or three times, when several of us had journeyed to the other side of the island, Toole would worry Humph not a little, and pretend he would not play that night, and would defer returning to Ryde to almost the last moment, always of course intending to be at his post at the right time.

It was Mr. Toole's custom in those days to have a benefit one night in the week in most of the towns he visited, mostly I think on a Friday. Any how, on the Friday of the week in question his benefit was announced, and certainly more of the inhabitants favoured him with their presence than on the other nights, but the theatre was by no means crammed ; however, it was not what is called in theatrical language a "bad" house. Toole romped through two of his favourite plays, and the late John Maclean, who was then a member of Toole's company, recited Hood's poems of "The Song of the Shirt" and "Eugene Aram," and the scene in the dress circle while he was reciting was a strange sight. Maclean had a powerful and impressive voice, and, as is well known, the poems themselves are impressive indeed. Before he had finished reciting "The Song of the Shirt," two ladies had fainted, and by the time the

line "And Eugene Aram walked between, with gyves upon his wrists," was reached, two or more ladies had fainted, and the circle was in a hopeless confusion. The curious part of the matter was that Maclean got so excited over his work that he had not the slightest notion of what happened until I went to his room and told him. I always thought John Maclean a very good actor, and, even with his rather hard, harsh voice, should have held better positions and earned more money than he did during his rather long career upon the stage. For, although he was for years a member of John Hollingshead's company at the Gaiety Theatre, and played all sorts of parts from tragedy to burlesque, his favourite parts were, without doubt, serious ones.

I knew Maclean when he was quite a young man. He was then, in about 1854, working as a cabinet-maker in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, and was even at that time a very good amateur actor, and quite a favourite reciter at a Mechanics' Institution, where I used to go for such entertainments. Mr. Searle, the able writer for *The Weekly Dispatch*, under I think the signature of "Caustic," was fond of giving readings from Shakespeare at the Institution, and I remember his reading was very slow and measured in comparison to young Maclean's quick and stirring delivery. Doubtless, the old scholar was more correct if more dull than his young contemporary at that work.

Miss Glynn, the celebrated actress, had a very high opinion of Maclean as a friend and as an actor,

and for years never tired of giving him much excellent advice in acting. That clever lady never doubted that he would be in the front rank of actors of his time if a good chance came for him, but I am afraid the chance did not come. And poor Maclean, one of the sturdiest and most respected actors of his time, after playing small and often poor parts for years, drifted into delicate health, and died before he was by any means an old man. As a Freemason, I have heard John Maclean was very much respected indeed.

At the end of our merry week on the island, Mr. Toole's acting manager engaged a large saloon railway carriage, and over twenty of us journeyed to London together. Perhaps the night before had been a rather sleepless one for some of us, for our host the comedian had kept the table in a roar, and so as soon as the train was in motion he said to me, "I'm going to have five minutes, Bill," and was off to dreamland almost the next minute. The five minutes extended to nearly twenty, and then the whole of us were very much awake the remainder of the journey.

Those bits of sleep Mr. Toole could so easily take were doubtless the secret of his wonderful energy and spirits, and I think I may say that at that time and for some years later he was not called upon to bear many of the greatest troubles of life. He had an excellent wife and two clever children, whom he loved very much indeed, and for whose comfort then and in future years he was proud

to work. But sorrows force their way into homes and places where least expected, and Mr. Toole has had more than his share. And now, alas ! I am truly sorry to know that, at no very great age, our excellent comedian and English gentleman is broken down in health, and the voice which once was so full of mirth is full instead of sadness and sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

TOOLE'S CONJURING AND OTHER CONJURERS.

I have seen some curious and amusing blunders in conjuring, but one which amused me very much was made some years ago by Toole at his theatre. He was going to produce a farce, called, I think, "The Wizard of the Wilderness," and engaged Bland, the well-known conjurer of Oxford Street, to show him some tricks. Amongst them Toole was anxious to accomplish the well-known feat of producing a glass bowl of water containing gold fish from a pocket-handkerchief. As is well known, the bowl of water with the fish in it is concealed in a large back pocket in the conjurer's coat, and, to prevent the water escaping, an almost invisible piece of india-rubber is strained tightly over the rim of the bowl, the art of doing the trick well consisting in taking the bowl out of the pocket with one hand whilst doing a lot of flourishing with the handkerchief in the other, and the moment the bowl is safely hidden by the handkerchief, the india-rubber is released and easily drops off without being seen by the audience. There is neither art nor trouble in doing the trick slowly, but there is some art in doing it very quickly, which means, of course, some or a good deal of practice. Bland, whose nature corresponded to his name, was

pleased to practise the trick, and show how easily it was done, and it was easy enough without the water and fish. It was, however, rather a poser for Toole to manage the feat with water and fish and bowl complete. In fact, serious as Bland was in the matter, Johnny would play all sorts of games with him.

However, after some persuading, Toole let him put the bowl of water and fish into his pocket, and then began the fakement with the handkerchief and to fumble for the bowl. In doing so he released the india-rubber, down from the pocket came a stream of water, and instead of bringing out the bowl and its contents complete, he produced in its place one of the gold fish, and in his most comic manner said to Bland, "I told you so." However, nothing daunted, Bland persuaded him to have another try, which he did, with no better effect. Toole then mentioned refreshments, for we were all convulsed with the absurdity of his attempt at the trick—at least, all of us except Bland, who looked as serious as if his life and existence depended on Toole being perfect in his conjuring. When Toole and I were away from the rest of the company, he whispered to me, "I shall do the trick that way to-night, Bill." He did so, and the audience roared at what they thought was a blunder on his part.

In one of Byron's plays Toole wore rather a full-setting pair of knee-breeches, the leg portions of which, when unfastened at the knees, dropped

down in the form of huge trousers. One night his dresser omitted to fasten them at one of the knees, and during a scene it slipped down. Toole, hearing laughs because he was trying to readjust the garment, looked annoyed ; in fact, at last it was very plain that he was vexed about the matter, and there was a roar of laughter all round the house, when, regaining his presence of mind, he looked over the foot-lights and said, "It is a come-down, isn't it?" The same incident was always afterwards repeated in the play, and those who did not know the origin of it always had a good laugh at the seeming accident.

MOCK CONJURING.

A good many years ago I just missed a conjuring entertainment that might have ended in a serious row. I think the present Mr. George Grossmith, Senior, was one of the leaders in the rather expensive joke, and I feel sure Robert Reece, the dramatist, one of John Hollingshead's sons, and some other merry Bohemians at that time took part in it. I forget where the entertainment was given, but I remember it was agreed that almost all articles handed to the conjurer and his helpers should be destroyed or disappear altogether. Those in the know handed up all sorts of valueless articles, such as cheap handkerchiefs, hats, bad coins, tin watches, etc. ; but now and then someone in the audience handed a good handkerchief or a hat. The handkerchiefs were at once burnt, and real flour and water

puddings made in the good hats. However, it soon began to dawn upon the non-conjurers that there was a serious joke going on, and the entertainment ended in some confusion.

Strange to say, James Anderson, who was one of the most popular professional conjurers of his time, even though he had the most extensive and expensive properties for his business, was by no means smart in many of his tricks.

I only saw Robert Houdin once, but he was evidently cleaner in his tricks than Anderson. I saw Herr Frickell several times, and he was, without doubt, almost the smartest conjurer of his time.

Dr. Lynn was not, in his best days, at all a bad conjurer, but he always seemed to talk too much, his everlasting patter of "That's how it's done" often becoming tiresome.

Strange to say, conjuring in the western world has never seemed to bear any comparison in expertness to that of the workers in legerdemain in the East.

I think I have mentioned before in these notes that I once saw some Indians at the Egyptian Hall do wonderful acts in conjuring. They ate fire, stamped the fire of red-hot coals with their bare feet, crunched up wine glasses with their teeth, seemingly gouged their eyes out and hung them on their cheeks, and, in fact, did scores of wonderful

and seemingly outrageous things ; but even these acts sink into nothingness in comparison with the acts of legerdemain mentioned in the following matter, which I venture to quote from two old authors.

BENGAL JUGGLERS.

(From an Article on the "Autobiography of the Emperor Jahangueir," in the "Quarterly Review.")

The author gives an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the Imperial Court. Jahangueir was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately sowed, in separate places, seed in the ground, and a few minutes after, a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit ! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jahanguier assures us was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes, was not all :—

“Before the trees were removed, there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.”

Major Price states that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. “I have, however,” he adds, “no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit.”

The reader will be amused with the Emperor’s narrative of some more of these “specious miracles” :—

“One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself round several times, took a sheet, with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round—to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared that, on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days’ journey, they saw

the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

“They placed in my presence a large seething pot, or cauldron, and filling it with water, threw into it eight of the smaller mauns of irak of rice, when, without the application of the smallest spark of fire, the cauldron forthwith began to boil ; in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top !”

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process :—

“They produced a man, whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatever !”

This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter the pantaloon in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jahangueir relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered

a pond with a mantle of ice sufficiently strong to bear an elephant, the machinery sent from England to India some time ago for freezing water must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following, which must have been optical deceptions, and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the "Letters on Natural Magic":—

"They caused two tents to be set up, the one at the distance of a bow shot from the other, the doors or entrances being placed exactly opposite; they raised the tent walls all around, and desired that it might be particularly observed that they were entirely empty. Then, fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaun-e-Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore separated by the men, and conveyed within the tents. In short, they continued to produce from either tent whatever

animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe ; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

“ They were furnished with a bow and about 50 steel pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height ; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows, to the last of all, which striking the sheaf suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

“ They produced a chain of 50 cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, instantly ran up, and reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising.”

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

[The following amusing account of tricks performed by a company of jugglers in India, in presence of a rajah and the European visitors at his Court, is from the "Oriental Annual" for 1836—a volume which, whether for pictorial embellishment or literary matter of interest, fully sustains the reputation which the work has deservedly attained.]

"To me the most interesting part of the sports was the performance of the jugglers, a party of them being now introduced. The usual preliminaries took place, such as swallowing the sword, eating fire, and a few other tricks, common to every exhibitor at the provincial fairs in our own country. After which, one of the men, taking a large earthen vessel, with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out ; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards, it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it ; his request was obeyed ; still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it, to our astonishment it was empty. These and similar deceptions were several times repeated ; and so skilfully were they managed that, although any of us who chose were allowed to upset the vessel when full, which I did many times, upon reversing it there was no water to be seen, and yet no appearance of any having escaped. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which could lead to a discovery of the

mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself, still, upon taking it up, all was void within ; yet the ground around it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems which none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the juggler upon this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, very roughly made ; and in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence ; the fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his Highness and the party present with him.

The next thing done was still more extraordinary. A large basket was produced, under which was put a lean, hungry, Pariah female dog ; after the lapse of about a minute, the basket was removed, and she appeared with a litter of seven puppies. These were again covered, and upon raising the magic basket, a goat was presented to our view ; this was succeeded by a pig in the full vigour of existence, but which, after being covered for the usual time, appeared with its throat cut ; it was, however, shortly restored to life under the mystical shade of the wicker covering. What rendered these sudden changes so extraordinary was, that no one stood near the basket but the juggler, who raised and covered the animals with it. When he concluded, there was nothing to be seen under it ; and what became of the different animals which had figured

in this singular deception was a question that puzzled us all.

A man now took a small bag full of brass balls, which he threw one by one into the air, to the number of thirty-five. None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last, there was a pause of full a minute ; he then made a variety of motions with his hands, at the same time grunting forth a kind of barbarous chant ; in a few seconds, the balls were seen to fall, one by one, until the whole of them were replaced in the bag ; this was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting juggle was performed.

A gaunt-looking Hindoo next stepped forward, and declared he would swallow a snake. Opening a box, he produced a *Cobra de Capello* not less than five feet long, and as big as an infant's wrist. He stood, however, apart, at some distance from us, and, like his predecessor, would not allow any person to approach him, so that the deception became no longer equivocal. He then, as it appeared to us, took the snake, and putting its tail into his mouth, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project from between his lips, when, with a sudden gulp, he seemed to complete the disgusting process of deglutition, and to secure the odious reptile within his body. After the expiration of a few seconds, he opened his mouth, and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the box, making a *salaa* to the rajah.

This was by no means a pleasant sight, but his Highness laughed heartily, and threw the performer a handful of rupees, thus clearly showing that his pleasure was no counterfeit, like the juggler's trick.

The next thing that engaged our attention was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. A woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo, twenty feet high, placed it upright upon a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising activity. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the while. Round her waist she had a girdle, to which was fastened an iron sccket; springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at, the bamboo appearing all the while as if it were supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backward until the heels touched her shoulders, and grasping the ankles in her hands, continued her rotation so rapidly that the outline of her body was entirely lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed several other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air, balanced it upon her chin, then upon her nose, and finally projected it to a distance from her, without the application of her hands. She was an

elderly woman, and by no means prepossessing in her person, which I conclude was the reason that the rajah, though he applauded her dexterity, did not give her a proof of his liberality. We, however, threw her a few rupees, with which she appeared perfectly satisfied.

The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth, about the size of a sheet. After a while, it seemed to be gradually raised ; upon taking it up, there appeared three pine-apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common juggle, and yet it is perfectly inexplicable. Many other extraordinary things were done which have entirely escaped my memory ; but the concluding feat was too remarkable to be easily forgotten.

A tall athletic fellow advanced, and making his salaam to the gallery, threw himself upon the ground. After performing several strange antics, he placed his head downwards with his heels in the air, raised his arms, and crossed them over his breast, balancing himself all the while upon his head. A cup, containing sixteen brass balls; was now put into his hands ; these he took and severally threw them into the air, keeping the whole sixteen in constant motion, crossing them, and causing them to describe all kinds of figures, and not allowing one of them to reach the ground. When he had thus shown his dexterity for a few minutes, a slight man approached, climbed up his body with singular agility, and stood upright upon the inverted feet of

the performer, who was still upon his head. A second cup, containing sixteen balls, was handed to the smaller man, who commenced throwing them until the whole were in the air. Thirty-two balls were now in motion, and the rays of the sun falling upon their polished surfaces, the jugglers appeared in the midst of a shower of gold. The effect was singular, and the dexterity displayed by these men quite amazing. They were as steady as if they had been fixed into stone, and no motion, save that of their arms and heads, was visible. At length, the upper man, having caught all his balls and replaced them in the cup, sprang upon the ground, and his companion was almost as quickly upon his legs.

After a short pause, the man who had before exhibited himself with his body reversed, planted his feet close together, and standing upright like a column, the smaller juggler climbed his body as before, and placing the crown of his head upon that of his companion, raised his legs into the air, thus exactly reversing the late position of the two performers. At first they held each other's hands until the libration was complete, when they let go, the upper man waving his arms in all directions to show the steadiness of his equilibrium. The legs were kept apart sometimes, one being bent, while the other remained erect; but the body did not seem to waver for a single instant. After they had been in this position for about a minute, the balls were again put into their hands, and the whole thirty-two kept in motion in the air as before. It

was remarkable that, during the entire time they were thrown, neither of them once came in contact, a proof of the marvellous skill displayed. It is certain that the manual dexterity of these men is not exceeded, if approached, by the jugglers of any other country in the world.

When they had done with the balls, the upper man took a number of small cylindrical pieces of steel, two inches long ; several of these he placed upon his nose, producing a slender rod full a foot in length, which, in spite of his difficult position, he balanced so steadily that not one of the pieces fell. He then crossed the taper column with a flat bar of copper, half an inch wide and four inches long ; upon this he fixed one of his little cylinders, and on the top of that a slight spear, the whole of which he balanced with perfect steadiness, finally taking off every separate piece, and throwing it upon the ground ; thus concluded this extraordinary performance. Grasping hands as before, the little man sprang upon his feet, and made his obeisance to the gallery."

This feat appears to have been something similar, though much less extraordinary, to one mentioned in the autobiography of the Mogul Emperor Jahangueir.

I have heard it said, and often wonder if it is in any way possible, that many of the above-mentioned feats are due to the fact of the conjurer mesmerising the audience.

Surely not. For, although one person may easily

be hypnotised—to thus affect a whole audience seems impossible.

CHANGE OF NAMES BY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Some curious and certainly awkward mistakes owing to change of names are often made in the theatrical profession. The changes of actresses' names by marriage, when they elect to act under their husbands' names, and have brothers and sisters on the stage, has ere now caused high words; the more so because it is almost a habit, and especially amongst young members, to criticise their fellow players. At least, it seems to me that there are no playgoers who should be more discreet than the players themselves; they as a rule do not pay for their seats, and can well afford to be discreet in their remarks. But such is not always the case. They have opinions, and they will give them, forgetting that, if they themselves were playing the parts, they would be much enraged if they knew disparaging remarks were being made about their acting. One of the most peculiar mistakes came about, not from the change of a name, but from the fact that an old friend of mine had no idea that the actress with whom he was playing was any relation to a manager whose name was mentioned. My old friend had just finished a rather long tour in the country with his company, and had began his usual London season; and he and the lady were in the wings waiting their cues. So she said, "Well——how did you get on the last tour?" and then questioned him about business at

some theatres she knew, making special mention of a certain manager and his theatre. My old friend said, without a moment's thought, "Ah, he is one of the worst old men I ever had dealings with"; and was proceeding to further sum up his bad qualities, when the lady replied sternly, "Hold on, he is my father." The bit of plain speaking was treated as a joke; but doubtless it left a slight sting of bad feeling behind. I am sure my old friend was truly sorry for what he had said, even though he had spoken the truth.

Not a great many years ago, there were three brothers, actors in London; their family name is, I think, Grimstone, and they all three acted under different names—Mr. W. H. Kendell, Mr. Garthorne, and Mr. Ashley. Perhaps there should not have been great confusion about the relationship between Mr. Kendell and Mr. Garthorne, for the voice and manner on the stage of the two gentlemen were at times very striking; but Mr. Ashley bore very little resemblance to his brothers. Supposing those three gentlemen had married into theatrical families, and their wives had elected to take their husbands' names instead of their own, considerable confusion might have been the result. Young Stanley, the billiard player, and Miss Cicely Richards, the noted slavey of "Our Boys," were brother and sister. Stanley was very fond of his sister, and she of him, and he was never more proud than when in her company in public. One day a well-wisher of Miss Richards quietly

hinted to her that he thought she was not over discreet in being so much in the company of a professional billiard player ; and no one was more surprised than the rather officious but well-meaning friend when he learnt the relationship between the two. There was also some confusion from the fact that West Diggs, the author of a drama that had a one-night run at the Queen's Theatre, Richards, the billiard player, and Stanley, were all three brothers.

CHAPTER III.

THE HONOURABLE LEWIS WINGFIELD, BOHEMIAN AND GENTLEMAN.

One of the cleverest and most noted Bohemians of his time was the Honourable Lewis Wingfield, who for some years was next-of-kin to the earldom and estates of Powerscourt, in Ireland. But, strange to say, he never, at least during the several years I knew him, showed any desire to inherit the title or estates—in fact, much preferred to be known as Lewis Wingfield; and, as I shall show in one of his always interesting letters to me, he much preferred that anyone addressing him should omit the prefix of Honourable.

However, much to the delight of Wingfield, a son and heir was born to the then and perhaps now Earl of Powerscourt, and so he was not burdened with a title and estates he had no wish for. In fact, I believe Wingfield was a man of good fortune, so much so that he did not crave for more, and so lived and died a thorough Bohemian in letters and arts. In fact, I think he was the only man I ever met who was more than willing to shunt the prefix of Honourable to his name. I several times jokingly asked him if I should dispose of his title for him, for I knew several men ready to buy a title of some kind, at almost any price in reason. But,

unlike Esau, he would not sell his own or anyone's birthright, though, if he could have given it away, I think he would have done so willingly. Wingfield was a writer of no mean powers, and could use his able pen in many ways. He did good ordinary newspaper work, was a fair dramatist, a good dramatic critic, a very fair amateur actor, near being a good writer of fiction, and also an artist of good note. I think I am right in saying that he painted the portraits of almost all the Earls of Powerscourt that now adorn the entrance hall of Powerscourt. As a proof of Wingfield's Bohemian tendencies, he was for a number of years known as Ned Smith, the cabmen's friend, and very few of the old drivers ever knew he was a gentleman by birth and title, but only knew him by the above-mentioned name, and also as a wonderfully good-natured gentleman, ready at any time to help and advise them for their own good. There were almost hundreds of cabmen in London who would have driven him for hours without charge of any kind, but I am afraid he often gave double fare, and a drink into the bargain.

Wingfield knew London slums perhaps as well, or better, than most men of his time. I do not remember that he, like James Greenwood, had had the courage to spend a night in a casual ward, but he did often spend nights and days in strange and often dangerous slums. There was always a free-hearted and generous manner about him which took him safely through risky places and very

dangerous company. I think the secret was that, even though he could not hide the good fellow and gentleman in his manners, he was a master of slum slang, although he only used it for the sake of seeming *hail-fellow-well-met* in the company he was in.

He was one of our merry party at Birmingham when I was the guest of Mr. Toole, and even in Birmingham the lowest slums seemed to interest him quite as much as the largest workshop of that marvellous town. I had one evening ramble with him, and the darker the alley and the more mysterious the slum the more interested he was. I confess I was not, and was glad to drag him home to our merry midnight supper at the old Hen and Chickens Hotel.

I published, I think, Mr. Wingfield's first fiction of any length and pretensions, called "*Slippery Ground*." In fact, the length of it did not admit of a doubt, for the original MS. was more than double that of the ordinary three-volume novel, and the cutting it down was no end of trouble and, I am afraid, vexation to Wingfield; for he had built up his book in an ingenious manner, but regardless as to whether an extra hundred thousand words made it more or less "*wordy*." The consequence was that he could not easily reduce it in any one particular place or chapter, so had to go through it page by page, and shorten myriads of speeches, dialogues, and descriptions. Even then it was almost as long as

“David Copperfield,” but I am afraid not quite as interesting. I wish I dare publish all the letters he wrote to me during the time he was cutting down the MS. of “Slippery Ground.” It seemed to me that whenever he got tired of slaughtering matter in his MS., he set to work and abused me in well-illustrated letters, and pictured me in pen-and-ink drawings worthy of a much better cause. In one drawing I am standing with a whip in my hand over a well-fleshed female in a steaming hot bath, supposed to be “Slippery Ground,” bidding her stay there until she has lost her superfluous flesh ; then he drew her figure out of the bath, with hardly a scrap of flesh on her bones, and in the end the subscriber is pictured dead on a gibbet, looking even more unsightly than he ever did alive, and the frail-figured woman and the author are looking at him with a well-seeming no end of satisfaction on their faces. In fact, the author seems to be repeating some words of his, which were, “Ah ! you spoilt the trinity of English authors, Thackeray, Dickens, and —.” And he knew I would add, “and the H——,” but the attempt to get his prefix in was not always successful. There was rather a peculiar literary coincidence in “Slippery Ground.” During the time Wingfield was writing his book, in his Bohemian travels he made the acquaintance of a very interesting old cobbler at, I think, Stratford-upon-Avon. In fact, he lived in the same house with the old man and his wife for some time, and made the old chap quite a feature in his book,

not even dreaming anyone else had ever noticed him. But greatly to his surprise he found from a pamphlet, just then published, that Mr. Sala knew something about the old cobbler, and had written one or more notes about him in his "Echoes" in *The Illustrated News*. I see in a letter to me Wingfield says :—"I always wondered why nobody had taken up Jones (the cobbler) before. Two people somehow always do these things at the same time. I shall do a heavy scientific paper some day on the poverty of Nature—she can only manage half the world. Otherwise why is every great invention always discovered by two people miles away from each other? I went, you know, and lived with Jones at Stratford-upon-Avon, and jotted down all he said I suppose I must cut out all his poems and declamatory stuff. As to the museum, and the man and his queer talk, it must stand.—Yours, &c., L. WINGFIELD."

Wingfield was a very chatty letter writer, not at all afraid to say and write what he thought ; but he was seldom angry, and I do not think ever vicious. He hated pomposity of any kind, and toadyism was his abhorrence. But when "Slippery Ground" was published, he was most anxious it should be well noticed, not only for himself, but for me, because he knew I had expended a large sum of money on the production of the book. In those days, and I suppose at the present time, authors were all most anxious for a good notice in *The Times*, if possible. A notice of the book was

written ; but it was not complimentary, and for a certain reason it was not printed. However, Wingfield did not like being beaten, so he, as he termed it, "turned a Duchess" on to Mr. Delane, who was, I think, at that time a guest at her palace ; but no notices saved the book—it fell to rise no more.

The following letter brings to my memory sad thoughts indeed ; for only Mr. Toole and myself are alive of the eight of us who were at that merry little dinner party : Mrs. Toole, her son Frank Toole, and Miss Florence Toole, Mr. and Mrs. George Grossmith (father and mother of the present Mr. George Grossmith), and Mr. Wingfield are all dead, and, I sincerely hope, gone to sweet rest. There is a frankness in the following letter that hundreds of men of much less standing than Mr. Wingfield would have scorned to show :—

" Dear Tinsley,—

" I have written to Mrs. Toole to name a day for coming to dine quietly at my place, as she has not seen the studio completed. I want you to come too. We shall have to dine about four, for Johnny to get away to the theatre. There is another matter that requires thought, therefore give it your consideration, and let me know what your opinion is ; there is a lot of time, so don't bother yourself to write.

" In announcing the *greatest novel that ever was written*, I am very anxious to drop the effete and foolish Honourable. Let me be Lewis Wingfield,

pur et simple. There are not two, as far as I am aware, of the same name, so there can be no question of identity. In all picture exhibitions, Royal Academy and the rest, I have dropped it for six years past, merely putting myself in picture catalogues with my academy title added, thus: By Lewis Wingfield, A.R.A. I have done this advisedly, because there is a certain class of people (and a large one too), who are under the impression that every *Honourable* must be a fool as a rule. I am not sure they are wrong. When my 'Voltaire' play was first produced at Manchester, the bills were printed without my knowledge with the accursed Honourable attached, and the consequence was all the Conservative and mildly Liberal papers said it was lovely; while all the others, Radical and so on, indignantly enquired of the world what hard working Manchester had done that an Honourable gentleman had come and foisted his balderdash (*sic*) upon its ancient inhabitants. If you are an Earl or a Marquis there is some virtue in it, but Honourable is quite effete and ridiculous; so down with the Honourable.

"Yours, &c.,

"L. WINGFIELD."

What Wingfield called little dinners at Maida Vale were always capital. Not an atom of talk or show about them by the host, and they were served as a rule in an excellent way. During the eating there was no sign of devilment in Master Wingfield, but as soon as the cloth was cleared,

romping fun was his delight, and it was no use to try to leave the dining room, for there was no sign of a door ; the four walls were all panelled exactly alike with old oak wood, and the secret spring that opened the panelled door was only known to Wingfield and his servants. Nothing delighted him more than to have callers sent to him in that room, his butler as a rule being in the swim, for he would, after showing anyone in, retire and close the panel. When the business of the caller was done, he would, of course, turn to go out, when, instead of helping the perplexed visitor, Wingfield would pretend to be making notes, at the same time enjoying the conundrum about the door. After a time he would jump up and be all apologies, pretending to have forgotten that there was a difficulty in getting out of his secret chamber.

I remember, indeed I shall never forget, one dinner party at Wingfield's. The dinner was as per usual as good as could be, and after we had dined we went into the lovely studio, which by-the-by was very large—in fact, had in its time been a chapel. It was full of works of art, models, books, and two splendidly set up skeletons of two soldiers who were killed in one of the Continental wars, when Wingfield was serving on the medical staff, and was war correspondent for *The Times*. I do not quite remember the names of all the goodly company. However, I know David James, Tom Thorne, Mr. Toole and his son Frank, and dear

spruce and clean James Rogers, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, were there. Poor Rogers was made a distinct mark of by David James, Tom Thorne, and Toole. Unfortunately, Wingfield had a liking for pampas grass, of which there were scores of beautiful sprays in different corners and places in the studio, and Rogers had on a kind of rough pilot jacket ; so Wingfield thought some of the fluff of the grass would improve it, and he made a cut at Rogers with one of the sprays. For about ten minutes there was a free fight with the grass, in fact until there was not a spray of it an inch long, and when we looked at each other we were guys indeed. Shaking and brushing our clothes was of hardly any use ; the fluff stuck tighter than feathers or down, and our ten minutes' fooling took us more than an hour to clear up—in fact, it was days before we lost all of the hard-clinging, fluffy substance. Rogers was obliged to take some of it to Birmingham, for it would not leave him by force or kindly persuasion—and the lovely studio would have been a discredit to a boys' playground. I forget where Mr. Toole was playing at the time, perhaps at the Gaiety, but it was when "Our Boys" was running its prosperous career at the Vaudevil'e. At all events, I know Toole, James, and Thorne were hard at work trying to get rid of the pampas fluff when they should have been in their dressing rooms far away in the Strand ; however, a couple of good hansom cabs took them there in fair time.

BOHEMIAN LONDON AND SOME BOHEMIANS, OLD
AND MODERN.

I wonder whether I am right in thinking that Bohemians are born and not made, as it were, to order, or from circumstances over which they have no control. At all events, it seems a fact that once a Bohemian, always a Bohemian. And there is a good fact, which is that, as a rule, your well-learned Bohemian is your well-mannered gentleman, even though his dress and ways in life do not always show it on the surface. He carries no aped dignity about him, but the proper manly dignity is there when wanted.

Soon after I came to London, in 1852, I mixed a good deal in the society of the Bohemians of the Strand and Fleet Street, and soon found I was no stranger to the ways and habits of London Bohemians ; for there was often one or more of them located in our village for some days, and often weeks. They were, as a rule, young artists or literary men. Their pretence was that they came for rest and quiet ; but there is no rest and quiet in this world in your true Bohemian's soul. He does not mind a fair spell of bed in the day, but the night was not made for him to sleep away.

I distinctly remember one young Bohemian artist who came to our village, whose habits were of a very rollicking, devil-may-care kind, and who used to delight to find himself in the taproom of one of the old inns, where there was plenty of beer, long pipes, tobacco, and any number of good old country songs

and choruses. The melancholy end of that young artist long before he was thirty years of age was so much like the end of so many young Bohemians I knew in after years that it often forced itself upon me. He died quite suddenly, for even country taproom Bohemianism and late hours were too much for his slender frame and delicate constitution. I could name many young London Bohemians who died at about the same age, and from much the same cause.

In fact, it is sad to relate, but it is true, that only in quite exceptional cases did the death king of Bohemia send us to bury an aged Bohemian ; but the monster often sent us on our way to bury a young and brilliant man from his Bohemian haunts.

I am glad to know that most of the smoky old Bohemian haunts I knew in the Strand and Fleet Street in the sixties and seventies have long since been very much reformed. None of them were sweet or wholesome to spend days and nights in. I have mentioned that the young Bohemians who came to our village always seemed to be more happy in the taprooms than the parlours of the inns. I noticed a similar thing some years after, for then, as now, Margate was a favourite resort of Bohemians, or, rather, the Bohemians I shall refer to were very fond of living at Garlinge, which was then a little country walk from Margate, I mean with but very few houses between the two places ; in fact, Westgate was not a very fashionable resort at that time. I am referring to the time when

William, Robert, John and then young Lionel Brough and some other Bohemians were almost as well known in Garlinge as in the Strand. In Garlinge there was, and perhaps is now, an old public-house noted for Cobb's ale, and in the old house there was a dingy old room, almost as dark and dreary as the back room at the Red Lion in the Strand, and yet, strange to say, the young Bohemian who went to Margate seeking health often found more enjoyment in the dingy old room at Garlinge than anywhere thereabout. I mention the old haunt because it was strange that the young Bohemians always liked it, and the reason they did so was, I think, because it was not unlike some of their old haunts in town.

THE WORD BOHEMIAN.

As I am going to try to dig rather deep into Bohemianism in this chapter, I hope I may say that I have no liking for the seeming very far reaching of the word Bohemian. But, of course, I dare not dispute my Roget or Brewer, for, upon referring to those excellent authorities, I see a Bohemian may be a great man in any great calling or profession, and yet brewers' draymen and even cabmen and jockeys are Bohemians. I think the good, honest-sounding, devil-may-care word covers far too much ground, and whether it came from the French or any other source, it should long ago have been checked in its wild career, especially if I may use the term in its downward direction. I have no high notions in the matter, but it seems to

me, according to the learned word definers I have mentioned, that an honest man, as well as a dishonest vagabond, may claim to be a Bohemian, and that it is a prefix, or rather an affix, to men of too many grades.

The "man and a brother" principle in life for humanity's sake is excellent ; but it seems to me that, if our learned men and poets must be termed Bohemians, jockeys, gipsies, and draymen should hardly have the right to also call themselves such. Can anyone imagine one of Mr. Thrale's draymen saying to Dr. Johnson, "How are you, brother Bohemian?" But, of course, such an event could hardly have happened in the learned doctor's time ; for perhaps I am right in thinking that the now wholesale in meaning word was not known to us until some time early in this century.

I dare not raise my little quibble about the word Bohemian, only that I have known some excellent men who have, according to Brewer and Roget, certainly been Bohemians, but scouted the idea of being thought of, or defined as such. In fact, I shall take the liberty of mentioning the name of a now very popular man, who would not, at all events, have tried hard to be in no way a Bohemian, and yet he was almost a Radical in politics, a good if not a great traveller ; in fact, seemed to be in his ways of life and living a thorough Bohemian, that is according to dictionary meaning. Perhaps it is foolish in anyone to object to have the seeming devil-may-care

word thrust upon them ; but as the word or term stands, they can hardly help themselves or be rid of it. Living men may, of course, deny the application ; but it seems almost, if not quite, sacrilege or blasphemy to say that Adam led a Bohemian life when he was expelled from the Garden of Eden, and if the learned Renan does not say as much, he certainly seems to intimate, in his "Life of Christ," that our Saviour and His companions were very Bohemian in their ways of life when they wandered hither and thither in Galilee and the Holy Land, preaching the Gospel of the Almighty God. In fact, it would seem that God had seen the world grow heathenish from the sayings and doings of fable-mongers and false prophets, and so He sent His only Son to show the world the mighty difference between a Saint from heaven and men of earth.

If the prophets had always been true workers for the Almighty, their musing and fables would not have done so much harm, but they were not ; there were those amongst them who pretended they could give mortals passports to heaven, and there were also those who believed that the devil actually roamed the earth in an unseen form, and preyed upon the minds of men and ways of animals. But the Prophet of Galilee dispelled all those illusions, and showed there was no earthly power that had any direct communication with heaven or hell, and the Almighty. In fact, our Saviour truly defined the line between heaven

and earth, and showed that heathenism and idolatry of every kind was of man's own making, and not of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have not the slightest intention of trying to in the least defame in any way the wondrous Homer, Virgil, nor one of the great men of the East, who mused and fabled in such wondrous ways, not only of men, but of the ways and doings of the mythic gods, and the elements ; but it seems little wonder that, with such marvellous imaginings before them, and the declaration by Cicero, that "Socrates brought down philosophy from heaven to earth," there were people in those times who believed that such men had a divine power at their command, and a knowledge of more worlds than one. For it should be remembered that prophecy was almost a gospel in the heathen days ; in fact, was some power in the world a long way into the Christian era. Homer's genius is so wonderful in fable that, without the slightest desire to imagine him to have been more than mortal, there would seem to be no sin in calling him a god amongst men. And yet we have it on fair authority that he sang his love songs of Helen of Troy for his daily bread. If such was the case, I suppose I may say he was, according to modern terms, a Bohemian indeed ; even if he had not a favourite tavern, and a chop house, and a black pipe, as our late Poet Laureate had at the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street in his young days, we may imagine that he had a favourite corner with good companions in one of the old wine shops,

where, if they did not smoke, they perhaps chewed some soothing weed, and were as jolly as Bohemians had been perhaps before their time and those of any time since.

If the musing and fables of Homer, Virgil, and others did make their followers believe they had a divine power, it is curious to imagine how much more credulous to fable the world might have been had Dante, Milton, and Goethe lived and written about the time of Homer and his contemporaries. In such an event, we may perhaps believe that there would have been those who would have thought that Milton, Dante, and Goethe had a true knowledge of hell and its domains ; and that Milton had a direct knowledge of both heaven and hell. But I am on dangerous ground with these rambling notes, and certainly dare not in an earnest manner touch upon the time when Rome was a mighty city, and the centre of the world's intellect and power,—and when what are called “The Buried Cities” were the homes of men whose wondrous deeds time has not effaced, and whose wrecked temples and shrines are the wonder of the best intellect of to-day, and will be for ages to come.

There is a strange fact that even historians have not mastered, which is that there is as much if not more mystery about the life of Shakespeare than about the life and doings of Homer. Some taken-for-granted facts about the wondrous author of “The Iliad” seem excusable, for he lived in remote ages, when the deeds and doings of great

men lived more in the minds of men than in any kind of book form. Any such excuse about Shakespeare is out of the question, for the world had rolled on some three thousand years from the Homeric age to his time, and printing from types had been in existence some two hundred years before the time came to make good note of the deeds and works of our noble dramatic poet ; and yet the thinking world has any time since his death been ransacking the dusty archives of history to try to find a true and just account of his life, and especially of what he did and did not write.

If, as it really seems, Shakespeare himself cared little for his future reputation as a writer of plays, it certainly seems wonderful that not one of the clever band of poets and dramatists of his time wrote some sort of biography of him at his death, if not at the time he left them to live at his birthplace.

It may have been that his mighty genius in about 1600 was, as it were, but a sapling of the giant oak it was to grow up, or it may have been that neither Ben Jonson nor any of his contemporaries thought him to be a whit cleverer or better than themselves, and that not one of them dreamed that they were committing an actual sin in not giving the world good and true accounts of their lives. But perhaps, after all, the carelessness or want of thought of authors in the Shakespearian age is the more strange, because we have plenty of facts about the lives of Ben Jonson, Selden, Cotton, Beaumont,

Fletcher, and of almost scores of other noted men of the time. We have an abundance of matter too about Sir Walter Raleigh, who founded the noted club at the Mermaid in Friday Street, yet none of them thought it worth while to note down for future historians a dozen facts about the marvellous poet from the banks of the Avon. They let him come and go from amongst them almost as an ordinary individual, and the consequence is that biography in English literature is not complete.

It is no consolation that Beaumont in a poetical letter to Ben Jonson laments "that no note was made of the good things said and done at the Mermaid." I can imagine that had any one of Shakespeare's companions been only half as faithful to him as Boswell to Doctor Johnson, then we might have known not only something about the merry meetings at the Mermaid, but of what young Shakespeare and his companions said and did at the Apollo Saloon and other haunts, where no doubt there were glorious meetings, and conversations that should never have been lost, for there is excellent evidence of Shakespeare's Bohemian wit in many of his plays, especially in the Falstaff scenes in the old tavern in Eastcheap.

From the days of Shakespeare and his companions to the time of Doctor Johnson, Edmund Burke, and their companions at the Turk's Head Tavern in Soho, in about 1700, passes over a grand time in English literature, for even though the drama as a rule was not of the cleanest and best, and some of the poetry was coarse if witty, still,

Pope, Addison, Steele, and many of their "essaying" and poetic companions and contemporaries were men of sterling literary worth. *The Spectator* alone is a monument to "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." Thackeray, in his "Henry Esmond," has made some of them walk and talk in a delightful way, and Dr. Johnson has immortalised many of them in his "Lives of the Poets."

But it does seem strange that not one of the long line of authors, not even Addison, Steele, or Pope, who were, most of them, within a century of Shakespeare's time, thought it worth while to hunt up facts about his life. Perhaps quite a dozen of them edited editions of his plays, but not one of them, not even Doctor Johnson, who lived close enough to the noble poet's time to have done much better for his personal history (for next to being proud of knowing a great man's works is to know about the man himself), seems to have even made the attempt.

It is hard to imagine that the numerous coffee houses and Bohemian haunts in what may be termed the old "essaying" days were as primitive as those in which Dr. Johnson and his companions met, in about 1770, and still harder to imagine that they were one-half as grimy as we found them in the middle part of this century. If so, the silks and satins of the powder-puffed gallants must have been sadly out of place. We may perhaps imagine that Doctor Johnson was not over particular about the meeting places, so long as the

company was good ; but it seems fair to assume that such gallants as Edmund Burke, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, and Oliver Goldsmith would not have tolerated such grimy old Bohemian haunts as there were in and about Fleet Street and the Strand for some years past the middle of this century.

In fact, it seems that not only the old literary haunts, but the public gardens which were in the last century patronised by statesmen and their wives and the best of literary society, had in the middle of this century degenerated very much indeed. Old prints of Ranelagh betoken it to have been a select and delightful resort in summer time for afternoon meetings and tea drinking ; and it almost seems that Ranelagh in the season was as popular as were Bath and Tunbridge Wells, where there were delightful meetings and greetings. In an illustration of Tunbridge Wells in one of the editions of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," there are portraits of Doctor Johnson and his wife, David Garrick, Colley Cibber, the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Chudleigh (the Duchess of Kingston), and several other notables, forming a brilliant company. But a mighty change had come over English water drinking resorts, and especially London public gardens, in about 1850. Ranelagh and some others had gone altogether, and those that were left were no longer the resorts of men and women of good note. Cremorne, Vauxhall, the Surrey Gardens, Highbury Barn, and some other

smaller resorts, every one of them was shunned by men and women of learning, wit, and good character. In the daylight they were desolations of tawdry dulness, and at night, when their thousands of coloured lamps were set burning, they were the resorts of men and women of notorious character, and idiotic young fools who thought it clever to make riot, and smash chairs, tables, and glasses, knowing they could pay for their worse than foolery, and worse than all, would not be prosecuted, for it was against the interest of the proprietors to prosecute the most rowdy of their customers. In fact, a good smash at Vauxhall or Cremorne was often a profit to the proprietors. It does not seem that Vauxhall Gardens were as select as Ranelagh; for Goldsmith, in the "Citizen of the World," is not over complimentary to them. He describes a visit made by Beau and Mrs. Tibbs, the Man in Black, the Chinese philosopher, and a rather full of flesh pawnbroker's widow—all of them his puppets, but types of characters of the time, and he makes merry sport out of them from the moment of their agreeing to go together to the time of their return. In those days a journey to Vauxhall from the City was of some consideration; some went there by water, and some in carriages. The Tibbs party elected to have a carriage for the five of them, and Mrs. Tibbs preferred Mr. Tibbs should sit in her lap, and they all voted the place a perfect paradise, with its illuminations, music, and waterworks. I suppose the water display was the

small fountains at the end of the long walk ; the fountains, or rather the water, spurted from the nostrils of some effigies of sea horses driven by Neptune. Close by was the Hermit's Cave or tent, where the more money you paid, the more lies you could obtain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST YEARS OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

I was a frequent visitor at Vauxhall Gardens during the last three or four seasons they were open.

It was a dirty, dingy old place, with hardly a good feature to redeem it from rottenness and infamy.

There was some good singing now and then, both comic and sentimental ; but the sentimental was seldom listened to with any very great interest or pleasure, and I am not sure that the comic element would not have fared worse, had not it been spiced with enough vulgarity to make it border on the indecent.

I remember well one of the singers at Vauxhall Gardens in its latest days, a man named Charles Sloman. He was rather small in stature, but had a very harsh, loud, bass voice, and was an old favourite with the regular frequenters of the place. Sloman had in his time written a great many songs, and a few of them had been very popular, being liked and sung because they were good, healthy ballads.

Sloman—or old Charley Sloman, as he was called—was what might be called a writer of rhyme to order. He was, besides being a professional singer, a very good improviser of rhymes. He would ask

for the Christian name of any young lady, and upon the first given him he would there and then make up some twenty or thirty lines of what he was pleased to call poetry.

Thus it soon became known to sentimental young swells that old Charley Sloman was very willing to write love verses on Christian or surnames for a consideration, and I was assured at the time that the old man obtained a good deal of money in that way.

By a strange coincidence, some years ago I happened to be talking with an old friend of mine about Vauxhall Gardens, and, mentioning Sloman's name, said what a curious old chap he was. I learnt that my friend was a great patron of Sloman at the time the Gardens were open, and indeed some years after they were closed, and knew a great deal about his private life, especially about his supplying rhymes for empty-headed swells to send to simple-minded women of various stations and callings in life.

Years before, my friend had invited a few chums to dine at his rooms in Thavie's Inn, and had also asked Sloman to be one of the party.

During the evening a lisping young man desired to see Mr. Sloman on most particular business. Sloman asked to be excused for a little time, but soon returned and showed a guinea he had earned for writing a fulsome eulogy upon some ballet-dancer, which the young gentleman was going to copy out in his own handwriting, and leave at the

stage door of the theatre where she danced, as a proof of his dearest love and affection for Mademoiselle Nimbletoes.

There was quite a merry little circus in Vauxhall Gardens in the season. I remember young Harry Croueste was the clown, and a merry mischievous devil he was in the ring. He did a lot of the old tricks, but he did them in a very smart manner. The good old trick of pretending to knock a man's head off always went well. The trick is managed somewhat as follows :—The clown and other men in the ring are busy doing knock-about business, when there enters a tall, white-faced, serious-looking individual, just the sort of man for Mr. Clown to play tricks with. The figure stands quite still, and after Mr. Clown has walked round him several times he begins to push him about, and the figure looks serious, but says nothing. Presently, Mr. Clown knocks his hat off, and with the hat rolls off the head ; the figure then trembles violently, and falls down, apparently dead. Mr. Clown looks aghast, and tries to put the head on again, but cannot, and all the ring people leave him to get out of the murder as best he can. So he gets a board, about as long and wide as the corpse, and tries to put the body on it. After a good deal of fussy business, the corpse remains on the board, and Mr. Clown raises it on end to carry it away. When busy with some more comic business, the headless figure rushes out of the ring, and Mr. Clown seems more mystified then ever. Croueste at that time was a

circus rider, and did many clever tricks and quick changes on horseback.

The Surrey Gardens were about the stamp of Vauxhall, but they had no very brilliant career, although at times the various managers bid high for popularity. I think I heard Sims Reeves and some other singers of great repute there somewhere about thirty years ago.

Some few months before the Surrey Gardens closed for ever, J. L. Toole, Lionel Brough, a few other friends, and I went over the old place ; but it was a melancholy daylight view of faded distemper and tinsel, with not a semblance of anything great to remember or regret at its being blotted out.

Oliver Goldsmith's writings are full of Bohemian matter, but his " Beau Tibbs " was too much of an impostor to be a good Bohemian. He was brim-full of the most transparent vanity possible. He pretended to be an artist of note, and hung on the walls of his wretched lodgings some of his own rubbishing drawings, which he said were very valuable, and yet owned they were imitations of the old masters. In fact, he was what is termed in modern slang a " lovely liar," and yet his pretensions were so transparent that it is hardly possible to read about him with any bad feeling ; for he was at times almost a Beau Nash in his dress and manners, and yet was obliged to live in a poor slum, instead of a fashionable quarter. He would nod and bow in the most familiar way to strangers in the Park and Mall, and

when by chance he made a new acquaintance, strange to say, he was not ashamed to show him his wretched home, where he would talk in a loud tone to his wife about a most expensive dinner of several courses, in the end agreeing with her that after all a nice bit of ox cheek and some smart beer would be excellent. Even that humble repast, he would inform his new acquaintance, would not be ready for some hours, and I suppose in such events Master Tibbs, like many of his kind, now and then got a good dinner at no expense to himself. In fact, he would swear to five hundred pounds a year, and when dining out, after offering to bet a thousand guineas there was no assafetida in the turkey sauce, would end by trying to borrow a half-crown, just for a few minutes, or until he and the lender met again, when the loan would be forgotten, at least by Tibbs, who, it seems, might have stood for the portrait of Poole's liar. I knew a man at Notting Hill years ago, who only differed in one respect from Tibbs—he never disclosed his very humble home, and when some of us who knew him heard he was very ill and in want, we ferreted him out, and found him in very humble quarters indeed, and very ill, actually in want of food to stay his strength in his dying hours, and his poor wife in deep grief and despair; and yet he pretended to be almost offended because we had taken him the small sum we had collected for him. He declared he was not in want of anything, and was sorry we

had found him in that wretched hole ; he said their residence was being re-decorated, and their furniture being repaired and polished, and yet there stood his wife ready to snatch up the money, and rush out to purchase food ; in fact, she was out of the house for that purpose before we left, and then our old friend declared our favour was only lent, for, he said, he actually had great expectations, but death soon ended his earthly hopeful and hopeless career.

This scramble over time and ground is not over convincing, and not a tithe as interesting as it ought to be. In rushing along to haunts and men I have known, I have hardly the temerity to touch upon the old Club-land of London, where in many of them, if I may term it, Bohemian wit and wisdom has been of a wondrous kind. Of course, in mentioning Boodle's, Brooks's, White's, Almack's, one would not include the hellish Mohocks. But there were men in all the large and even small better class clubs who have helped to make most interesting history, although more of their history has yet to be written, or at least given to the world in book form. Mr. Timbs is most interesting in his account of clubs that had been and were in existence in his time, and scores of other authors have given descriptions of clubs. But the literature of clubland is in no way complete, for in them empires have been built and overthrown—millions of money lost and won in gambling, deadly conspiracies have been

hatched, and of course many excellent deeds done ; in fact, life in clubland has known every phase, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

Goldsmith is amusing, but severe, about the dull and mimic clubs of his time. In one of his essays he says : " If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Hum Drum Club in Ivy Lane ; and if he be actually mad, he may find very good company in Moor-fields, either at Bedlam or The Foundery." Bedlam was then in Moorfields, and The Foundery a Methodist meeting place. After enrolling himself as the member of lodges' convocations, he might belong to a club called the " The Choice Spirits," where he would expect to find the faces of the members marked with strong thinking, instead of nothing but a pert simper or profound stupidity, a vulgar sing-song affair, or the " Muzzy Club," a very dull affair, where every member tried to look wise, but none of them hardly ever spoke to the other. Another, which he calls " The Harmonical Society," was not only dull, but vulgar in the extreme.

Another club or society he satirises in his most amusing essay had some quaint rules. The members met twice a week to dispute about

religion and priesthood, to leave behind old wives' tales, and follow good learning and sound sense. No member was to get drunk before nine o'clock, but if so, to pay threepence to be spent in punch. At another club, sixpence was extracted at every meeting by the president to buy books of learning, particularly by Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, intended to be read to the members. I suppose at the time the satire struck home, and perhaps many such a skit might have been written on certain clubs and meeting places of men of few and those of no letters any time since.

Any mention of Oliver Goldsmith must remind a reader of his sincere friend Doctor Samuel Johnson. In fact, it is almost melancholy to imagine into what sad straits in life Goldsmith might have drifted had not the strong mastership of Johnson been often brought to bear upon him, for his vanity and fondness for Bohemian society was almost a disease with him, and hard to check. In fact, but for Doctor Johnson the world might have lost one of the best works of fiction it has ever seen, for we can almost imagine that had the learned doctor not read "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" it might have been lost to the reading world for ever. For it is wonderful what influence great men have over publishers, and even in the sale of "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" the paltry fifty pounds was, perhaps, not over freely given.

I am rather fond of imagining things and events I should like to see. Here are two—one, the

removal of the griffin image from the site of old Temple Bar, and in its place good life-sized statues of Dr. Johnson and James Boswell, seemingly on their way down Fleet Street ; and it would be no desecration to put a good statue of Oliver Goldsmith with them. Such a memento would at least seem more intellectual than a sort of fiery dragon always menacing the Lord Mayor and citizens.

It seems strange that Lord Macaulay, who evidently very much admired Dr. Johnson's genius as a literary man, was not loth at times to exhibit the learned doctor in the worst side of his private character or manners. Yet he so much admired Johnson that he said that every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period in "The Rambler," a splendid compliment which Doctor Johnson would not have combated with the noble historian had the two great men met in life ; but Doctor Johnson would have disputed in fine form and almost frenzy some of Macaulay's by no means complimentary strictures upon him about eating, tea-drinking and manners now and then in society. And I fancy the noble historian would not have had the last or best word in the argument, for even though Doctor Johnson was often peevish and blunt in speech, and at times overbearing, he as a rule won wonderful races in argument.

It almost seems that even the best educated and best mannered of English gentlemen were in the old days as fond of goodly apparel as savages of

red paint and feathers. In sumptuous palaces and gilded saloons, semi-Court dress has, perhaps, never been much out of place. But it certainly seems that richly ornamented costumes were rather out of place in murky old taverns and coffee-houses. Of course, the rooms at the Turk's Head, the Mitre, and several others in which Johnson and his companions often met, may have been more clean and more in keeping with gallants' costumes than they were in years after ; but, however smart any of them were, we have no evidence that they were in any way in keeping with Court dresses, frills and fur-belowes. Of course, when silk and satin costume dress were the fashion and custom, they did not seem out of place in or out of doors, or anywhere in reason ; but we may imagine how much more in keeping such dress would seem in our modern drawing rooms, gorgeous clubs, and dining saloons and restaurants. But what a curious change in dress has come about ! Those who paraded in gay costumes in 1750 little imagined that in 1850 every vestige of Court dress for out-door wear would be out of date, and gentlemen's dress clothes be of the most funereal kind, and not at all different in make and colour from those of their servants and waiters in public and private houses.

Had such a transformation from glitter to black come about in the scribbling days of Grub Street hacks, how proud many of them would have been that they could to a great extent have imitated their betters ; for even though many of them were paid

well for their scurrilous works, their lack of good costumes must have made them feel and look the menials they were; for it quite seems that even though most of the hacks at the time lived in a poor street out Finsbury way, some had homes and habitations in other places, and there is no doubt that scurrilous wit and contemptible satire were as likely to be hatched at White's, Almack's, and in other clubs and squares in the West, as in the City and further east of Clerkenwell; for Lord Byron writes, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

* * * *

"Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse;
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub Street dine, while duns are kept aloof."

So that it would seem that wherever Grub Street hacks lived, or those who aped them, they could be found in high places. But however profitable and cheap it was to purchase scandal up to about the middle part of this century, after that time the strong hand of the law began to grasp vicious scribes and hired Grub Street hacks, and good reputations began to be in fairly safe keeping in the hands of the law. One after the other the vicious papers that started to damn the reputations of men and women began to find that it was often a costly and always a dangerous game, and with the death of the satirists died much of the profit and power of scandal-mongers, whose pens were ever ready to damn reputations at the

best price they could obtain from those who were ashamed and afraid to write the wretched scandal themselves.

Still, I suppose it must be borne in mind that scandal is sometimes the most prominent evil in some men's and women's minds, and even with the law and a prison continually staring them in the face, they will let their pernicious pens run away with them. In fact, there are two sorts of pens—the scurrilous and indecent—that some even clever writers have never been able to control. In such a matter I dare not rake up the past, or I could name at least a half-dozen clever literary men who had a wholesome dread of the thought of Holloway, and yet hardly one of them for years ever went to his own bed without the chance of on the morrow finding one of a much more disagreeable kind.

SOME MODERN BOHEMIANS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

In the preceding pages I have ventured to scramble over past ages, and mentioned men I have dared to think were Bohemians. In the following pages most of the heroes of literature I shall mention were very Bohemian indeed. And however the old gallants dressed and lived, the following is a fair if a rough description of the Bohemian haunts in and about the Strand and Fleet Street up to less than twenty years ago. Of course, some of the haunts were better than others, but even then they were, as a rule, wretched-looking dens; the walls and ceilings were almost as black as the

inside of the chimneys, the rough old oak floors were now and then smothered with sand to hide the stains and grease spots of generations of diners. The seats were of the old, high-backed settle kind ; the rough old deal tables were sometimes covered with much-stained limp old table cloths ; the knives, forks, and spoons were of a very primitive make ; the old two and three tinned prongs made it very tempting to eat peas with your knife ; the handles of the table cutlery were as a rule well laden at the hilts with a kind of black grease, composed of Bath brick-dust and the fat of yesterday's dinners.

The drinking mugs for malt liquors were as a rule grimy old stone jugs and battered pewter pots, and the glasses for grog were not always very transparent. The waiters wore very greasy, shiny old dress coats, and their hair was always well oiled. In fact, in many of the old haunts it was quite possible to eat the peck of dirt we are all supposed to swallow before we die. But as a rule, the food was good, even though roughly served. One vegetable or more was often placed on the same plate as the meat, and the condiments, such as salt, pepper, and mustard, were often dabbed on to the rim of your plate, while there was seldom more than one cruet in the room, containing ketchup, vinegar, and perhaps one other sauce, and that, of course, was in much request. The drinks were, perhaps, more healthy than in these days—at least, the beers contained more of the juice of malt and

hops, and the spirits contained less fusel oil than many of the concoctions of these times. Churchwarden pipes were plentiful, and very short black clays by no means rare. Still, we often had merry times in those old haunts, of which there were at least a dozen between Wellington Street in the Strand and the bottom of Fleet Street. But most of them have been so much remodelled and decorated that they have not a sign about them of their murky old days. Of course, I have no business to blame "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" for sticking to its old garb and looks, especially as the drinks and food are of the best, and the cleanliness never in doubt. Still, it is wonderful that this old haunt, even with its famous beef steak puddings included, is so well able to cope with the numerous eating and drinking palaces close to it. It is, I suppose, a case of more love for the old than the new. One of the most curious characters in our Bohemia was old John, the waiter at the "Edinburgh Castle," in the Strand. He had a wonderful constitution, never seemed out of health, and certainly did not seem to grow old. John was a rare friend to many of the Bohemians, and also to many of the clerks in Somerset House. Those whom he knew he could trust were sure of more than one meal and drink, when funds were scarce, as they often were with some of his customers. To be in the old haunts an hour or two after twelve midnight was in those days no great crime in the eyes of the

law. I would sometimes say to him, "Well, John, what time did you get rid of them last night?" "Striking two when I was going over the bridge, sir; hard work to get rid of them then, sir." I do not know how long John was at the Edinburgh, but he seemed always there for many years, and even though his memory was good, it was not too good for him to be a good hearted fellow. He seldom refused to trust even his worst debtors again and again, and if he made some bad debts he made money, and bought houses, and in his old days was not, I think, obliged to work hard. Who of us who knew him can forget John's system of ordering dinners from the cook, whose kitchen was somewhere up an old wooden staircase? "Cook, chop, well done," "Cook, chop, underdone." His orders for steaks were the same, and his orders for haricot mutton were also very frequent. If he gave orders for a dozen chops and steaks, or any kind of dinners, every one was given separately, he never enumerated them. His continual "Cook, this, that, and the other," was at times curious, if not monotonous; but though I never saw John make a note of any kind in writing, he was seldom wrong in his reckonings or in his charges, and even though he lived many hours out of the twenty-four in his old haunt, he had not, of course, to rack his mind and brain for literary matter, and he ate and drank in season, and doubtless slept well. Many of the customers did, in fact, often drink when they should not. At the end of merry meetings, resolutions were often

passed and passed again, that they all meant to be merry and wise in the future. But at the next meeting the hours were as bad if not worse, and yet there was hardly a place on earth or below more full of good intentions than our old Bohemia. "Who was the most foolish last night?" was often the question, and each and all were ready to say, "I was." That resolution having been carried *nem. con.*, we, I am afraid, like dear "Rip," said, "Just one more." When and where some of the Bohemians did their work was often a mystery, but as a rule they did it, and also did it well.

In about 1860 and 1870 there was quite a large number of young literary and artistic Bohemians whose fathers' names and works were much prized in English literature. Clever young Frank Talfourd, two or three sons of Douglas Jerrold, about the same number of Lemons, Blanchards, clever young Arthur A'Beckett, four or five sons of Mr. St. John, and two of the sons of Shirley Brooks were a few years afterwards in the Bohemian ranks. Young Tom Hood, young Charles Dickens, the brothers Brough, which at the time meant William and Robert, who worked together as dramatists, belonged to them ; there was also John, another brother, who was an author and editor of good repute, and Lionel, who long since made a good name as a comedian. Doubtless there were several other young Bohemians at that time whose names I may remember later on, and others I wish to more than only mention as I proceed with these rambling notes. Thackeray left no sons, but his

two exceedingly clever daughters have done literary work which is in no way a discredit to their father's excellent name, which is so much loved and honoured in English literature. I do not seem to remember that any one of Mark Lemon's sons made any start in authorship.

Many of the young Bohemians followed the ways of their fathers in literature, and started new magazines, serials, and even newspapers. Once, as I have already mentioned, when in a jocular mood, Master William Blanchard Jerrold proposed that they should start a "comic" *Punch*, and the laugh was not all against the little joke, for about that time *Mr. Punch* had lost some of its contributors who had been monuments of strength in wit and wisdom to its pages. Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and A'Beckett were all dead, or had ceased to contribute. Charles Dickens had done the same, and Richard Doyle had resigned on religious grounds I think, because he would not be a party in any way to caricaturing anything or anyone in the Catholic faith, and there is little doubt that if those who started "Diogenes" had been as fortunate as the founders of *Punch* in finding a monied firm to help them at the right time, "Diogenes" would have been the greatest rival *Punch* ever had; but it died, like the clever little pocket serial, "The Man in the Moon," and some other comic serials, more for the want of money than talent.

CHAPTER V.

“I AM NOT A BOHEMIAN !”

I remember, one day a good many years ago, there were, as per usual, a goodly number of Bohemian friends in my office, and the stories were not of the most serious kind ; in fact, the fun was running very fast and furious, which was very likely, for I seem to remember that Gus Mayhew, James Hannay, Doctor Strausse, Lionel Brough, and some others of the merry Bohemians were there, and in their best moods. And just at the time Mr., now Sir, Arthur Arnold called on me, but withdrew in a moment into the outer office. In spite of my pressing invitation to join us, he would not do so, so of course I went out to him. I well remember his first remark to me was, “Excuse me, Mr. Tinsley, I am not a Bohemian.” I was a little taken back, for his business was not of a private nature—I think only to leave some proofs of a book I was about to publish for him, or for Mrs. Arnold ; for I was publisher for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold at about the same time. I said, “You know them all” ; but of course I did not press him again, and our interview soon ended. Mr. Arnold was then editor of *The Echo*, having migrated from *The Daily Telegraph*, for which he had done some

capital journalistic work, especially some most impressive articles about the then distressing Lancashire cotton famine. His emphatic declaration that he was not a Bohemian surprised me the more, because I thought he was rather Radical in his politics ; but in that notion I may have been wrong. The fact was, perhaps, Mr. Arnold at that time, even if he had had an inclination, had no need to go into Bohemian haunts for literary society. He was a member of the Reform, and I think some other good clubs, and was married to a clever wife, whose ideas of woman's rights were rather far advanced. She was one of the band of ladies of which I think Mrs. Fawcett was the head, and it was well known at the time that most of them could speak and act well in their own interest and the causes they worked for. When I returned to my companions I said, "Mr. Arnold refused to come in, for he says he is not a Bohemian." One of the company merely remarked, "Dear me," and no more was, I fancy, thought of the matter at the time ; indeed, except for the fact of my trying to remember incidents for these rambling notes, it would perhaps not have been mentioned. I venture to make a comparison between James Hannay and Mr. Arthur Arnold at that time. Hannay was what was termed a rampant Tory in politics, and yet a thorough Bohemian in his manners and ways of life, whereas Mr. Arnold was a Radical, at least a Liberal in politics, but scorned the idea of being a Bohemian in any way. I do not

imagine there is anything new or wonderful in my mention of this matter ; but it seems to me that Radical and Bohemian sounds more likely than Tory and Bohemian. It was Hannay who suggested in *The Globe* that it would be a good plan to clear the streets of a Radical procession with chain shot. There was no such idea in Hannay's mind as "Let us all be equal, and I'll be King." He would get hot in political arguments, and sometimes a trifle overbearing ; but in literary arguments he was always interesting, and often very instructive. Even his favourite classical quotations were, I believe, very clever, and when he was reciting them, those who knew them best could seldom correct him. I always listened to him, and whenever I could get him to translate any of them for me, I at once understood them ; for his mode of translation was splendidly plain, and if he was inclined to force his knowledge of the old classics upon his companions, saying and provoking excellent wit, and, as it were, whistling valuable time away that should have been spent in his study, he at least enjoyed himself. For Hannay was not only a capital writer, but he was also a splendid talker, and loved to be in the company of good talkers who could race with him for the most interest and the best laughs. Ten or twelve hours at a time was easy work or play for him to talk without ceasing, and I have known him and some boon companions sit out the full round of the hands of the clock.

I knew James Hannay when he was quite a stripling lad ; he was then living at a small village not far from my home. But our acquaintance then was very slight. I remember I was very jealous of him, for I found he was lending a little sweetheart of mine books. I was then not much over fifteen years old, and I think the young lady was younger than I was. Hannay and I had a good laugh years after about those little sweetheating days. Hannay wrote his best novel, called "Singleton Fontenoy," about that time, and in it there is a not very reputable character named Admiral Tinsley. He told me he copied the name off a cart belonging to an uncle of mine, who was a farmer at Shenley Hill. He afterwards wrote a series of articles on men of letters, and collected them into a volume which he called "Satire and Satirist." He also wrote a series of most interesting articles on English literature, and I published them in volume form under the title of "A Course of English Literature." I also published a handsome volume for him called "Three Hundred Years of a Norman House." I paid him one hundred guineas for the book, and I think the Gurneys, for whom it was written, also paid him well for the work, but I do not think the eulogy did the noted bankers much good, for the book did not sell at all well.

Hannay's best friend in literature was no doubt Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who was then editor and part proprietor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and also had a good deal to do with the "Cornhill Magazine,"

and he tried hard to keep him at steady work, but was not always successful. Hannay was for some time editor of *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, and had it been possible, I can almost imagine Robert Burns and Master Hannay meeting. They would indeed have been boon companions, and I am afraid would often have "gat roaring fou on," and would have "sat as long as they had siller," even "in the Lord's house on a Sunday," and often a good way farther on than Monday, "inspiring bold John Barleycorn," and have laughed all serious work to scorn. Burns would have loved Hannay for his love of the classics, and Hannay would have loved Burns for his heaven-born gifts, ready wit, and wondrous power to gild with grace divine the simplest things on God's earth. For who does not revel in his beautiful lines, "To a mountain daisy" ?—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem."

And Master Hannay would perhaps have quoted Lord Byron, and said :—

"Fill the goblet again, for I never before,
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to the core."

And may I dare to imagine that Burns even at such a time would have remembered a line from his lovely poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and have whispered to Hannay :—

“ And heard great Bab’lon’s doom pronounc’d by
Heav’n’s command ? ”

At least, some such turn from gay to grave was likely to be in the minds of two such men, who when most merry, would halt at moments and be wise, or if not be so, say wise things. But the fates did not bring the bonnie Scots together, so doubtless my little imaginings about them are very foolish.

In Burns’s company, perhaps, Hannay would not have been on such dangerous ground, with his numerous quotations from, as he termed them, his old friends, Horace, Cicero, and other authors of ancient days, for Burns could not have tripped him up as easily as Augustus Mayhew did, who made himself well acquainted with the continuations of Hannay’s favourite quotations, and then bet him glasses round that he could not give or recite them ; and Master Gus won, but not before Hannay saw a trap had been laid for him. Strange to say, Hannay, like Burns, was very unfit for a Government office of any kind, and yet he worried his influential Conservative friends until they gave him the snug little Consulship of Barcelona. Without a settled income Hannay was obliged to write at times. But, with a fair income, wine-growing Spain was too tempting for his dilatory nature, and none of us who knew him and his habits well were surprised one day to hear that he had passed away, much too far from his old haunts in Bohemia, where his conversations were always welcome, and seldom surpassed.

No two men in our Bohemia were better friends, or more merry companions, than Augustus Mayhew and James Hannay, and both being no mean scholars and wits, their knowledge and wit often ran fast and furious. Mayhew was not so apt to force his knowledge of the old classics upon his friends as Hannay was, while Master Gus was more boisterous and John Bullish than Hannay could be. He was almost a giant in size and strength, and was not loth when in an awkward corner to what used to be termed "clear the kitchen," and woe be to anyone who felt the weight and full force of one of his well-aimed blows.

I am afraid I cannot say Master Gus was over scrupulous in literary matters, for he would borrow or give literary matter to his brother authors without much compunction. Just about the time of my brother's death, he agreed to write a work of fiction for us, entitled "Faces for Fortunes," but long before he had written the agreed quantity of matter, he grew tired of the task, and applied to several of his friends to lend him any stories they had written about pretty girls, and so in time he patched the book together, which I need not say was not a gigantic success.

There is little doubt that Henry Mayhew was the guiding star in the writing and compiling that monument of industry in books, "London Labour and London Poor." But the good fellowship in literary matters between the Brothers Mayhew was excellent ; at least, I never remember any wrangles

amongst them as to who did this, that, or the other work in the "London Labour and Poor" book. But I can well imagine young Augustus Mayhew did a good share of the rough work in interviewing the costers, vagrants, and slum characters of all kinds, whose lives and ways are so faithfully pictured in the book.

It may be remembered that Mr. Horace, better known as "Poney" Mayhew, was for many years on the staff of *Punch*, after his brother Henry had ceased to have anything to do with the paper, but his literary talent was not great. So now and then Master Gus gave him some smart little bits of matter to use on his own account; and if Mr. Lemon liked the work, it did not matter to him which brother wrote it.

Dear old Gus, as we always called him, would never be imposed upon, but he was staunch in a bargain. I remember his calling at our office in Catherine Street, just before my brother Edward died. We got into conversation, and some wine was sent for, and Gus quite forgot a cab he had just left in the Strand. The cabman did not know where he had gone; so, after waiting two or three hours, he went away, and returned to the same spot in the Strand the next day. Just at the moment—more by chance than otherwise—Gus came along, and, seeing the cabman standing there, remembered at once that he had told him to wait there the day before. So he went at once to him and said, "Damn it, man; you have not been here

ever since yesterday, have you?" The cabman assured him he had waited several hours the day before, and had been waiting some time that morning. Gus gave him a sovereign and the price of a glass of something to drink, and both of them were satisfied. Poor Gus drifted into bad health, and died long before he was an old man. The last time he hobbled into my office it made my heart ache to see what a wreck he was, and a few months after, our "dear old Gus" Mayhew was no more.

LITTLE JEFF PROWSE.

Little Jeff Prowse, as we used to call him, was a very clever fellow indeed. The term "little" only applied to him as regards height and build, for he had a mind bigger than most giants have, and could write well on numerous subjects. I liked him very much, for his ways of life were simple and unaffected in the extreme, and his appearance gave no intimation of his being such a clever man. If you saw him coming towards you in the street you would notice his peculiar nervous habit of dodging by the pedestrians, never seeming to be certain he was not going to be knocked down. Prowse did good work, and a lot of it, as a social leader writer and reviewer for *The Daily Telegraph*; his peculiar but very clever semi-sporting articles for *Fun* were much appreciated. He also did a great deal of other literary work in the way of magazine articles, reviewing books, &c.

I remember Prowse coming into my office one

day, bringing with him Admiral Fitzroy's "Weather Book," that had been given him to review—an octavo volume of some five or six hundred pages just then published. The curious in such matters may take my word for it that few men have ever thoroughly mastered the contents of that wonderful volume. Prowse was a scholar and a genius in many branches of literature, but the innumerable diagrams, charts, weather signs, and geometrical, or whatever drawings they are, in Fitzroy's "Weather Book" beat him entirely. However, he would not be quite outdone by the learned admiral's book; so, as the weather was very changeable at the time, he wrote an article about the weather in general, and strongly advised all those who cared to study the causes of storms, hail, rain, and sunshine to read Admiral Fitzroy's admirable "Weather Book." Good, simple-hearted, kind little Jeff Prowse died all too young, but fortunately left hardly any one except a loving sister, who had quite depended upon him for a living.

The oldest and perhaps one of the most remarkable men in our Bohemia was Doctor Strausse, better known as The Old Bohemian. He was one of the few men that Bohemian haunts could not kill. At least, he had lived, and not always of the best, in Bohemian haunts in London, Paris, Berlin, Strasburg, and several other cities and towns; and he did not seem to age for at least thirty years. His hair went gray, but it did not fall off. In figure and walk he seemed always the same; in

fact, he seemed a man who could live almost anywhere, and in almost any climate or atmosphere, and his hours in good company and drink never seemed too long, nor his spirits to weary. Home to his humble lodgings in a little street off Kensington Road he would trudge at any time in the night or morning. And by his walk no one could tell whether he had been in rollicking Bohemia six, twelve, or twenty-four hours, or whether he had had one drink or twenty ; for it took much strong drink to put the old Bohemian into a staggery state.

The doctor had a singular habit, especially for a man as we supposed well on to four score years old. He would stand up, except when eating, in any house or place where he was. He seemed to hate being seated. Over and over again I have pinned him into corners and got him seated ; but it was no use—up he would get the moment he had a chance. We all liked to hear the “doctor” talk, for he was a clever man, brimful of information relating to literature, science, and art. On the art of cooking, he was nearly, if not quite, as clever as George Sala. His misfortune was that he could actually make names in literature for other men, but not a great one for himself. He wrote, edited, and translated several volumes of scientific works, “Law of Exchange,” and historical matter ; but as a rule, he was only the ghost in the work—those who employed him had all the credit.

Mr. Andrew Halliday wrote a most amusing account of “The Doctor” in “Mrs. Lirriper’s

Lodgings." After giving him credit for a knowledge of all the sciences and ologies under the sun, and saying he was an animated cyclopædia of universal knowledge, he says : " He took our society by storm, and became an oracle. We quoted him as an authority, and spoke of him as "The Doctor," as if there were no other doctor on the face of the earth."

The doctor, in his very entertaining reminiscences, gives several accounts of how his feelings had been worked upon by the powerful acting of different actors. One notable occasion was the first night in London, at the Queen's Theatre, of Mr. H. J. Byron's capital little domestic drama, "Dearer than Life." The play was wonderfully well cast, and every atom of its intention and meaning brought out—Mr. Toole, Michael Garner; Lionel Brough, Ben Garner; Henry Irving, Bob Gasset; Charles Wyndham, Charles Garner; John Clayton, Mr. Keglee; clever little Fred, brother of now Sir Arthur Sullivan, as Bolter; and Henrietta Hodson, now Mrs. Labouchere, Lucy Garner; and it was an evening of triumph for the author and all the players. Mr. Toole and Lionel Brough found parts in which they have never done better work; and Henry Irving and Charles Wyndham did almost more with their parts than Byron hardly dreamed of, and Miss Hodson was the best possible Lucy Garner at that time or since. But dear old Doctor Strausse lost his patience with Irving's Bob Gasset, and had to be held down to his seat, muttering "Scoundrel!" Irving's earnest portrayal of villainy in the part indeed

made a good many of us shiver, and the whole audience shouted for joy when his villainies were exposed by Charles Garner. In fact, Strausse even insinuated at the moment that Irving must be a real villain to play the part so true to life. But he soon found the better meaning of his feeling, and admired the man and the actor. Soon after the first night of "Dearer than Life," I invited the doctor to my house to meet Irving, Brough, and some other friends. Before he came, Lal and I told Irving how he had worked upon the doctor's feelings when playing Bob Gasset, and of course he felt complimented, and laughed heartily, as he well could, at being considered a villain because he could play one. The incident was the cause of some good humoured banter, and the dear old doctor was a little reserved for a time, but soon found his balance, and told us of the various times in Paris and London, and other cities, when he had been too much carried away by his feelings at great acting. I once vexed the doctor very much ; whether I was right or wrong it is too late now to argue. At all events, he grew furious in a few moments, and had I not been very firm and determined with him I quite think he would have struck me. It was the only quarrel we ever had, and I know one of us was very sorry, and I think both were ; but the names he called me, had I not known him well, would have undone our friendship for ever.

In my experiences as a playgoer, I have at times been, like the doctor, over excited, and in years gone

by have at times been almost foolishly noisy at incidents that have happened on the stage which over excited me. But I never blamed the actors, who for the time being are the author's servants, and as a rule, doing their best to carry out his wishes.

It was also at the Queen's Theatre, and not far off the time of the above mentioned "Dearer than Life" incident, that I almost lost the friendship of several of the players. They were playing Boucicault's dramatic version of "Oliver Twist." Toole was The Dodger, and simply revelled in the young devil's villainies. Irving's Bill Sykes made my blood run cold. Lydia Foote was Nancy ; Henrietta Hodson was Oliver ; Brough, Bumble ; and Ryder, Fagan. Perhaps the play was never better played, but I hissed to my heart's content. I somehow for the time could not help it, for Master Toole, Irving, and Ryder were devilish in the extreme. Perhaps my opinion should have been taken as a compliment by the players. Irving only smiled when we had the matter out the next day; but Ryder was furious, and called me several of the pretty names he generally had about him when he was put out. Toole was off colour for a time, and in just a trifle emphatic way said, "All right, Bill; I'll play 'The Dodger' with one white glove on to-night." I liked the actors, but I loathed the villains they played. However, the little upset did not last many hours, and even though my hissing was in earnest, it was meant as a compliment to the players.

I know it seems against the players to hiss them in such trying scenes, but if the audience does not show its favours or disfavours (not uproariously so) when the scenes are being played, the for or against the parts is not of so much value some time after ; but I am, as per usual, on dangerous ground.

Doctor Strausse hated Napoleon III. almost as much as poison, and prognosticated his downfall a thousand times before it came. I do not think I ever heard him give any reason for his dislike of the monarch. I think he had known him before he made his way to the French throne. And yet, strange to say, early one morning when he stood before Napoleon in the first French Exhibition, he was almost too much awed to answer simple questions put to him. Strausse had charge of an important exhibit of products from one of the colonies (perhaps Canada), and one morning before the doors of the Exhibition were open to the public, Napoleon, with only one or two attendants, was making a quiet examination of some of the exhibits which he wanted to survey at leisure. The monarch stayed some time inspecting the materials of which Strausse had charge, and the latter often said he had a rare chance to make himself known to the great man, and to have reminded him of certain pleasant incidents in his London career ; but he said that for some reason he could not even answer questions as well as he should have done. I mention this peculiar fact

because Doctor Strausse was of fair birth, and, as I have mentioned, well educated, well informed, a good linguist, and in fact, a man with ability and manners enough to talk to any King or Queen who ever lived. And yet, in the presence of the monarch he had been as bitter against as Victor Hugo ever was, he stood his very humble servant. I almost use Strausse's own words in the matter. And it was not because he at that moment had any bitter feeling against Napoleon. On the contrary, he would have given his ears for Napoleon to have shaken hands with him, and especially for the powerful monarch to have given him some good office in Paris or anywhere in France. In fact, I cannot help thinking, and indeed saying, that in my travels in life I have never known even a rampant Democrat who was not ready and willing to receive place and favour from a monarch. Perhaps the learned Doctor Strausse was not quite a rampant Democrat, but he was in politics on that way. And yet over and over again he regretted he did not hint for something good from the man he had for years traduced.

We used to call Doctor Strausse the murderers' advocate. He was always dead against circumstantial evidence in courts of law, and even though he had an excellent knowledge of medicine, was much against medical evidence in criminal trials as a rule. He always railed against the evidence that hanged Towell, the Quaker. He published a good deal of matter in favour of Doctor Smethurst,

I am afraid was never quite satisfied about the guilt of Palmer, the poisoner, and fought hard in argument and printed form for Müller, the murderer of Mr. Briggs. But even though the dear old doctor was a curious and many-sided man, we all liked him, and may I say a good many of us helped him when he was down. And when he went to his long rest full of years, with no semblance of a relative near him, the love he had gained in his life gave him decent burial and honest tears from hosts of friends.

James Low, an excellent writer and a noted Bohemian of his time, named Doctor Strausse "Slow Chaw," and though it was a slang term for his eating, it was very true. Often at my table I am afraid I have increased his slowness in clearing his plate. He, as a rule, cut his meat very small, and then massed it with his vegetables, and then well loaded his fork to eat it. Often when a fork-load was on its way to his mouth, I would ask him some rather interesting or knotty question ; down on his plate the food would go, and not be touched again until he had answered the question, as a rule in a most interesting manner. Then he would make for the food again, and then I would put another question to him ; and in a like manner we have often had much interesting matter. But the doctor did not care ; he had Mrs. Tinsley's permission to be as long as he pleased over his food, and as a rule he had finished his meat course by the time we had got to the end of the sweets ; of

those he took very sparingly, and seldom cheese, unless we happened to have a very old Stilton, which he never refused.

THOMAS ARCHER.

Doubtless Mr. Arthur Arnold objected to be thought a Bohemian, because the meaning of the word had such a broad application; so did dear, genial Thomas Archer object in the most serious way to be thought to be in the least degree a vagabond because he was a Bohemian; and rightly so, for there was no more honest man in or out of Bohemian London than he was. He lived to a greater age than many of his Bohemian companions, and it was a pity he did not live to be an old man, for, though not a great writer, he was a most reliable and serious man, and an excellent and earnest companion, and no one could be in his company an hour without liking him, for he never seemed intent upon throwing the precious hours of his life away. I had some business dealings with him, which were always most pleasant; and I do not know why, but whenever he came to my office, if he had stayed the whole day, I should never have considered the time lost. He was one of the most earnest and best members of the Savage Club of his time, and was almost a capital speaker, perhaps a trifle too serious in tone for some of his less serious companions, but without the slightest sign of preaching he would in a few words point a moral which some of us might

perhaps have taken more to heart. I wish I could remember the purport of a literary gathering a good many years ago, where Thomas Archer was called upon to plead for some good cause. I remember I was seated next to Andrew Halliday, and I saw honest tears in his eyes some time before Archer had finished his heart-moving and eloquent pleading, and when he sat down, Halliday turned to me and said, "Master Tom does lay it on thick, don't he?" And I remember we both made some excuse to go outside to wipe away our tears. I feel proud, in my humble way, to give my few words of praise in memory of dear, genial Thomas Archer, and I was indeed sorry to hear some time ago that the Liberal Government had refused his widow a pension, or some compensation, for the loss of her excellent husband, who, if he did nothing great in literature, never defiled his honest pen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOUNDING OF THE SAVAGE CLUB (AND OF "PUNCH.")

There have been some few contentions about the origin of the Savage Club, but many more about the origin of *Punch*. Both good old institutions, as I hope I may so term them, were founded in Bohemian London without doubt. The Savage Club and Literature and Art are very much allied, and *Punch* is a glorious monument to Literature and Art in its sweetest and most noble form. It will be remembered by many living that during the last half-century there have been scores, and indeed almost hundreds, of so-called satirical journals published, which have failed from the fact that the contributors did not make their satire interesting nor amusing. *Mr. Punch*, to somewhat paraphrase Burns, has thousands of times made foolish men and women "see themselves as others saw them," and they have quietly thrown their follies and little weaknesses away. Of course, as regards the publication of the first number of *Punch* there is no doubt, for the date is on it, and it does certainly seem that Mr. Shirley Brooks's word as regards the actual founding of the paper should be taken, for he was a friend of all the founders, for many years contributor, and for some few years editor, and he

positively stated, in a lecture he used to deliver some years ago, called "Modern Satire," that *Punch* was founded July the 17th, 1841, by two or three gentlemen—Henry Mayhew, the original projector; Mark Lemon, E. Landells, Sterling Coyne, and Henry Grattan; and that the third number would not have been published had Mark Lemon not been fortunate enough to sell a farce, called "The Silver Thimble," which put them in funds until they gave the printing of the paper into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the noted printers, after which time the production of *Punch* was never in doubt. Strange to say, amongst others who claimed to have been projectors of *Punch* was Joe Last, I think, the printer of the first two or three numbers. How and in what way Last made out his claim I forget at this moment. But I think he put it into print. I suppose, as a matter of fact, Mr. Henry Mayhew had some remembrance of the French "Charivari" in his mind when he thought of *Mr. Punch*, but, of course, he may have taken the idea from our almost national institution of Punch and Judy. However, whoever and wherever the idea of our own *Mr. Punch* came from, the volumes are national monuments to all the contributors, especially to all the editors, from Henry Mayhew or Mark Lemon to Mr. Burnand.

And even as the idea of *Punch* may not have been quite original, so it may be said of the Savage Club, which was supposed to have been founded in imitation of the famous literary club of Doctor

Johnson's time, which had its quarters at the Turk's Head, in Soho ; and it seems fairly certain that William and Robert Brough, John Deffit Francis, James Silk Buckingham, James Kenney, and perhaps Andrew Halliday were some of the projectors of the now famous old club. There is still some difference of opinion as to when and where it was first mooted ; but it seems fairly certain that the first move to form it was made at the Crown Tavern, in Vinegar Yard, in about 1857. And perhaps the first club room was on the first floor of the Lyceum Tavern in the Strand, for I seem to remember going there in about 1859 or 1860. But even Andrew Halliday, who was in his best of health days, one of the clearest headed young Bohemians of his time, was not very certain as to the time or place in which the club was started and named ; for in his preface to the first series of "The Savage Club Papers," which I published in 1867, he seems to think that Robert Brough gave the cue to the name in an observation he made when someone proposed to name the club after Richard Savage, the notorious young author of Doctor Johnson's time. It seemed that Mr. Brough merely remarked "The Savage," and from that remark or suggestion perhaps came the name. At all events, it is fairly clear that the club was not named after Richard Savage ; for that erratic young author had not, I think, much knowledge of wigwams and tomahawks, or of savage life in any way ; in fact, he claimed to be the son

of a mother who was very loth to own him. But even Doctor Strausse, the old Bohemian, does not agree with Halliday. He says, John Deffit Francis named the club The Savage, and Lionel Brough seems to have agreed with the old Bohemian in the matter ; but Master Lal was a very young man at the time the club was formed, so it is strange to find him rather doubting Andrew Halliday's opinion. I have often wondered that Mr. Edward Draper and Mr. Tegetmeier have not between them settled, or, at least, given strong opinions upon the origin of a club of which they have been for so many years two of the most respected members.

How many homes and habitations the Savage Club has had since it was first started, does not, perhaps, matter much ; but a complete list of the members, and a fair list of their contributions to literature and art, would show the world plainly enough that even though "savage" in name, many of the members have been not only civilised in nature, but men of learning, wit, and excellent humour, and if they were not all of them wise in their time, it is all too late to blame them now for not being so. Amongst them were young men who, had they lived to fair old age, must have done rare literary and artistic work, and built for themselves monuments of fame. But, sad to say, many of them withered away when they should have been in their prime for good work, and not even the roughest of stone monuments marks the resting places of some of them. It is possible that some future grave-maker

will "play at loggets with their bones," and some new Hamlet shudder to see the almost devilish act.

I dare not imagine that there were poets amongst the young Bohemians as sweet as a Goldsmith or a Burns, as eloquent as Alexander Pope or Lord Byron, or as pathetic as Thomas Hood ; and certainly there was not one of them who had the courage to spend years in perfecting their writings as Alfred, afterwards Lord Tennyson, did, but it paid the noble poet to be specially painstaking, for I think I am right in saying that he received as much money for his literary work as some half-dozen laureates combined had done before his time. No : the young poets in our Bohemia did not spend years, months, weeks, nor always days in writing their very often sweet verses ; they were generally knocked off in a few hours, and printed at once. Sentiment in verse with them did not often pay, and so, as a rule, they wrote yards of jingling rhymes on time subjects for comic papers and stage burlesques. But there were those amongst them who, with their excellent talent, if not genius, should have made their names as true poets. Certainly Robert Brough and Henry Leigh should have earned names as such.

It is not too much, I think, to imagine that, had it not been for the loyalty of Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, Charles Millward, and perhaps one or two other generous secretaries to the Savage Club in years gone by, it would not be in existence at the present time ; for even though the rent of their for some years one or two rooms and other

expenses were not great, the paid subscriptions were often less than the income. And so it happened that the honorary and always honourable secretary was often called upon to keep the club doors open, by paying pressing charges out of his own pocket ; in fact, there seemed just a tinge of diplomacy on the part of the members in those days, for they generally found a member with some monetary means to be secretary. Mr. Tegetmeier held the office for some years, and after him, Charles Millward struggled with the position ; but the office is well described by Doctor Strausse, better known as the old Bohemian, who, in his amusing *Reminiscences*, says : "When my dear old chum Tegetmeier joined the club, the treasurership was entrusted to him, which simply meant that he was authorised to pay the rent of the club room, and other incidental expenses, out of his own pocket, and to try to get his outlay back again as best he might from the sadly in arrear members." After some years, he ceded his truly honorary office to Charles Millward. We presented Tegetmeier with a microscope in acknowledgment of his most excellent and most thoroughly disinterested services to the club. Yet such was our "Savage" perversity that, when Charles Quin proposed "that this testimonial be presented to W. B. Tegetmeier for having embezzled the funds of the club," the worse than basely ungrateful resolution was carried by acclamation. Doubtless the joke was all the keener, because some of those who voted were themselves defaulting

members. But Tegetmeier, I am sure, enjoyed the joke as much as any one of them. I am afraid, indeed pretty sure, that he did not find any profit he had made in his office for the Savage Club even with the microscope, and I am inclined to think that Millward fared for a time worse than he did ; for even though he was a literary man of some note, he had a lucrative business to support him, and he did not always press the members much for their fees.

I remember Charles Millward wrote some amusing recollections in the "Liverpool Porcupine" of his early life in Liverpool, where it seemed he had been journalist, actor, lecturer, author of pantomimes, and political agent, and revelled in stories about the old election days, when to vote early and often was not even a very unsafe election dodge. He well remembered the Coronation of the Queen, the hurricane of 1839, Charles and Fanny Kemble, the first appearance of Barry Sullivan, the old liner "Meteor," the Brothers Broughs' first burlesque, the old Coach and Horses in Barnet Street, the Jenny Lind craze, "Orsini," Henry Neville in 1851, the Queen's first visit to Liverpool, the first visit of an "All England" eleven of cricketers in Liverpool, with Clarke as captain, Fred Maccabe, Justin McCarthy, when on *The Northern Daily Post and Courier*, Flexmore the clown, Miss Braddon as "Cinderella" in a pantomime at the old Amphitheatre, Kossuth in Liverpool, the taverns and old night haunts of Liverpool ; and, indeed, much matter

that was interesting to what he termed the Liverpudlians. Liverpool is, of course, very much next door to London in some matters, literary, theatrical, and artistic, but I do not seem to remember by what strange chance Charles Millward came to London, and became a very noted cemetery monumental stonemason. But I well remember he had large workshops close to the gates of three or four of our largest London cemeteries, and a stone wharf on the banks of the canal at Camden Town. Pantomime writer and builder of monuments to the dead is a strange mixture, but such were Millward's avocations for years. But although he was for some years a good and busy man in his monumental business, his desire was to make a name as a literary man. Much too late in life he found literature was no source of profit to him ; and worse than all, whilst trying for literary fame he lost his capital monumental business. No doubt disappointment and bad fortune unhinged his mind, and the man who had in years before so much lamented the melancholy death of his friend Andrew Halliday, was for many months before he died in the same kind of melancholy state of mind.

It was the more to be regretted that Millward did not give his whole or more time to his business, for for some years he studied hard to improve tomb masonry, and did some excellent work of the kind. I remember Millward was always, I had almost said glad, at least pleased, from a business point of view,

to put elegant tombs to the graves of noted people ; he built the monuments to Baron Channell, Madame Parepa Rosa, Sir Rowland Hill, Tom Hood, Tom Robertson, Prowse, Sterling Coyne, Henry Betty, Danby Prout, and many others who had been noted men and women. But perhaps the most important work he did was to repair the tomb of the Patriarch Joseph in the East. There was a grave joke at one time about Mr. Garston, of Welbeck Street, that he was as fond of the funerals of noted people as Millward was of building their tombs. The much too early death of Charles Bennett caused deep sorrow in Bohemia for a time. I say for a time, for sorrows often fell so quickly one upon another in Bohemia that one, I am afraid, effaced the other all too quickly. Charles Bennett could not have failed to make a great reputation as an artist in black and white, had he been spared to fair old age ; in fact, he had not long found his way on to the staff of *Punch*, when, much to the sorrow of a loving wife and children and hosts of friends, death snatched him away. Young Paul Gray was well on the road to fame and fortune when cruel death also claimed him, to the great sorrow of a dear loving mother, whom he was glad to love and support, and after a lingering illness he died a poor man.

TOM ROBERTSON.

I do not seem to remember that Tom Robertson often drifted much into serious or fanciful poetry, but he wrote a poem in three very pretty verses

on an old theme, called "The Origin of Music," in a handsome volume, edited by Thomas Archer, and sold for the benefit of "The Alexandra Orphanage" at Hornsey Rise. As a matter of fact, the contents of the volume bear so much resemblance to that of "The Savage Club Papers," that it is a good companion volume to them. I think the poem is very sweet; it is founded on what are well known as music shells:—

In a fathomless cave once a spirit had birth,
Who wandered supine on the confines of earth.
Rocked by wild winds and waves, and entranced by a spell,
The soft soul of harmony slept in his shell.

It chanced an enamoured youth wandering roved,
To breathe to the waters the name that he loved;
When a rippling wave in its gentle retreat,
Left a beautiful shell on the sand at his feet.

Love then breathed on the spot, and gave as a dower,
To mortals hereafter for ever the pow'r,
To pen the soft strains that charmed him on earth;
Thus the language of melody first had its birth.

It might have been that Robert Brough and Tom Robertson would have done excellent dramatic work together, had it been fated they should have met for that purpose. I do not think such a partnership would or could have improved the writing or construction of "Caste"; but it might have done so in some of Robertson's comedies, in which there are without doubt plenty of honest laughs, but perhaps not so much real humour and serious interest as there might be. But I am trenching on dangerous ground, and perhaps very

foolishly. Tom Robertson was working hard as a poor actor when the Brothers William and Robert Brough were in request as dramatists, not so much as dreaming, I suppose, that on a future evening in his life he would be the hero of an event memorable in English dramatic art. I refer to the first night in London of "Caste," which was played at the old Prince of Wales Theatre. We shouted for our hero until we were hoarse, and applauded him until our hands were sore; but our once Bohemian companion sat very silently in his private box with his young wife, and our cheers did not seem to rouse him well out of his melancholy mood; his smile was by no means a laugh, nor his manner in any way boisterous. Many of us present on that memorable evening had known Robertson long before he had dreamed of the well-earned success in life he had then gained, and we had seen him ten times more pleased at earning a five pound note than he was that night at stamping his reputation as a dramatic author, able to command any sum in reason for his dramatic work.

Robertson should have gone home that night a happy man indeed. But alas! though still, comparatively speaking, a young one, his health was fast giving way; and although plenty of this world's comforts were at his disposal, nothing could save him; and all too soon we saw the last of our friend laid to rest at Kensal Green.

If now and then I have seemed to blame the old Bohemian haunts for the early deaths of some of

our young Bohemian friends, I must not include Tom Robertson amongst them, for he was always most anxious to earn as much money as possible for his first wife and children, and was always delighted when he could dispose of his literary work. I remember he offered me the story of "David Garrick," which I think he had written for the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine"; in fact, I could have had the story and the drama on very easy terms, but they were not in my way. However, he sold the play for a very small sum to Mr. Sothern, and when it became a great success, it was thought Sothern would give Robertson some sort of bonus, or a present in money to some amount; but as he showed no sign of doing so, Andrew Halliday and two or three of Robertson's friends sent paragraphs rather freely to some of the best London and country papers, in which it was stated that "Mr. Sothern had, owing to the great success of 'David Garrick,' sent Mr. Tom Robertson a cheque for five hundred pounds." Sothern was not pleased with the little joke against himself. However, Robertson's turn to make his own charge for a play for the Haymarket came, and even though it was not an original work ("Home") I refer to, he charged a very large sum per night for the right to play it; in fact, the largest sum he had up to that time received for the use of any one of his plays, and so he had some little revenge on Sothern, and also on Buckstone for refusing "Society." I am sure there was not the slightest disrespect in Robertson's mind against

his second wife, but he often sighed deeply when he mentioned his first partner in more sorrows than joys, who did not live to share his fame and fortune.

THE BROUH FAMILY.

There were some notable partnerships in play writing in those days. William and Robert Brough did good work together, and William Brough and Andrew Halliday also wrote some very amusing farces together. A very noted partnership in dramatic writing was that of Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, but each of them in after years elected to go their own road in literature—Mr. Reade to write some excellent fiction (may I specially refer to “The Cloister and the Hearth” as containing matter worthy of any writer of fiction the world has ever seen or known ?); and Mr. Tom Taylor, as is well-known, to write or more frequently adapt dramas from the French and other sources, and in after years to edit *Punch*, and to do good literary work in the cause of art and artists. About twenty-five or thirty years ago old Death seemed to make London literary and artistic Bohemia a dreadful slaughter-house of clever young men. It seemed for a time that anyone in Bohemia might have looked round and said, “Is it my turn next”? In the Brough family the cruel slaughter was very grievous; clever young Robert Brough did not survive his father a great number of years, his brother William followed all too soon; and not many years after, their clever brother John died, and after him one or more

sisters were laid to rest. I have mentioned that I think Robert Brough should have made a name as an English poet, for he wrote some very sweet poems, and was a very able writer in many ways. His Radical tendencies were rather strong, but had he been spared time, he would doubtless have toned down his daring politics. He left two sons and one daughter, one of the boys being lost at sea; Robert Brough, the well-known actor in Australia, is the other son; Fanny Brough, the well-known English actress, is the daughter.

William Brough's death was very sad, because he was not only a clever dramatist, but a really hard and steady worker, and not quite so Bohemian in his habits and hours as many of his clever companions. And so was his clever brother, John Brough, a most earnest and clever worker in literature and science; but death claimed him all too soon for his loving family and numerous friends.

William Brough left his widow and family to some extent provided for; but John, who was editor of *The Grocer* and librarian at the London Institution, and had lost his loving wife some time before his own death, left several young children unprovided for. But with the help of some kind friends, Miss Brough (Aunt Lily) became their guardian angel, and like a true woman acted as their father and mother. She has had her reward I believe in seeing most of them grow up to be men and women, and able to work their own way in the world. Aunt

Lily had on her hands, at the time she took charge of John's children, two or three orphans left by her sister, Mrs. Chilton. They have, I think, all grown to be men and women ; and never was a woman more loved and honoured by her hosts of nephews and nieces than is Aunt Lily Brough, who is, I should mention, a lady with a good deal of literary ability.

Lionel Brough, the well-known comedian, is the youngest of the clever family, and Sydney and Percy Brough are his sons. The father of the Broughs was for a short time mixed up in the Frost and Jones riots ; but he objected to the extreme measures the Rebecca rioters were prepared to go to, and so he seceded from their revolutionary plans, but with a narrow escape of his life, for the rioters were wroth with him for being what they termed a traitor in their camp. Mr. Brough died many years ago ; but Mrs. Brough, the mother of the well-known family, died very lately, at the wonderful age of 95. I published two works of fiction for Mrs. Brough some years ago.

BOHEMIANS DOWN KENSINGTON WAY, GOWER STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, AND OTHER QUARTERS.

Some years ago, perhaps about the time Elizabeth Thompson, now Lady Butler, painted her famous picture, "The Roll Call," there was a band of clever young Bohemians down Kensington way. I do not seem to remember that there was a Bohemian haunt in or near Kensington, but I expect there was, for

the "School of Art" tempted numerous young lady artists down there, and doubtless brothers and friends assembled not far off. Amongst those I knew best were Mr. Wilfred Meynell, the husband of Mrs. Thompson's sister; Mabel, the pretty daughter of Mortimer Collins, and her husband Mr. Kenningdale Cook; Ellen Crump, the half-sister of Mrs. Cook, and her clever husband, all of them clever writers on artists and art. I dare not say the ladies were all Bohemians, but most of their set, which was a rather large one, were inclined that way—in fact, worked hand in hand in literature and art.

I wonder how many young lady artists made their way to the Kensington School of Art in the hope of painting a "Roll Call," and being praised by a Royal Duke, and yet, I seem to remember being told that Elizabeth Thompson had some of her school of art education to unlearn before she painted her great picture.

There should be heaps of excellent matter about for a history of the Bohemian artists of Gower Street and Fitzroy Square, and that artistic locality. I hardly think I can point to any man who knows that quarter better than Mr. Forbes Robertson, except, of course, his father, who must be brimful of information about the old street and square. Perhaps, whoever wrote about Gower Street and Fitzroy Square should begin from about 1850, and go right up to 1870 or 1880, and the matter could not fail to be interesting. I know, of course, much has been written, but I am sure

there is still more interesting matter to come. "The Art Journal" should have done better for that quarter. But it is, I suppose, sacrilege to say that Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall were more inclined to help young artists who were willing to bow to them, and gave them at least one specimen of their art work. If I am wrong, so was the young artist who told me of the not over modest hints the Halls often gave for just a little specimen of their work; but I am now I know on dangerous ground, so I will hie me away to another Bohemian quarter.

The Bohemia of Camden Town in about 1870 was by no means an uninteresting place, for the studios held several young artists of note—E. C. Barnes and others; and for literature, Andrew Halliday, E. P. Hingston, little Johnny Clark, Charles Millward. Several other noted young Bohemians dwelt up that way, and, in fact, sometimes on week-day evenings, and almost always on Sundays in the mid-day and the evenings, one or more of the old taverns held a goodly company of young literary men and artists, who were all jolly companions. Sydney French, Bill Romer, Dr. Strausse, and later on, William Brunton, Joe Pascoe, and John Thomson, were quite Camden Town Bohemians; and, strange to say, there was quite a noted little Bohemia of ladies in what Andrew Halliday christened "Twopenny Town," of which Mrs. Andrew Halliday, Mrs. E. P. Hingston, and Mrs. Charles Millward were the lead. They were all first-night playgoers, and most of them were

well versed in the literature and drama of the time ; indeed, I have heard some of their husbands declare they were more versed in other people's business than their own ; but doubtless, had some of the husbands been less Bohemian, the wives would have been the same. Still, the Bohemia of Camden Town was often very entertaining, if not always strictly wise.

By the merest chance, a good many years ago, I found a little literary Bohemia in a coffee-shop not many hundred yards from the Angel at Islington. I happened to be that way on business, and went into the place to have a chop, and at one of the tables there were seated some half-dozen young literary Bohemians, who seemed as much surprised to see me up Islington way as I was to see them there. I found it was a regular meeting-place of theirs, for smoking and literary chat. I should like to mention here that I have never known a spiteful or a really vicious band of Bohemians. I have seen some of them smarting under sometimes actual wrongs, but I have never been with a band of Bohemians when they were going to upset the world and everything in it. In fact, a good Bohemian's wrongs are often hardly skin deep. If someone has hit him he will, perhaps, just give one hit back, and the fight is settled. Mr. Horace St. John was an excellent Bohemian, but in wrath would for a moment try to turn pandemonium upside down, and the next, as it were, almost cry because he had been in a rage. But what a capital

writer he was ! In speech he halted very badly, for he stuttered very much ; but his pen never halted when in full swing. I remember three men upon whom Master Horace was very severe. One was Alderman Carden, who had for some years a foolish interfering prejudice against street vagrants and outcast women—in fact, often paraded the streets to find them ; so the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* gave St. John almost unlimited power to lash the meddling alderman, and he did so with a vengeance. But one of the most severe articles St. John wrote was about a man living in the West of England, who had lived unmarried with a poor woman, who had a large family by him, and one day he turned the mother and children out of his house, and I think married another woman. Horace got all the particulars about the man, and the article was indeed a scathing one ; in fact, so much so, and so plain, that he described the front of the house, the front door, and even the knocker.

But the biggest game Horace St. John shot at in the early days of *The Daily Telegraph* was when, in perhaps about 1860, he attacked Bulwer Lytton, who was at that time not behaving very gallantly to his wife. Perhaps the lady herself was somewhat to blame, for she had rather a loud-speaking tongue, and worst of all, a revengeful pen. So she pursued her husband very closely—in fact, went so far as to oppose him at an election ; and the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* let St. John use his most scathing pen, which he did without stint of words and

meaning, and I remember Lady Lytton gave him a rather valuable silver inkstand for his trouble. I remember Mr. Planché was very dead against Bulwer Lytton for not behaving well to his, I think, only daughter, but in such a case it would seem the mother must have been a good deal to blame. In any case, Master St. John's attack on the father did not seem quite out of place. The serious difference of opinion between Bulwer Lytton and his wife was happily one of the few cases that became a serious public scandal. The lady never tired of thrusting her private wrongs before the public, so much so that they became tiresome, and the public sympathy she had at first she lost. In fact, she was not one half as wise as Mrs. Charles Dickens, whose wrongs were far heavier than hers, but who did not always parade them before a morbid-minded public ; and in all such cases those who have to bear them, win instead of lose by the smallest amount of publicity. The morbid Yelverton case did no one any good by its intolerable time before the public, and Mrs. Weldon long ago lost much public sympathy. But I am again on dangerous ground.

LEIGH MURRAY.

I do not know whether any explanation has ever been given why one man can drink an almost unlimited quantity of intoxicating liquor and feel hardly any serious effects from doing so, while another of the same age, weight, and strength dare hardly smell the empty bottles for fear of becoming

drunk and senseless. I dare call the peculiar fact a misfortune, and one of the peculiar phases of life that does not place society men, and especially Bohemians, on a fair standing with each other ; that is, if men may or should eat, drink, and be merry and wise. And certainly I know no reason why those who can do so should not find all the pleasure in life they can, for sorrow seems always standing on the door-step of happiness, ready to rush in almost without invitation or provocation. But I suppose there are some people who deny that dull care can be driven away. May I say, I do not think those who say so have ever tried the pleasing experiment ; but those who do try it must be sure they can be merry and wise. And those who know they cannot indulge in the cup that does inebriate, must be its master to enjoy it, and be its master for ever. I have in my memory at this moment several Bohemians who should never have known the taste of the cheering cup, for it was their ruin. For instance, there has been no more melancholy case of the kind this century than that of the once brilliant young actor, Leigh Murray. All old playgoers must remember him in his best days, at the old Adelphi and other theatres. As a light comedian, he ran Charles Mathews very close ; and in serious parts he was close upon the heels of the brilliant Alfred Wigan. Such a reputation as an actor was much too good to be lost or jeopardised in the smallest degree ; but the demon drink was his master, and drove him from

the stage to die in obscurity. I saw him play a gallant officer in the amusing play, called "The Camp at Chobham," and the down-trodden old French tutor, in "To Parents and Guardians," and in both parts he was splendid. I was in the Olympic one night, during the time it was under the management of Henry Liston, and I found the always merciful Mrs. Liston in great grief. She had just come from the bedside of Leigh Murray, whom she had found actually dying in such a state of poverty that his bedclothes were too scant to keep him warm, and he was without common necessaries in the way of sustenance. Poor Mrs. Liston was thankful she had done all she could to make his dying hours less painful. To show how poor Leigh Murray did try to master the demon drink, he would not touch it sometimes for days and weeks together ; and not a long time before his death he was engaged, I think, in Liverpool, to play one of the parts he was so good in. He had kept away from drink until after the last rehearsal, and then, being tired and rather down, he thought he would have just one cheering glass—that step was fatal. He was not at his post at night, and was found in no condition to fulfil his engagement ; so some of his companions sent him to London. For some hours after he arrived home he was in a complete stupor ; and I was told he said, when he became fairly sensible, that he had no remembrance of his actions, not even his journey to London, after that one fatal drink. This is a dull

string to harp upon, but who is going to solve the question as to what one man may do to be merry, and what another must do to be wise?

There were three of the brothers Murray (or rather, Garston was their family name), Leigh, Edward, and Garston. Edward gave more time to management than acting. Garston Murray was the husband of Miss Hughes, for many years at the Olympic, St. James's, and other theatres. In fact, I think I once saw her play a small part with Madame Vestris, at the Lyceum Theatre, early in the sixties.

GEORGE BELMORE.

Mr. George Belmore was also one of the Garston family, and a cousin of the Murrays. Belmore was an excellent actor, and for some years had the ball of fortune at his feet, and I have seen his name in late years coupled with that of Mr. Robson as an actor. But Belmore never had the marked ability of Robson, nor the versatility of that little genius of his time. Belmore only excelled in some characters. Robson excelled in all he played. Still, Belmore was exceedingly funny in some farces, very good in some strong character parts, and inimitable as Nat Gosling in "The Flying Scud." The character fitted him like the proverbial glove, for he had a thin, and not always pleasing voice. There was a sort of whine in it which suited the old jockey part admirably. The old man when speaking "whistled in his sound," except when called upon to tax his strength. Then for the time the old jockey recalled

sparks of his youth and strength. Many playgoers were not well satisfied with Belmore's "Cromwell" in Mr. Wills' play of "Charles the First," but got more in favour of his rendering of the part when Mr. George Rignold was called upon to play the *rôle* in a long, dull play of that name by Colonel Richards; not that Mr. Rignold's was not an excellent rendering of the king-killer and castle destroyer, but Colonel Richards made his play much too long and tedious, and the part of Cromwell altogether too intrusive for strong dramatic purposes. In fact, in Mr. Richards' play the audience tired of Cromwell's long and prosy talking, whereas in Mr. Wills' version one certainly did not tire of his presence on the stage, nor of his rough manner and talk. Yet, strange to say, Colonel Richards' portrait of Cromwell was more historically true in the main than the one given by Mr. Wills.

It was during the time Belmore was at the Lyceum Theatre that he should have gone to the top rung of the ladder as a comedian. But, alas! he did not, nor would he do so, even though he had Mr. Bateman and Mr. Irving at the foot ready to help him up that valuable climb to fame and fortune. But are not those prophetic words of Shakespeare's true indeed:—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." The story of Belmore's life after the loss of the aid of his two excellent friends at the Lyceum is a very unhappy one, for it was "bounded in shallows and miseries." He tried to revive playgoers'

interest in the "Old Jockey" again, but there was no more popularity in the play or character. He then went to America to try for fame and fortune there, but American playgoers did not seek him, and his constitution, which was a good deal shattered before he left England, gave way. He died a broken-down, disappointed man, and some good friends laid him to rest in the burial ground of that haven of rest, "The Little Church round the Corner," where, far from home and friends, are laid many excellent English actors, who should have lived and died in their own country with fame and fortune. Even bearing in mind George Belmore's melancholy end, I feel sure a full story of his life would be most interesting, for I have no doubt he played a good many small parts before he became a leading comedian. His charming wife is one of the daughters of Mr. Cook, of circus and Astley's Theatre fame, so perhaps Belmore may have done a turn on the sawdust, and not the slightest disgrace to him if he had. During Belmore's best time as a leading comedian in London he lived down Wimbledon way, and kept and bred some rather valuable poultry. When his home was broken up, he sent Lionel Brough some chickens that he was sure would become fine birds. However, the young cockerel became a nuisance by too much crowing, so Brough had him killed. It so happened that Belmore called at Percy Villa on the day and at the time the young bird was being eaten. Belmore naturally asked about his favourite chickens, little thinking the remains of one of them

was before him at the moment. I do not say the incident seems very funny, but I should have liked to have seen Lal's face and heard him intimate the bird was "splendid!"

SAM EMERY.

Samuel, better known as Sam, Emery was an actor, who should have gone to his grave with a name not soon forgotten, for he was one of the most English of English actors of his time. He had a rich, full-toned voice that always told well in any part he played, and, when he had to speak from his heart to draw tears, his honest, homely grief would always claim for him the deepest sympathy. His Peggotty in Andrew Halliday's adaptation of "David Copperfield," called "Little Em'ly," was a splendid performance, and worth a little pilgrimage to see. I seldom met Emery in our old Bohemian haunts, but he was very Bohemian in character, and often, I am afraid, in habits, so much so that for some years before his much-lamented death he was not to be well relied upon by his managers, and a reliable understudy for him was always understood to be needed whenever he was engaged. But if he was uncertain in his habits, he was much more so in monetary matters ; he never seemed free from debt, and managers to whom he was engaged were often called upon to release him from pressing creditors. It was not an uncommon occurrence for Emery to be a prisoner in his own home and afraid to leave, for he knew minions of the law

were waiting to arrest him ; and in all such cases his manager had to go to the rescue. I never saw Emery in a foolish state, but he would get into a sort of "don't care" mood, and yet the moment he got on to the stage it was wonderful how he would throw off all sign of private trouble, and be the character he was playing to the life, even though he knew there would be more money trouble on the morrow. I suppose Sam Emery never had a large salary—those were not the days when good and favourite actors or actresses claimed their twenties, forties, and upwards of pounds per week ; in fact, I am afraid a good many of our old theatricals could not often boast of a ten pounds per week salary, and I should be surprised to hear that Emery ever had more than that sum for playing characters that suited him as well, if not better, than any man of his time. Sam Emery, like some others of our, if I may term them, purely English actors, tried his fortune in America, but he soon returned a broken-down, disappointed man. Indeed, I am afraid that, but for the tender and loving care of his son Robert, and perhaps another son whose name I forget, and some friends, clever Sam Emery would have been badly off in his last days, for his little daughter, now the well-known Winifred Emery, was not at that time in a position to help her father as she would now, were he alive. I can almost see his broad, manly face expand in wonder, were he alive now and saw the amount of his daughter's salary ; and I can quite seem to hear him say,

“Wonderful, wonderful!” I had several long and serious talks with Emery, about a good idea he had in his head for a work of fiction founded on fact, but he only talked about the work, and never seemed to have the courage to write it. Certainly, the old family of the Emerys will not be lost to the stage as long as Miss Winifred Emery graces it so well.

JAMES STOYLE.

I am afraid I could make a rather long catalogue of favourite players I have known ; in fact, excellent actors who had not the strength of mind not to drift into habits that brought them to sad ends. I remember James Stoyle, a capital actor when well fitted with a part, came to me with an introduction from a friend in Liverpool, and he made an excellent start at the Strand Theatre under Mrs. Swanborough’s management. He could sing, dance, and act remarkably well ; but he soon drifted into careless habits, and Mrs. Swanborough tired of him, and he had to find another manager. He made no headway, however, in London, and after a time found himself back into the country, giving his admirable rendering of “Prince Paul” in the “Grande Duchesse.” And one morning there were a few lines in the papers to say that James Stoyle was dead. And I thought, “Another good reputation not more than half worked out!”

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY COX.

Plenty of us remember bright little Harry Cox, the comedian, who I think made his first important appearance at the St. James's Theatre, under Mrs. John Wood's management. I think he came from Brighton at the time. He was then a really bright and smart actor, and as a rule made his presence felt on the stage in any part he was playing. He migrated to the Strand Theatre, and was there some years ; but he fell into unsteady ways, and soon killed the good reputation he might have held for a long life. When almost a slave to drink, he tried hard to get some friends to establish him in a public-house, but grim death stepped in, and saved the artist from being landlord of a beer-house.

ROBERT ROMER.

So many good stories have been told about the dear, genial old Robert Romer of my young play-going days, that perhaps the following is not new in print. A good portion of Romer's life was spent at the old Adelphi Theatre during Mr. Webster's time there. In those days the rule was, a farce at seven o'clock, a long drama or comedy at

eight, and another farce between eleven and twelve o'clock, which was often played after the midnight hour had passed. As a rule, Romer only played small parts, and had long waits. He therefore often adjourned to a favourite corner of the bar at the Nell Gwynne for his gin cold, and often the gallery boys from the theatre would ask him to have another go. One evening some of the lads thought they would have a try to make Romer drunk, so they clubbed round for a bottle of gin, emptied it into the water decanter, and placed it ready for the old comedian to water his gin with. Much to their surprise, he kept filling his glass up from the decanter until it was empty, then got up from his seat, and quietly walked to the door, merely remarking as he did so, "Thank'ee, gentlemen, thank'ee. Try it again another night ; very nice, very nice."

ONE WHO DRANK, AND ONE WHO DID NOT.

I know of no better story about the effect of drink upon different men and constitutions than one told in the "Life of Lord Campbell." Two very old men, brothers, were important witnesses in, I think, a right-of-way case in the country. The first witness gave his evidence so well that the learned judge complimented him very highly for doing so, and asked if he had been an abstemious man in the way of strong drink during his life. The old man declared he had been a teetotaller all his life, and Lord Campbell held the

hale old man's life up as an example to the Bar of all that was virtuous. The next witness, who was the older man of the two, also gave his evidence in the most satisfactory manner, and the learned judge complimented him also, and said he supposed he also had been an abstemious man—but was surprised to have his confession that he had hardly ever gone to bed sober in his life.

A BILL DISCOUNTER.

Bohemians had a kind of a “forlorn hope” cashier or moneylender and expensive bill discounter. It was some time before I found out his mode of dealing with his uncertain of payment customers, for I was sure he was, as a rule, paid in preference to any-one else. However, his mode of having security was simple enough. If one Bohemian borrowed even a small sum, three or more others had to put their names to the I O U or bill, in fact making it “we owe you,” and in addition C—— would often exact an order for the borrower's Saturday wages, so in little matters like the above his mind was, as a rule, quite at ease. But when a Bohemian wanted a bill for any amount up to or over fifty pounds, then C——'s mode of security became a trifle wholesale—that is to say, he would have any number of the best names he could get on the back of it. I was for some months curious about one of my own acceptances, which I had given to a Bohemian for some work he was to do before it was presented for payment. How-ever, the work was never done, but the bill did come

home to roost. I found afterwards that C—— had worked very hard to get his money from the drawer and backers of the bill, and then apologised to me for demanding payment. There was nothing on the bill to show it was given under any or on certain conditions, so C—— was right in his demand, even though he knew I had not had value for money received. I suppose most of the Bohemians knew where C—— lived; strange to say, I never did, or if I did, I have forgotten. I mention C—— because I do think his mode of lending money was rather clever, for there was some art or craft in making a number of men instead of only one man responsible for even a small sum. I do not say his system was very moral, or at all times fair, and perhaps out of Bohemia he could not have found such seeming folly. I say seeming, because it was not quite so foolish in Bohemia, where there was a good deal of honour amongst Bohemians, and it was every now and then the turn of every one of them to get help in the above way. They knew C——'s mode of lending, so that, whether only one or six wanted help, the security to him was obliged to be in numbers. I hardly think C—— was a rich man, but his name was evidently good with one or some men in the City, or at his bank. I am almost afraid with all his caution he did not make a fortune, for I met him in the Strand a few years ago, and he mentioned and seemed to sigh for what he called the good old days. And he said, "Some of them did give me some trouble sometimes, didn't they, Tinsley?"

HENRY KINGSLEY.

Henry Kingsley, brother of Charles Kingsley, and James Hannay would have been excellent companions had they met much in company—but I seem to think they did not, at least, I do not remember meeting them together—for Henry Kingsley, when not in a kind of sluggish silent mood, was a most interesting companion. But he often wanted almost dragging out of his moody manner. He was a very bad business man, and often too in want of funds—in fact, I am afraid money was of very little use to him ; and but for his having an excellent wife, who was a good woman of business, I am afraid he would have been a very dilatory man, and stayed often very long in Bohemian haunts, or anywhere where there were boon companions and the right sort of liquor to keep good wit rolling. I published three or four novels for Henry Kingsley, but they bore no comparison in merit to “Geoffrey Hamlyn,” and some other fictions of his earlier years.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

William Brunton was almost a very clever artist in black and white ; he should have been no mean follower of Richard Doyle, and should not have let young (at that time) Harry Furniss walk over his head ; but I am afraid his head sometimes ached and his hand shook too much to do justice to the sort of art work he should have done so well. Bohemia knew too much of him and his friend and companion E. C. Barnes, who should, even

though he died almost a young man, have been well known in the Royal Academy, had he not painted so many pot boilers for rich Manchester merchants ; for he could paint well, and was also a capital artist in black and white. But he could, unfortunately for himself and art, paint at almost lightning speed, and as soon as he got a good effect on canvas, away went his pretty pictures, and doubtless by this time many of his pretty faces and pretty effects at the time are now invisible and smeary, as much so as the work of many other artists who did not, and may I say, do not, build their pictures on to canvases in such a solid way that age cannot wither them, nor time obliterate the colours. The artists of old not only used almost undying colours, but plenty of them. Modern artists often use bad-lasting pigments, and lay them on as thin as water, so that they soon become as transparent.

A GROUP OF BOHEMIANS.

Harking back to authors, here is a group, all of whom I knew well, and some of whom I have scribbled about at some length in other parts of these rambling recollections—James Albery, Arthur Sketchley, E. P. Hingston, Horace Vane, Ralph St. John, and Frank Vizetelly, the last regretfully and unfortunately lost with Hicks Pasha's army, for he was a capital war correspondent and artist, and ready and willing to go anywhere in war and at any time ; also dear old Van Laun, who could work hard night and day for a week, and then come into

Bohemia, and talk well a good part of the next week. Young Joseph Mackay was missed in Bohemia when he had thrown away his clever life, and his brother William would be missed even still more.

I do not pretend to have written anything like a complete account of Bohemia and Bohemians of the days when I and my old friends often talked, laughed, and were certainly not always wise. But I hope it is no boast to say that my little home in the country saw me, as a rule, at fairly reasonable hours. Still, I often ate, drank and laughed heartily in Bohemia, and I am not ashamed to say it. I often shed bitter and sorrowful tears when we so often journeyed sadly enough to some distant cemetery to leave there all that remained of another young worker in life's tempting battle of joys and sorrows, and when those heavenly words were read: "I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write from henceforth Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," we did pray that Heaven had called our late companion to Eternal Rest, and as we journeyed back from our mournful mission, resolved to be more wise in the future, and that Bohemia should know us less. How far most of us carried out our resolves is not for me to say. But I am sure it is not from being wise that I am alive to scribble these rambling notes.

SAM MAY.

One of the kindest and best hearted men in Bow Street, and in his private house in the country, was

dear old Sam May, the theatrical costumier of Bow Street. He lived near to me in the country for some years ; and if it was only hinted to him that there was a case of real distress about, away he would go and relieve it, if possible. I have known him send off two or three good Sunday dinners from his own joint before he could sit down to enjoy his own. When May left our neighbourhood, a good friend of mine tried to take his place in doing good work amongst the deserving poor, but he found the task was great, and the expense by no means small. In mentioning Sam May, it is only fair to mention his son Charles and very clever second wife, who held the costume business together in Bow Street for so many years. The more credit was due to Mrs. May, because she had had but very little experience in theatrical affairs before she was married to Sam May, but she went into the business heart and soul, and in a few years had obtained a capital knowledge of her work. In the course of time, when her husband had drifted into bad health, she would be at business early and late.

DEAR OLD BOHEMIAN MARGATE.

It seems almost reasonable to say that the man, or at least any Londoner, who does not know and has not enjoyed his trip to Margate and Ramsgate hardly knows his country well. Dear old Margate ! to how many hundreds of thousands of tired business men and pleasure hunting mothers and children have you not given health, strength, and enjoyment,

and how short even long days in August and September seemed to those who went through the ordinary routine of the pleasures, of which the following is a fair outline. A dip in the briny at about seven, a rum and milk on the way home, a good large fried sole for breakfast, just a skim of the papers after, an hour or two on the sands with the wife and youngsters, perhaps a boat for an hour or so, then just a run round the town, of course just looking into one or more of the convivial haunts; then a turn or two round the Extension, perhaps something and bitters, then home to dinner—that was our ordinary morning's diversion. After a dinner well enjoyed, a family carriage, and off to Minster, Pegwell Bay, with perhaps a look round Ramsgate, and back home by way of Broadstairs and St. Peter's, and if the genial host of Kingsgate Castle, Mr. Jonas Levy, was in residence, always one or more drams of his excellent whisky, then home to tea, with heaps of shrimps, perhaps a look at the evening papers, and at dark the younger branches would go to bed and sleep without rocking, and then the almost dress parade on the Extension, the girls as a rule with their dancing shoes under their arms or in their pockets, so as to be quite ready to call at the old Assembly Rooms, if forced to do so. Forced did I say!—perhaps all the fathers did not always want dragging to the old haunts, but sometimes the mothers would say, “Bless the girls! you do not want to go to that place again to-night.” Yes they did, for when and at what

time in the day or night could young folk not dance? —especially at such a bewitching place as the old Assembly Rooms, and with such a Master of the Ceremonies as Master Jarvis, for his lissom and graceful trips round the room made babies proud when he had one of them for a partner in a round or square dance. I have known youngsters boast for a week that Mr. Jarvis danced with them on such and such a night, and Jarvis never seemed more happy than when he could find enough youngsters to make a complete cast for a quadrille. And what a lovely old room it was to dance in! The floor seemed to make you dance when you walked on it, and the always winsome hostess, Mrs. Villiers, was she not always bright and charming? She and the old Assembly Rooms should have been, even at this time, two notable landmarks in dear old Margate.

Those well versed in what may perhaps be termed lazy holiday-making have fair right to question whether my programme of a day of pleasure at Margate is just what could be deemed complete rest. Of course, those of us who over-did our pleasure were to blame, certainly not the old health-giving town. But if convivial friends, jolly old haunts, and conviviality a little undid us at night, even sleep in Margate air put us right, for the morrows as a rule were the same as the yesterdays, and we always ate, drank, were merry, and slept well. And the light in our faces going to dear old Margate showed we were on pleasure bent. The return from those pleasures brought into our minds

that the old fight and tug with the business world must begin again.

It may not be generally known, but I think I am right in saying that Mrs. Villiers gave Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous singer, his first public engagement at the Assembly Rooms at Margate. It will be remembered that as a rule there was a short concert or entertainment of some kind before the dancing commenced. It was at one of those concerts Mr. Lloyd first started on what has been to him and the musical world a remarkable career; and I do not think Mr. Lloyd has ever forgotten his first genial manageress.

I remember some years ago, soon after Mrs. Villiers had left the Assembly Rooms, and was living close by in a pretty little old cottage, I called upon her with one or two of my youngsters, and soon afterwards Mr. Lloyd called. I think it was he who first asked one of Mrs. Villiers' daughters to play something on the piano, or it may have been that Miss Villiers appealed to Mr. Lloyd about the right way to play a piece of music. In any case, he soon put her right in the notes or time, first playing them himself, and at the same time humming the words of the song. Of course, Mrs. Villiers could not ask her guest to sing; at least, the lady knew well enough that it is not considered right or fair to ask a professional to sing or perform when only a guest. However, I perhaps just had the privilege of doing so. At all events, I said, "I think, Mr. Lloyd, the girls will

be delighted if you will sing the song." "Certainly;" he said, and down went his cigar, and he not only sung that song, but quite a half-dozen others, which he had often been paid large sums to sing. We had quite a lovely hour's music, and were so interested that we did not notice that there was a large audience outside the cottage, who had heard music that stayed them on their ways. In fact, it was a rich treat and a capital music lesson for his accompanist, for after every song he pointed out to her where she was wrong in the notes and time ; indeed, Mr. Lloyd himself seemed to quite enjoy both his cigar and the music.

The above incident reminds me of a request made by a host to his guest that was granted. I do not mention names in this case, for our host at the time was a very good fellow, but had quite a notion that if he asked a professional to his house he had also a right to ask him or her to oblige with a song or recitation, not knowing that such requests are, as a rule, almost impertinences, whereas an offer to sing or perform in any way in private by a professional is looked upon as a graceful act. However, my old friend did oblige his host and family with a comic song, but his face while doing so was by no means comic, and when he had done he whispered to me, "The devil take his impudence!"

There is a good old story about a matter of the kind. It appears a well-to-do boot-mender persuaded a professional singer to dine at his house, and as soon as the cloth was cleared asked him

to oblige with a song, and he did so, but not with a good grace. However, he had his revenge. He asked the boot-mender to a party at his own house, and after the cloth was cleared produced an old pair of boots, and asked him to have them soled and heeled ! It is not recorded whether the snob saw the drift of the joke.

Two ARTFUL WOMEN.

I wish I dare tell in full two rather serious jokes played at Ramsgate a good many years ago. The two heroines of the adventures were rather notorious at the time. One was a woman who was well-known to a class of men who had lost almost all their blushes, and she was brimful of impudence, if nothing worse. She was a good horsewoman, and galloped about the Isle of Thanet in grand style. One morning, as a novelist would write it, she was missing, and did not return for several weeks, and was then very quiet in her manner and habits. In due course she called upon a solicitor she knew intimately, revealing to him the astounding fact that she had been confined of a child, and that a wild, not over particular, almost millionaire was the father of it. However, she was rather modest in her claim. She said she would take five hundred pounds to settle the affair quietly, or if no settlement of the kind could be made, the solicitor was at once to apply for a summons for the support of the child. The solicitor saw the victim, and told him what his instructions were, and that they were

imperative. At first the accused declined to accede to any request ; however, when he found the solicitor was intent upon carrying out his instructions, he said, "O, give the — two fifty" ; but that sum was out of the question. He (the solicitor) thought he could settle the matter for three hundred pounds, and the accused said, "Very well ; but she must pay your expenses." So the case was settled in that form. The solicitor was a thorough man of the world, and had little belief in his client's honesty, and still less a minute or two afterwards when the creature guiltily informed him that she had a little time before frightened another noted fellow on the island out of two hundred and fifty pounds for the same child. Of course, there was a pretty case for conspiracy, but either of the robbed men would have given any amount of money rather than be mixed up in such a dirty scandal. Indeed, as a matter of fact, it was believed the woman had not had a child at all, and, as was said at the time, it was quite possible she had consulted more than one solicitor, and found them much the same sort of clients.

The other woman I have mentioned shot at smaller game. She was very smart in dress, but was an ordinary house-cleaner and charwoman, and went from house to house in quest of work, and with old gentlemen made herself very affable ; in fact, always seemed ready for any kind of joke. One day she applied to an old friend of mine for work, and he set her to clean up his house

ready for his family. She got on very well for a time, but then made herself very officious—in fact, much too familiar—and when she had as she thought got the old chap in her power, she bounced out of the house threatening to fetch her husband. However, nothing was heard of her or her husband until about half-past ten at night (when I happened to be with my friend) when there came a thundering knock at the door. My old friend, nothing daunted, rushed to the door, and there was the husband, full of drink, bounce, and, as he thought, authority. In fact, he was making a terrible noise, so, as my old friend did not want any scandal, he intimated he would give him some money to go away. But I said, "No, certainly not," and I told the man to meet me and my old friend on the Jetty, at a certain time the next morning, and he went away. After he was gone, my old friend and I walked along to see a noted solicitor, who was quite a character in Margate at the time. We found him at home with some jolly companions, and in a few words I told him what had happened, and my old friend described the woman. "Ah," said he, "don't worry; I'll be on the Jetty in the morning at the time. I know the fellow! When he joins you I will come to you." It all happened as agreed, and the moment the worthy husband saw our adviser coming to us he made a start to get away; but we were too much for him. There was no bounce in him then, and before we had

done with him he wanted to crawl. However, my old friend was glad not to be mixed up with such a fellow and his wife, so he gave him a few shillings to, I suppose, get drunk with, and there the matter ended. We had several gossips with the man of law, who was capital company, even though he could now and then draw the long bow a bit.

THE ALBION TAVERN.

It would not be fair to class the for some years well-known Albion Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, with the sort of grimy old haunts I have in another part of these notes attempted to describe ; for there were plenty of comforts at the Albion if you could afford to pay for them, and the rooms were always clean, if not over bright. But you could not dine much better at the Albion for about three shillings and sixpence than you could in the smaller haunts for about two shillings, and so some of us did not always dine there. Still the old tavern was a very popular meeting place of dramatists, authors, managers, and actors, and, indeed, actresses, for they were admitted into rooms set apart for them. The most important and indeed most exciting times at the Albion were on the nights after the fall of the curtain on a new play, a revival, or important events at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and others of the best West End theatres; at such times, authors, actors, and managers made their way there to hear different opinions or congratulations on the event of the evening. And

it was not always hard to surmise what the verdict in some of the papers would be on the morrow. It is not hard to imagine that there would be rather a Babel of tongues when the following, and many other gentlemen whose names I forget at this moment, were met together. Lord Alfred Paget, Benjamin Webster, Frederick Chatterton, J. L. Toole, Barry Sullivan, Harry Payne, William Creswick, H. J. Byron, Johnny Clark, David James, Tom Thorne, Joseph Knight, Moy Thomas, Dr. Strausse, Andrew Halliday, Charles Millward, John Oxenford, and other men of some note ; and even though there were now and then scenes of a madcap kind, there were often scenes full of anxious thought for those concerned. Clever authors in earnest consultations with managers met there to arrange about important scenes and situations in new plays, and stage sets were often worked out or imagined with various articles on the old dining room tables. In fact, the old tavern might for some years have been fairly termed a theatrical jury house, for not only matters of great moment, but of life interest, were often discussed there.

At any time to see Benjamin Webster and Frederick Chatterton in earnest conversation, as a rule, meant that a change of bill must be made, and money had. I speak of about the time when the noted old Adelphi manager had almost run to the end of his tether, and when Frederick Chatterton, with Drury Lane and the Princess's on

his shoulders, had gone into a forlorn hope with Webster ; for he had at that time borrowed up to the hilt from his friends in Covent Garden and other sources. Often at such times trustworthy acting managers or messengers would come and whisper to their masters the result of some money mission they had been on. When the news was good, the old managers would seem comforted ; when it was not, there were more and deeper consultations, and some other source for money tried. Sometimes Buckstone would look in to see whether there were a few hundreds about to be had at a cheap rate, when his old friend Graves was tired of parting with more cash at present. In fact, for some years, more discussion about money and actors and actresses and the drama went on at the Albion than at any tavern in London.

Strange as it may seem, the Albion saw its last best days when Bunn, E. T. Smith, Chatterton, and other venturers at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and Buckstone and Webster were having their good and bad ventures at their different theatres, and yet closed its doors when all the theatres round it were more prosperous than they had ever been. I remember having two or three hours of anxious time at the Albion. I had known Frederick Chatterton a good many years, and I, with some others of his well wishers, were anxious he should have one more try to get a success at Drury Lane Theatre. In fact, some of his friends tried to put some pressure upon the

committee then sitting ; but the most important item (money) was not at Chatterton's disposal, and so he lost his chance, and young Augustus Harris was accepted in his place. But several of us were very much too sure that Harris would not be able to take up the lease. However, as all the theatrical world knows, he did get it, and what is more, was perhaps the most successful manager that ever held, not only the lease of Drury Lane Theatre, but of Covent Garden Theatre ; in fact, for a time, it seemed he might have died a millionaire, had he not over worked his strong but sensitive brain. At all events, he had the best record of successes at both of the theatres I have named up to his time of this century ; and yet, the day when he rushed into the Albion with the promise of the lease of Drury Lane Theatre from the committee, I am afraid some of us actually laughed at his seeming presumption. I remember poor Chatterton walked away a very melancholy man, perhaps the more so because he had been too certain in his own mind that there was not a man in England who would go into the venture ; but as it happened there was one, and also the right one.

It will, I am sure, be in the remembrance of some of Sir Augustus Harris's friends that his first season of Italian opera at Drury Lane Theatre was not a great success, and he had no end of trouble with some of the artists. I remember one evening I had just left my office, and was going by the theatre, the young manager was standing on the steps alone,

and, as it turned out, full of anxious thought, for his acting manager had gone in search of a leading singer, and failing to get her, or a good substitute, the theatre would not open that evening.

"Halloo, Gus," I said, "what's the matter?" "I'm worried; come over to the Albion," said he—"Let's have a bottle. I'm d—— if I know whether I shall open to-night or not." And as we entered the Albion he said, "Ah, old man, I wish I had given you one half of the money I have lost this opera season, and taken my wife on the Continent and spent the other half." His good natured remark about giving me money was because he knew I was in some business trouble at the time, and as a matter of fact, although the aid he had rendered me a few days before the above event was not great, the letter he wrote to me, and the excellent way he did the kindness, was worth a hundred times the money value.

Herbert Standing was, as a young man, and I suppose is now, a very good mimic; and often gave good imitations of his brother actors. One evening at the Albion he was imitating little Johnny Clark, who was in the next box to Standing, and his friends were laughing heartily at the resemblance in voice and manner of the favourite comedian, who at the moment looked round into the box and said, "If I'd got a voice like that I'd hang myself, d—d if I wouldn't." Clark's resentment was some proof that the imitation was good.

I think it was Mr. Buckstone who was once asked

what he thought of an imitation of himself that some one had the effrontery to give in his presence. "I think I could do it better myself," was his reply.

Charles Dickens, when staying in town, and only up from Gad's Hill for the day, often made his mid-day meal at the Albion, and strange to say, not everyone who saw the great writer in his ordinary country farmer-like dress thought him to be the author of "Pickwick"; in fact, the Albion has had a very interesting history. The last half-hour before closing was often an anxious time for Charles, the genial manager. Perhaps the following is a fair specimen of the conversation :—

"Half-past twelve, gentlemen. Must ask you to go, gentlemen," would be Charles's request.

"All right, I'm ready when Mr. Toole is," would be Thorne's reply.

"Mr. Thorne is ready when you are, Mr. Toole. Must ask you to go. Licence in danger, you know."

"Very well, Charles. Ask Mr. James to come at once. He ought to know better."

"He is talking to Lord Alfred, sir, and when you go his lordship will go, no doubt."

"All right, Charles; get a cab for Mr. Webster."

"Cab's at the door, sir."

"Very well, Charles, I'm ready."

"But do go, Mr. Toole."

"All right, Charles; you do make me so wild."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF SADLER'S WELLS.

The mention of Sadler's Wells Theatre seems to sound a good note in the dramatic history of England, and the dramatic student stands and wonders that the dear old theatre should be at the present time little better than were the old penny gaffs of four or five decades ago. The wonder is greater, when it is known that some four or five handsome theatres have sprung up in Northern London, and that the home of more revivals of Shakespeare's plays than at any other theatre in the world, and of some of the soundest acting of this century, is now such a poor home of the drama.

However, the old landmark is not yet in the house-breaker's hands ; so let us hope that the old spot may yet have a brighter future before it. And there is one grand consolation, which is that the noted old resort will never be so sadly desecrated as were most of the old Tea Gardens before they were blotted out.

Perhaps everyone does not know that a Mr. Sadler, in about 1683, re-discovered a famous old healing water spring that had been of great note in a Clerkenwell priory before the Reformation, and named it "Sadler's Wells," but Mr. Sadler could hardly have dreamed that the place would bear his

name for centuries. The fact is the more strange, because a man of the name of Rosoman, in about 1765, was the first to build a theatre on the now old classic ground. And it seems there is plenty of good and interesting theatrical history to be had of the many and various entertainments at Sadler's Wells, from Rosoman's time to well on in this century ; but who knows that, but for Rosoman and Mr. Samuel Phelps, the theatre might not have shared the same sad fate as all the other tea gardens ?

I shall, in the following rambling notes about Sadler's Wells and Mr. Phelps, try to show that the grand old actor was very modest as to his own merits, and I think the more so because, if ever there was a theatre worthy of an actor's name, it was the theatre Samuel Phelps made famous—not only for good, but for much of the best theatrical history of this century. No one could have blamed Mr. Phelps had he giyen the theatre his own name, had had it carved deeply in stone over the old stage door, which he entered so often and never left without doing some good work for the English drama. I dare not try to write any early history of Sadler's Wells, but, as I have mentioned, there is, or should be, good matter in existence about the place from Sadler, Rosoman, the Dibdens, and other managers, up to the beginning of the Greenwood, Phelps, and Mrs. Warner's reign. And no historian must forget that Grimaldi, the famous clown, was for some years almost a host in himself at Sadler's Wells, early in this century.

As regards the early history of Sadler's Wells, I cannot help bearing upon what I think is a fact as regards tight-rope dancers, acrobats, circus riders, clowns, sprites, conjurers, and all kinds of pantomimic artists, that they were equally as clever in the old days as artistes in the same line are at the present time. I have printed in another part of this volume an account of some conjuring done in India in the early part of this century that surpasses any tricks of the kind I ever saw or read of before or since, and I have seen some curious if not wonderful exhibitions of various kinds, such as men eaters of live snakes, chewing prickly cactus leaves and wine glasses, eating fire, and trampling out a stove of red hot coals with bare feet, and other worse fooleries that were bad conjuring and poor art of any kind.

I find I have some old cuttings and advertisements of entertainments given at Sadler's Wells, perhaps about a century ago. I venture to print a few of them :—

“A FIELD OF BATTLE,—

as it appeared in that memorable action on the 1st of August last, on the frontiers of Hungary, in which the signal victory was obtained over the Turks, displaying the manœuvres of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the allied army of Austrians and Russians, commanded by the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and General Suwarow, and the defeat of the Ottoman forces, under the command of the Seraskier Hassan Pacha, previous to the taking of Belgrade by

Marshal Laudhon. Tight-rope dancing by the Little Devil, Master Bologna, and La Belle Espagnole, to conclude with the new entertainment, called the Mandarin, in which is introduced the celebrated trio of "Ching Chit Quaw"; also the admired illumination scene of the Feast of Lanterns and a Chinese procession. The dresses, scenery, and decorations entirely new. The scenes designed by Mr. Greenwood. The music composed and compiled by Mr. Taylor. Boxes 3s. 6d., pit 2s., gallery 1s.

"Little Devil and the handsome Belle Espagnole, in the wire-dancing, drumming by Bologna, the famous Spanish ladder work, and variety of dancing and postures, all serving to keep up the pre-eminence of the old shop, where plenty of laughter and amusement may be had wholesale and retail every evening for the remainder of the season."

Another notice of Sadler's Wells says:—"In all points of consideration better stocked with pieces and performers this season than has been known for many years back. The opening bill of fare was rich enough in all conscience for a month's successive display, and yet we see the busy and ingenious spirit of that place dashing into fresh novelty almost every week. Bravo! Messieurs Directors—that's your sort—stick to the spirited system you have adopted, and success must follow as amply as you can wish or deserve it."

"SADLER'S WELLS.—To-morrow (Monday) and Tuesday, a new local drama, of intense interest,

called 'Peerless Pool.' Principal characters—Messrs. Cobham, Mortimer, Palmer, H. Honner, Campbell, C. J. Smith, W. H. Williams, Mrs. Wingrove, Miss Forde, and Miss Macarthy. After which, 'The Two Drovers.' In the course of the evening a favourite *pas seul* by Mdlle. Rosier. To conclude with 'The Tower of Nesle'; Buridan, Mr. Cobham."

"The wonders of a Sadler's Wells performance have long been proverbial among the occasional visitors to places of amusement in London, and that little spot has certainly to boast of more wonderful productions than any other perhaps in the whole world. At this time particularly, ingenuity and activity seem there to have obtained their highest flights, and the admiring spectators can only look on with a feeling of surprise that any human endeavours should now compass a point of perfection so far beyond the reach of former attempts."

"The audience on Wednesday evening were agreeably surprised by the double performance of the celebrated Richer on the tight rope. The reason for his performing twice was on account of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and a large party of the nobility, who were in the balcony boxes. Never did any public performer receive more flattering applause than Richer did at the conclusion of his exercises, particularly from the Royal visitors, who appeared highly pleased with the whole of the entertainments."

This rope dancer had many admirers, as the following lines show :—

OCCASIONED BY SEEING RICHER, THE FAMOUS ROPE-DANCER, NOW AT SADLER'S WELLS.

Not long ago, we all do know it true,
The Vestris mania raged the town quite through ;
The ladies of St. James's nought could say,
But, "Vestris ! Vestris ! have you seen her, pray ?"
The City dames would not be out of fashion,
There, Vestris, charming Vestris, was the passion !
Who could have thought the mania would have flown
From the Haymarket, up to Islington ?
Or e'er a sigh be given our belles,
From the Grand Opera, to poor Sadler's Wells ?
Yet there, at present, Fashion keeps her Court,
Both belles and beaux do to her haunt resort ;
And crowded boxes nightly do ring
With Richer, charming Richer, is the thing !

I am almost loth to scribble about the Sadler's Wells Theatre that I knew so well, because, knowing it so well, I ought to do it and the players some justice, but I cannot; my old pen will not run smoothly on. I think I saw close upon twenty revivals of Shakespeare's plays, besides several of the old comedies, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and I believe I have seen twenty-seven of Shakespeare's plays played at different theatres. Mine is not a record, but if I had made the roughest notes of the performances I have seen, I should be glad of them now, although not for the sake of criticism in any way. I had the privilege of saying what I liked and disliked of the drama and the players, but I never wrote or tried to write "Sir Oracle" to my name or thoughts.

But I hope I may say that I never once went to Sadler's Wells Theatre during Phelps's time and went home at all displeased ; in fact, the play at night was the food for next day's talk, and always good digestive matter it was. I do not think Mr. Phelps produced many new plays at the Wells, but I remember one called "The Hamiltons of Bothwellhaugh" written by Mr. Angiolo Slous, who in after years won the first T. P. Cooke prize for a very good nautical drama, called "True to the Core," which I published in book form in 1866.

I well remember my first interview with Mr. Slous, for I ventured to pronounce his name much in the way it is spelt, but he corrected me in a moment. "No, no!" said he "Slew-slew," a pronunciation almost as curious as Reack for Reach, and still farther garbled when Thackeray asked Reach to hand him a "peack."

Here is a little digression, which is, I hope, not quite an impertinence. I have no facts before me of how and when the partnerships of Mrs. Warner, Greenwood and Phelps began. Of course, Mrs. Warner's good name requires no aid from Phelps or anyone, but it seems to me that Mr. Greenwood should have good mention in that memorable dramatic campaign. I am not trying to hold the smallest brief for Mr. Greenwood, but dead or living men should have their due.

Here is another case of the same kind. I think no history of Sir Henry Irving's career at the Lyceum Theatre could be complete without

solid mention of dear old Governor Bateman. I have no desire to try to tack Mr. Irving's old friend and manager's name in any way on to his Lyceum career after Mr. Bateman's death. But the fact remains, that Mr. Bateman did take Henry Irving to the Lyceum Theatre, and saw him well planted there before death all too soon put an end to a partnership so full of promise. I feel sure I need not apologise to my old friend, Sir Henry Irving, for this digression. In fact, I am sure I can almost hear him say, "Certainly; quite right, Tinsley. I do not want an atom of the merit that is due to my always generous old manager"; and I can almost hear blunt but always honest Samuel Phelps say, "Yes; pray give Mrs. Warner and certainly Greenwood every bit they deserve." I dare not refer to the above important events in theatrical history, only that, whether noted men will or will not try to exalt themselves over the heads of those who helped to give them their first start in life, there are those who will impress it upon their heroes that "*Alone they did it.*"

Getting to Sadler's Wells Theatre from Shepherd's Bush in the sixties and seventies was in itself a journey that often took close upon an hour and a half. But even though my time for work in the morning was six o'clock sharp, I never worked more cheerfully all the day than when I had a couple of shillings to spare for a dramatic treat at Sadler's Wells in the evening, with even the chance of having the glass of my watch ground to a powder

against that rib-smashing wooden barrier which so cruelly barred the entrance to the pit. But a struggle for the gallery was always good enough when the funds were low, as they often were.

I hope I am in no way doing Mr. Phelps an injustice by calling him the "people's actor," for certainly whatever fame he obtained, or money he made, was mostly from pit and gallery. I am not for a moment imagining that his patrons in the higher priced parts of his theatres did not appreciate his splendid talent; indeed, he had a good but not great following amongst them. But as a matter of fact he was not what is termed a fashionable actor, and even when he became great, it was the pit and gallery that knew him most and appreciated him best. At the Wells, Phelps's patrons were a good deal on a level with each other, and were one in their love, not only of Phelps himself, but of all his company around him, and there was splendid intelligence in their honest shouts of approval of the good work they always did. The "Hear, Hears" and "Bravos" were a treat to listen to, and it may be taken for granted that there were none of the West-end, lazy, half-hearted "Yah, yahs" at the Wells in those days. We had Shakespearian lines plain and bold to revel in, and the costumes and scenery never seemed to ask us to admire them first and the words afterwards. If we wanted excellent scenery, realistic effects, sumptuous dresses, more quiet and perhaps more refined acting, we could go to the Princess's, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Kean and their excellent band of players were doing noble work, even though Douglas Jerrold did dub Kean's revivals with some sort of clothes-horse name.

Certainly Kean and his company did not ladle out the text of the "noble bard" as boldly and strongly as did Phelps and his company. It was a strange fact that Charles Kean was prone to keep his company rather down in voice and action, whereas Phelps as a rule seemed to say, "Get the words well, and then throw them at the back wall of the gallery, if you like." At all events, they as a rule came there with good, telling effect.

As regards plain, bold speaking in Charles Kean's company, I dare not let it be thought that I have forgotten John Ryder's powerful tone of voice, but I think I am right in remembering that blunt Jack only had a chance to let himself go when Mr. Kean was on the sick list, and then Master Ryder had the leading parts, and rolled them out in his own way.

With the good work Phelps had done in the country, and at the West End, with Macready and other leading actors, it was almost strange that he did not become a star, or at least gain a more commanding position in central London and the country than he did. In fact, the favour Mr. Macready showed him seemed to have pointed to such a position; at all events, I hope I am right in thinking that his great abilities as a manager and actor should have given him ten times the sum of money he ever received for his very

hard work. It may have been that, the moment Phelps went to Sadler's Wells Theatre, it was with the determination of being the king of actors up North, down East, and over the water, and there is little doubt that he did obtain that proud position. But if he ever really estimated his own ability at its true worth and greatness, he never seemed to do so, for if he had had only about half of the assurance of quite a score of so-called leading actors since his time, he would have been master and well maintained at any theatre in London, not excepting Drury Lane itself. But even though Phelps was at times John Bullish, and seemingly superior in tone and manner, he was not a proud, ambitious man, and his roughest nature was as good at the bottom as Charles Kean's kindly and almost feminine one. It was his honest nature that made him admired, both as an actor and a gentleman.

It is folly to argue or imagine what Phelps might have been, but there is one fact certain, and that is, that he had as much Shakespeare in his soul as any actor who lived in his time or before him.

I forget at this moment how many of Shakespeare's plays Sir Henry Irving has staged at the Lyceum, but I think only about one-half the number revived at Sadler's Wells ; therefore, if only in numbers, Phelps stands first against the giant worker and actor of these times. But after all I shall not be far wrong in putting Phelps at the head of the leading actors of his time outside central London.

One of his keenest rivals was, no doubt, Mr. W. Creswick, at the *Surrey*; but he, except in a few juvenile parts, such as "*Romeo*," "*Claude Mellotte*," and other characters of less importance, was a long way behind Phelps as an actor; indeed, I think, if Shepherd, Hughes, Fraser, Hicks, Dillon, Pitt, and almost a host of other leading and semi-leading actors of the time were alive now, they would raise their hats in sincere respect to the old monarch of "*The Wells*."

I use the word "old" in its truest meaning, for Phelps, unlike his friend Macready, was acting, and acting well, when his age and strength were much against him, and yet at that time his "*Sir Pertinax*," "*Job Thornebury*," "*Sir Giles Overreach*," "*Falstaff*," and "*Bottom the Weaver*" were splendid efforts of a mind that should have earned him fortune and rest, years before he cried, "Hold—enough!"

In these very rambling notes I so often lose my way that I fear they will never be at all consecutive. I have just remembered four other capital actors in their best days, who were contemporaries of Phelps—G. V. Brooke, James Wallack, George Vanderoff, and Barry Sullivan. Brooke in his best days could play leading parts, such as "*Othello*," "*Richard the Third*," "*Sir Giles Overreach*," and some few other parts requiring strong passion and feeling, perhaps better than many actors of his time, for his acting was, as a rule, soul stirring. Yet it must be understood that was in his best days, for when he drifted into his bad ones, he was almost as bad as Hicks at his

worst. James Wallack was doubtless a much better melodramatic than a truly Shakespearian actor, but he was always an earnest artist. Mr. George Vanderoff and Mr. Barry Sullivan belonged to the Irving and Kemble school more than Brooke or Wallack did. But neither of the four could, I think, play any one great part as well as Phelps.

But I am sure I am getting impertinent in my "I thinks" and my positive opinions. However, may I assure the reader that I purposely do not read up for these rambling notes; for I do not want to be accused of scribbling old matter if I can avoid it. I well remember, some few years before Phelps died, he told me that he almost lived on the stage of Sadler's Wells Theatre for nine consecutive years; and I can well believe him, especially when it must be remembered that there were numerous changes of performances during the year, often more than one change of the bill every week, and almost always several during the month. As I have said before, I think I saw nearly a score of Shakespearian, besides other plays, at Sadler's Wells Theatre during the several years I was a constant visitor there, and I do not remember one which was not acted well throughout, with very good scenery and effects included.

I have no date for what I thought was a remarkable evening at Sadler's Wells, but I fancy it must have been about 1858-9. "A Winter's Tale" and "The Comedy of Errors" were both in the bill for

the same night. Phelps, I am almost sure, was not playing that evening ; but both plays were given, if not in their entirety, at least with no great injury to the text or the interest of the plays.

“A Winter’s Tale” was no doubt played in the most complete form ; but “The Comedy of Errors” was not put on the stage merely in the form of a farce to exhibit the drolleries of the two Dromios—Lewis Ball and Charles Fenton. The serious and comedy interest of the play was almost all spoken and wonderfully well acted.

As a proof of how well Phelps had got his company in hand, he himself could, but did not very often do so, go out of the bill for an evening, and his excellent second man—Henry Marston—would play lead, and other members of his company more important characters than were usually allotted to them, at a very short notice.

Apart from his grand elocutionary powers, Phelps was thoroughly grounded in the art of acting—so to speak, its *technique* ; in a word, he had learnt his business, and “roughed it” all over England in so doing.

It was worth going miles to see the combat in “Macbeth” between him and Marston. They fought, not fenced ; and, with the exception of N. T. Hicks and Hughes, such swordsmen were not known at the time.

I am told that at one time Phelps travelled with Coney and Blanchard—two great pantomimists and stage sword players. Most likely Phelps learnt his swordsmanship from them.

Coney and Blanchard had a performing dog, and, while together, the three played "The Dog of Montargis" and other dog pieces. It is related that on one occasion, when times were bad and they were travelling, being very hard up and with only sufficient money to purchase some meat and bread, they had to content themselves with the bread, giving the meat to the dog. With all their ability, the dog was the greatest draw of the three, and therefore he had to be taken care of, though they went short themselves.

Blanchard, of "Coney and Blanchard" fame, was a neighbour of mine in Hornsey, about forty years ago. He and his wife kept a small grocer's shop, and were both well principled, religious people. Blanchard had at that time a very clever dog. The old couple, soon after the above-mentioned time, removed into the neighbourhood of Enfield, and I never saw them again.

Fechter once engaged Phelps for the Lyceum, at the then considered large salary of £40 a week. He was engaged, of course, for leading business. "The Duke's Motto" was then doing great business; consequently, the £40 paid to Phelps for doing nothing was not relished by the foreigner. It is said, therefore, that he tried to make things rather unpleasant for Phelps, so as to get him to resign; but Phelps did not see it. Fechter presumed upon his at times sensitive nature, and, although clearly not intending to play it, "Hamlet" was put up, Phelps being cast for the Ghost. He refused to play the

character, saying he was not going to play second to a Frenchman.

Fechter thereupon brought an action for breach of contract ; but on the part of Phelps it was contended that he was engaged for leads, and that the Ghost was not a leading character. Many of the London actors and managers of position were *sub-penned* on the part of Phelps to prove this, and he would have clearly succeeded in the action, but the Frenchman was afraid to go into court, and paid a heavy amount to compromise the suit and quash the engagement.

At the time of Phelps's engagement at the Gaiety Theatre his memory had become rather treacherous, and his daughter, who acted as his prompter, used to watch him most carefully, and knew in a moment when he wanted a "cue."

It was curious to see the grand old actor act his way to some opening in the scenery, where he knew his faithful daughter would be to give him the words he wanted.

It is not generally known that he was brother to Dr. Phelps, Master of Sidney Sussex College, and some time Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

One evening, just as Phelps was going off the stage at "The Wells," he caught Charles Fenton giving an imitation of the scene he (Phelps) had been playing.

Phelps, in his sternest voice, called out, "What are you doing, Fenton ?"

"Imitating Mr. Macready, sir," was the quick reply.

Charles Fenton did not look his manager straight in the face for several evenings afterwards.

I am told Fenton was a favourite with Phelps—hence his taking liberties. He was often at Phelps's house in Canonbury Square, Islington, outside which, each evening, many Islingtonians used to assemble to see their great actor go to the theatre. Fenton used to look after the children, see that they were all right when Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were away, and generally make himself useful in a domestic way. He was a clever actor in small parts, and a capital harlequin; for it may be remembered that, at the time of Phelps and Greenwood's management, pantomime was a feature at "The Wells," Greenwood being celebrated as a writer of pantomimes.

When it is remembered what a number of Shakespearian and other leading characters in dramas and comedies Phelps played, it may, I think, be easily imagined that his theatrical wardrobe would have been extensive and almost rich in value, though I am bearing in mind that he was not prone to be extravagant in his dresses or scenery, which, though most accurate, even to small details, were seldom gorgeous or expensive.

More by accident than intention, I happened to go into an auction room in Holborn not long after Phelps's death, and to my surprise the auctioneer was knocking my favourite actor's wardrobe down

in lots to the highest bidders. I hope I am right in thinking that some of the best costumes had been given away or sold privately, but there were plenty of the good old dresses that I recognised in the sale, and some of them were so worn and poor that no bid of any kind could be obtained for them. In those cases, one, two and three lots were rolled into one, and then shillings were as a rule the biddings, and pounds seldom obtained. I seem to remember that the old Falstaff dress did realise about a pound. At all events, the sum obtained for the whole of the costumes was so small that those who sold them should have regretted that they did not bury them with the grand old wearer who had done such excellent work in them.

But after all, perhaps, if this little note about the value of an excellent old actor's wardrobe is of no seeming importance to the general reader, it may do some little good to the minds of that large class of young actors and actresses who often quite believe that wonderful dresses more than half play even great parts in great dramas—a delusion that seldom lasts more than one afternoon or evening, and never would have had the chance to last any time in the old days at "The Wells." One wonders how truly sarcastic Master Jerrold would be, were he alive in these days, when even very good actors and especially actresses are made walking advertisements for fashionable tailors and dressmakers, instead of being patrons of the drama's costumiers of Bow Street, and, as Sam Gerridge would say, "the vicinity."

There are a good many injustices in this world, but not to mention at least some of the names of the earnest and clever band of players who were loyal helpers to Phelps at "The Wells" would be an injustice indeed. Those I best seem to remember were Henry Marston, Mr. Wray, Mr. Barratt, T. C. Harris, George Bennett, Mr. Belford, Charles Fenton, Frederick Robinson, Lewis Ball ; indeed I am sure my list of good actors and true to their art is far from complete. Perhaps there are those who will say, "Why not mention Robert Honor?" The fact is, I do not at all well remember that clever little, I think, bow-legged actor, who often played important parts with Phelps, and when he played "Macduff" to Phelps's "Macbeth," there was just a titter went round the house when the plucky little hero killed the monster "Macbeth." Nor have I much remembrance of Mrs. Honor ; but here is a list of excellent, if not noble, actresses, whose names and good work I should be ashamed to forget : Mrs. Warner, Miss Cooper (Mrs. Lacy), Miss Glyn, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Henry Marston, one or more of her daughters, Miss Caroline Parkes (Mrs. C. Fenton), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young, now the widow of Mr. Arthur Stirling, and here doubtless, as in the case of Phelps's actors, I have forgotten the names of several of them. To the memory of them all I bow my head, and say, "Thank you sincerely, ladies and gentlemen, for many happy nights of pleasure and days of happy thoughts, and those of you who sleep the sleep of

the just, I sincerely hope your dreams are of heaven." Some old playgoers will well remember when at certain times in the summer seasons the Sadler's Wells company and the Surrey company would combine for a few weeks at each theatre; at such times the theatres were besieged, for it was a grand sight to see Phelps and Creswick, and indeed various members of the companies in the cast, doubtless vying with each other for the best applause.

As I think I have already said, any account of Sadler's Wells Theatre without mention of Grimaldi, the famous clown, would be an injustice; indeed, I am glad to quote the following about Grimaldi from William Robson's book, entitled "*The Old Playgoer*," written in the form of letters to a Mr. Charles Kendall (I suppose Kemble). The book is dedicated to Charles Kemble, and certainly if Mr. Kemble saw the contents of the volume before it was dedicated to him, he must indeed have been fond of fulsome praise. I refer to the book because I think a few of its best pages are those about Grimaldi, the famous clown, though as "*The Old Playgoer*" seems to have known him so well, it is rather curious he did not tell more about his tricks and drolleries. I venture to quote the following because it is, I think, a good imaginary scene:—

"I was aroused by a most unearthly laugh at the door of my studio—one of the top panels flew open like a trap door, and a figure darted through, white

night-cap foremost, and turning as neat a somersault as the limited space would allow, came down *à plomb* in front of me with his hands on his hips, and after a screaming laugh, accosting me with such a mouth as no one ever had but himself and Gargantua, he uttered in what is called a gin voice, heaved from the bottom of his chest, ‘Have you forgotten me?’ His errand done, after one glance around the room to see if there were no hundred-weight of sausages that he might swallow or put into his breeches pockets, no barrow-full of vegetables with which he might play Prometheus, no unfortunate old woman or antiquated beau upon whom he might pour out the never-ceasing stream of trickery —he took a run at the door, passed through as he had come, and the panel closing as he uttered another of his indescribable laughs, I saw no more of Grimaldi. I felt the painful shame of having neglected a friend—an old and valued friend. I had forgotten him whom alone of his merry, mad race I could laugh at.

“Grimaldi was not only the prince of clowns, he was the only one I ever saw who knew his business. He was not the jumper, tumbler, and face maker ; his pantomime was such that you could fancy he would have been Puncinello of the Italians, the Arlequin of the French, that he could have exchanged grips with Salvator’s ‘Rosa.’

“To play clown in two pantomimes in one evening, and for several weeks in two theatres some few miles from each other, would even in these days, when our

clowns are not over worked, seem rather a hard task." Indeed, "The Old Playgoer" intimates with a good deal of truth that it was not wise on Grimaldi's part to do so, for he says : " Poor Joe ! It was like the boys and the frogs—it was sport to us, but it was death to Joe." Not anticipating such a run as no other pantomime ever had at Covent Garden, he was engaged at the same time at his favourite theatre Sadler's Wells, and night after night, week after week, he was conveyed in a hackney coach, wrapped up in blankets, after he had set all the sides aching in one theatre, to finish the night by inflicting a still stronger dose of pleasing pain upon the spectators in another. Mortal thews could not bear this. This celebrated season I believe wrecked his constitution, and although he lived many years, and played hundreds of many pranks afterwards, he died comparatively a young man. I like "The Old Playgoer's" good feeling for Grimaldi, because he shows that he was not only a clown actor, but a clown who was a capital actor. Here is a description of a bit of capital acting. "As a wild man of the Orson kind, he is about to tear a child to pieces, whose father, destitute of other means of conquering him, tries the power of music. The first fierce glance and start as the sound struck upon his ear were natural and fine; the hands hung as if arrested, the purpose was at pause. As the plaintive air of the flageolet continued, it was really wonderful to watch that which

you felt was the natural effect of the music on such a being, and when at length the savage heart became so softened that his whole frame shook convulsively, and he clasped his hands to his face in an agony of tears, he never failed to elicit the proudest triumph of the actor's art—the sympathising drops from the eyes of every spectator; and when the measure changed to a livelier strain, the picture became almost frightful, for his mirth was in as great an extreme as his grief. He danced like a fury. I have seen him play this a dozen times at least, and was as much affected by the last exhibition as the first." The above shows that Grimaldi's pantomime was true art, for he could extract tears almost as easily as he could laughs. Might I just venture to ask how many of our modern knock-about clowns (few of them really drolls) have ever studied their art beyond trying to get laughs somehow, and those seldom by purely legitimate means? "The Old Playgoer's" volume is mainly directed to wholesale praise of the Kemble family. He knew Mrs. Siddons and her brothers well, and he might well have been proud to have praised any member of that clever family; but any modest or at least just-minded man would not have placed them first and foremost in all matters dramatic of their time. Of course, Mrs. Siddons was a supreme tragedy queen of her time, and her greatness may have helped her brothers to seem greater than they were. But when "The Old Playgoer" goes out of his way to say that "Edward Kean as

Othello was but a little vixenish black girl in petticoats," and to garble some words Sir Walter Scott said about Kean not being a Plantagenet, one wonders, what next? I think "The Old Playgoer's" judgment was a good deal wrong in his praise of Munden's clownish rendering of Polonius. For, as I have said before, I think, there is no character in the play of "Hamlet" that speaks more wisdom than Polonius does, and certainly to clown the part seems to me a desecration of good feeling and common sense. However, I always like to read such books as "The Old Playgoer's," for I have a notion that in such works the truth is often more palpable than in half-hearted works where no decided opinion even of faults is found. For instance, I am not certain that "The Old Playgoer" did not admire Mrs. Jordan more than Mrs. Siddons, but he would not say so. He did not pit Mrs. Jordan against Mrs. Oldfield, for he had not seen her. But Jordan was his idol far before Miss Farren or Mrs. Abington.

But after all I must part with "The Old Playgoer" on good terms, for he wrote the following lines almost sixty years ago, and his remarks about the stage and the drama seem to fit these days as well as then or any time. He writes: "I am ambitious of seeing our stage placed in a position worthy of us. I do not wish it to be made quite so national an affair as it was with the Athenians, nor do I desire it to fill so much public attention or swallow so much money as the Roman Circus or

Arena. But I consider, as our immortal bard has placed us upon the very pinnacle of dramatic literature, we disgrace both ourselves and him by fostering any taste not founded on the purest and soundest principles." And now, having stolen the above, I think, good bit of sound matter from "The Old Playgoer," I will go back in his book to two or three other remarks that are, I think, full of good reason. He says: "The reigning cant of the day (about 1845), is what is called the *mise en scène*; but this is not what the real playgoer wants. If there be nothing grossly offensive in the manner in which a play is put upon the stage, when he sees man and his passions correctly and beautifully portrayed, he cares little about it. I grant that attention to costume and scenery is in some degree desirable; but it is dangerous when not supported by high ability in the performers. When your actors rely upon themselves and not their *mise en scène*, they labour under an egregious mistake. They have not talent enough to throw their gets-up into shade, they put *them* out. Let them likewise recollect that that on which the mind places her impress will last."

Then follows a note upon a production of "King Lear" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the reader will perhaps note my reason for mentioning, earlier in this chapter, Mrs. Warner's name with Phelps as part proprietor of "The Wells" at that time. "King Lear," for instance, has lately been more perfectly revived at Sadler's Wells than it was by

Mr. Macready ; and here let me offer my heartfelt applause to Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, the spirited proprietors and talented artists of Sadler's Wells. "If our drama be worth preserving, to them and them alone of all the theatrical speculations of the day, is the merit due of having brought ability, energy, and good taste to the task. They have been fortunate in their locale—had they gone westward, fashion, pretension, and sensuality would have been against them ; southward they would have had to encounter vice and vulgarity. They are as well placed as possible." A trifle severe, however.

Such was "The Old Playgoer's" opinion of Mr. Phelps and his company, and I was glad to find that I in my humble way had thought the same. But I am glad not to have a great deal of his palpable prejudice, which is a foolish article to deal in at any time.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EAGLE TAVERN AND GRECIAN THEATRE.

There is plenty of interesting matter about the Eagle Tavern and Grecian Theatre. The old tavern is celebrated in song, and some of the words are about as follows :

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle ;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel !

I am not certain. I know why that very shy little animal the weasel is mentioned, except for a sort of rhyme with Eagle ; but the theatrical historian should not go The Eagle and Grecian Theatre way without, if possible, having Mr. George Conquest for his trusty guide, for there is a great deal of sterling theatrical interest about that for some years old theatrical ground, of which no man in London knows as much or more than Mr. Conquest, for he has been boy and man, author and actor there for many a year.

The very mention of The Eagle reminds me, of course, that the little in size but great in acting Robson was a great favourite there before he came West, and allowed himself to be pampered by those who should have had more respect for his greatness as an actor.

Let me be quite understood about the famous actor. I hardly ever saw him play badly, but in his latter days, at The Olympic, he was now and then prone to act too much to any friends he might have in the theatre, especially in the stalls or stage boxes. I have seen in my time a good deal of what I suppose I may term not very good taste or judgment on the part of actors and actresses ; at least I think so, for in fair dramatic illusion even a mother or father in the audience should not know their children on the stage, at least in no way accord them a separate recognition, while the curtain is up, or even whilst the paint and dresses are on them.

Perhaps I seem foolish over very little sins, but just to show more what I mean : I was frequently at the Olympic Theatre when the Queen, Prince Albert, and some of their children were there. At those times Robson always acted his best, and to the whole of the house ; and it is quite certain that neither her Majesty nor the Prince would have been at all pleased with such a questionable favour as being acted to by an actor or actress. And I hope I am right in saying that, to some, such seeming favours are a poor compliment to all the other parts of the house, and they do much to undo stage illusion, which should be the beginning, aim, and end of the actor's art.

But here I am with the bit in my teeth again, and running I know not where. At all events, the old Eagle and Grecian Theatre ground would be a

most interesting spot, even had it not sent us Robson ; for after his time there came from there quite a number of clever authors, actors, and actresses.

All the pantomime world knows that Mr. George Conquest and his old helpmate Mr. Spry constructed many of the best pantomimes of their time together, and that even now Mr. Conquest seems almost as fresh at his work in the production department at The Surrey Theatre as he ever was. And were he as lissom in his limbs now as he was in the old days, modern pantomime goers would pronounce his representations of dwarfs, monkeys, the octopus, trees, wonderful heads, and other monstrosities marvellous, and his star traps and high jumps little less than wonderful. His son George too must always have mention with his father. But Mr. Conquest has always been more than a pantomime writer. I think I have heard him say that, in his young days, he wrote numerous melodramas for his father, Ben Oliver, who was then his manager, for the noble sum of one pound to thirty shillings per act. But of course, in later years, when Mr. Conquest became his own manager, he did better out of his now and then a trifle blood-curdling dramatic work.

And no doubt, Messrs. Paul Merritt and Henry Pettitt both learnt almost all they ever knew in the art of dramatic construction from their old master, Mr. George Conquest. They were both in their early days kind of acting managers for Mr. Conquest ;

but they had more to do as a rule than put on dress clothes and look important in the front of the house at night ; and I seem to remember the time when Mrs. Pettitt walked on with the crowd at The Grecian for a very few shillings per week. But those little facts are of no note. Still, all the dramatic world knows that Merritt and Pettitt became popular play constructors—well, authors of many melodramas that brought them both in almost large fortunes. There used to be rather a good joke about Pettitt. A popular manager once asked him how many melodramas he had written ; perhaps the answer was “Scores” ; and, how many plots, “One.”

I should think Mr. George Conquest has now and then winced when he has known that Henry Pettitt was drawing thousands of pounds for melodramatic work not often as good as the old drama “The Green Lanes of England,” and yet that drama when tried in the West was not a success.

I have not in my memory at this moment many of Mr. Conquest’s melodramatic actors, but I may mention George Sennett, Thomas Mead, William James, Alfred Raynor, Charles Dillon, his wife (who was a Miss Conquest), Miss M. A. Victor, Miss Mantlebert, with Mr. Conquest himself as a rule in strong character parts, and pretty Mrs. George Conquest, a tower of strength in the construction of the ballets and the solo dancing department ; and it is well known that from that department at the Grecian Theatre came Miss Kate Vaughan, whose step and posture dancing has found no equal for its

grace and elegance on the English stage for the last twenty years or more. And we must not forget that Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Harry Monkhouse, Johnny Manning, and Mr. Harry Nichols all made names and fame at the Grecian Theatre, and dare I imagine that their abilities in the West have given them about as many pounds per week as they had shillings City Road way. But I must repeat, I am not even trying to write history. Were I, I know I could find more than a dozen good actors to try to praise. One I just remember is little Reuben Inch, who played small parts, was often substitute for Mr. Conquest or his clever son George, in the high jumps and star traps, and finished by playing clown. Oscar Barrett conducted the orchestra in the theatre, Barry the band for dancers on the monster platform in the grounds, and Tripp was master of the ceremonies.

But hie me on down Shoreditch way ! Even though my knowledge of that old theatrical ground is not at all great, I of course remember old Mr. John Douglas, who it was said had been an actor in Richardson's show ; but I forget whether he ever met Edmund Kean. At all events, I remember seeing Mr. Douglas play William in "Black Eyed Susan," at I think Drury Lane Theatre, at a benefit, and dancing a hornpipe when he was fat and scant of breath. In fact, there is plenty of interesting theatrical history to be had about the old and new Standard Theatres for the historian who looks for it. No man in London

knows more about them than Mr. John Douglas. It is so many years since the old City of London Theatre closed its doors that it would seem to be almost out of history, but should not be so, for Nelson Lee and a host of others did earnest dramatic work in it. Lee was perhaps the most prolific pantomime writer of his own or any time.

Some years ago I read in manuscript form a life of old Mr. Nelson Lee, written by himself. Plenty of old playgoers at this date remember Mr. Lee as the writer of scores of pantomimes for our East End theatres. There was not enough matter in Mr. Lee's MS. to make a volume of any size, or I should certainly have published it. He had in his youth been a strolling player, and must have had ten times more experience than he had written down. I venture to steal one of his mentions of Edmund Kean, which shows that the great actor had a generous place in his heart. Lee and the company he was with were at Tenby, in South Wales, in about 1828, and they were nearly stranded, when it happened that Kean, who was cruising off the coast in his yacht, put into Tenby on the Sunday morning for refreshments. Lee's manager at once waited upon him, and asked him to play one night for them, but he generously played three nights, and left them with a good sum of money to go on with. There is another story of the kind about Edmund Kean being in one of our south coast towns, where, finding a little band of players in a sad state, he lent them his services at once, and

sent them on their way rejoicing. Those were the days when a fair band of strolling players had never less than a dozen standard plays in their repertoire, and could play any one of them at a moment's notice, of course not in very grand style, but performances by no means to be despised. I must not of course take from Mr. Nelson Lee's unpublished matter, but I am sure, if it ever sees the light, it will tell more about the strolling players of the early part of this century than has yet been told, and that in a very readable way.

MR. AND MRS. SARA LANE.

I knew the late Mrs. Sara Lane very well indeed some years ago, and it may surprise some of those who only knew her as manageress of the Britannia Theatre and the Lady Bountiful of down Hoxton way, and often far beyond her own province, that I met her over twenty years ago at one or more of the splendid banquets given at the Mansion House to representatives of Literature, Art, and the Drama, by, I think, the Lord Mayors Lush, Cotton, and Truscott; at all events, I well remember that at one of the banquets, perhaps in about 1878, Mrs. Lane was seated close to where I and some friends of mine and hers were, and I think we had a merrier time than some of the more important theatrical stars of the West, who were seated at the top cross table in a line with the Lord Mayor, and who had to look important, and make speeches which I am afraid were not much listened to. I the better remember

the banquet in question, for there was not another lady seated very close to us, so we made our Sara our hostess for the time, and all paid court to her in our best way, and she more than compensated us with her genial and quite unpretentious manner.

At one of the banquets Madame Patti was a blaze of diamonds, and that lovely little lady was not afraid to wear them on her not over clad neck and arms. Mrs. Lane had on, perhaps, more diamonds than Patti, but many of them by no means so large, while her dress well covered her fair form. Her complete set of old-fashioned diamond jewellery was a treat to look at. It had been made in the days when ladies wore their jewellery, as a rule, in sets—that is, necklaces, brooches, ear and finger rings, bracelets, etc., all of one pattern. I remember there were, seemingly, hundreds of brilliants in Mrs. Lane's set, and had they been mounted as finely in their settings as Patti's were, they would have shown to much better advantage, but Mrs. Lane made no pretence at display. We had two or three very merry hours indeed, and the table was very empty of guests before our little set broke up, and Master James Rogers, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, walked proudly off with Mrs. Lane to the coffee room, where no one passed the Queen of the East by without a hearty shake of the hands.

I seem to remember that Mr. Charles Wyndham boasts of being the longest leaseholder of any one theatre in London ; the genial Charles must have

forgotten Mrs. Lane's time of management of the Britannia, but perhaps he thinks managers down East do not count. In fact, I think Mrs. Lane had something to say in the management of the Brit. before her husband died ; at all events, her career as a manageress was one of the most honourable and interesting in English theatrical history.

In fact, it would seem that the earnest theatrical historian should find most interesting matter about the doings of Mr. Lane as a manager of many kinds of places of amusement before he removed the little colony of old cottages to build the Britannia Theatre. It seems that Mr. Lane had no great respect for the old patent rights in the legitimate drama, and was wont to be rather devil-may-care as to the sort of places of amusement he opened and conducted before he built the Britannia.

I wonder if I am right in seeming to remember that Mr. Lane's funeral was conducted much upon the peculiar lines of Mrs. Lane's ; if I remember rightly, there were out-riders on horseback in peculiar costumes, but I may be wrong in my seeming thoughts. Perhaps anyone who would care to know a good deal about the history of the old Brit. could not do better than buttonhole such veterans of the theatre as Messrs. Bigwood, Howe, Steadman, Syms and the brothers Crawford. The remarkable old drummer at the Brit. could tell some curious stories, for he, it seems, has held that office for about forty years, and his ghost is not yet on Salisbury Plain.

That veteran actor, J. B. Howe, has written and printed the story of his life on various stages, but his life at the Britannia alone must be full of interest, for he seems to me to have been playing fresh parts there every night or week any time the last three or four decades. Pray, Mr. Historian, do not forget the old Brit., but refer to your Dickens when doing so.

And no historian hardly dare miss the old Garrick Theatre and Grecian Saloon. About the former there is plenty of history closely connected with the best theatres in the West. I forget the old manager's name who had the Garrick years ago, but I seem to remember that Charles Dillon could imitate his voice to the life. The said old manager was very generous with passes to the gallery boys about Leman Street and the neighbourhood, and on about Thursday or Friday nights, when there was almost sure not to be a good paying gallery, he would pass lots of them in for nothing. One night Master Dillon, knowing his old manager was busy in his office, went out into the street, and, finding a lot of boys standing about, took them to the gallery door, and shouted up the staircase several times, "Pass two, pass four." In no time the gallery was well filled, so much so that the old manager was delighted; but when he went for the money returns, his man at the pay office said, "Why, sir, you passed them all in," and then it dawned upon him that Master Dillon had sold him. There is also good theatrical matter about the old

Grecian Saloon and other places down Whitechapel way, but they are not much in my memory.

I could indeed grow sentimental whilst crossing the water to the Surrey, Victoria, and Astley's Theatres way. No dramatic historian has ever done half justice to that good old melodramatic theatrical ground. It would be easy to mention a host of melodramatic heroines over the water, who worked well and hard at their art. In fact, I am ashamed I only remember the names of so few of them : Miss Webster, Miss Pauncefoot, the Smithsons, Travers, Savilles, and of course Miss Vincent. Those are not a tithe of the good names the historian could easily find, and he would have no trouble in finding that few of them lived in gorgeous flats and scented boudoirs ; most of them had small homes, and washed their own linen at home and kept it clean. But I am off again, and yet I dare almost swear that I am not all wrong in saying that some of the old up North and down East and over the water dramas of the past were as interesting as those of mid London at any time. The fact that "Black Eyed Susan" was produced at the Surrey Theatre in about 1830 makes that spot almost classic ground ; and if the historian only began with Elliston's erratic management, and ended with the reign of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, there is enough matter to make a most interesting volume concerning that time, for both Shepherd and Creswick were sterling actors in their way. Creswick was more pretentious in his manners and bearings than

rough Dick Shepherd, and, as I have before mentioned, played Romeo and especially Claude Melnotte well when he was old, and had hardly a hair on his head—and there were some capital young actors with Shepherd and Creswick. The two I best remember at this moment are Alfred Raynor and James Fernandez. I seem to well remember seeing Raynor play Mark Antony, I thought wonderfully well ; and dare anyone mention the Surrey Theatre without mentioning Widdicombe, the excellent comedian, and almost a great character actor ? Ah, me ! I remember him playing a fond father in a meant-to-be roaring farce called "The Lost Child," and his acting was truly pathetic. And after the Surrey, of course the dear old Vic., and who dare speak of Victoria's Own Theatre without mention of Pitt Hicks, and Fraser, who smashed his good voice when he was almost a young man ? Hicks ! why, I seem to remember that Miss Vincent once had the words "Bravo, Hicks," printed in gold on the skirt of one of her pantomime dresses. Yes, Mr. Historian, do not forget the dear old Vic., nor Rogers, Osbaldistone, and the once merry and earnest band of players of the glass curtain theatre. But I must hie me on again nearer towards Westminster Bridge to Astley's ; but alas ! where is the old gallery where I saw my first play "Mazeppa," over which I have often tried to be pathetic, for then the play was almost new to me ?

What's that you say, Mr. Historian, you cannot hear him ? No, I forgot, of course you cannot ; but

it was Ducrow, the horse trainer and rider wonderful. Doubtless he was telling the author rather emphatically to cut the cackle “and come to the hosses”; and that is Barry, the clown, standing on his head, denoting that is the sign of his public-house, not far from the theatre. Ah! and the superior-toned voice you seem to hear is dear old Widdicombe’s, ring master *par excellence*. The old ground of Astley’s Theatre is full of circus, dramatic, and menagerie history. The Astleys, Ducrows, Cooks, and Sangers all made history there for themselves, and for you, Mr. Historian, not to be ashamed to write about.

E. L. BLANCHARD.

Neither my old friend Mr. E. L. Blanchard nor Mr. Planché were very Bohemian in their habits. Both of them had grown old, and were sensible of the fact that rollicking, devil-may-care Bohemia was not quite suited to their years; in fact, Planché more than once remarked that he was “over eighty and over-rated,” and as he was a welcome guest in several of the ancient homes of England, and was a great antiquarian, he was more fond of exploring them than small Bohemian haunts. I remember I several times wrote to Planché at Battle Abbey. I forget whether I heard what E. L. Blanchard’s age was at his death; but I remember some few years before his lamented death I met Mrs. Blanchard (who was, I think, his second wife, but first love) in the Strand with the usual market basket on her

arm. She was just as cheery as usual, and perhaps was in search of some little surprise in the way of a delicacy for her lord and master, whom she not only loved but worshipped. She informed me that it was his birthday, and that he was —— years old. I was just gallant enough for the moment not to show any sign of disbelief, but I am afraid after the always charming lady left me, I did mutter, I think, "He is quite that age."

I have ventured to mention Planché and Blanchard together because I think there was quite a similarity in their writings for the stage. In fact, many of Blanchard's pantomime openings were almost as refined as Planché's extravaganzas. But the time came when the refined lines and verses of the veteran authors were not stirring or audacious enough for playgoers who seemed to ask for or at least to prefer the outrageous puns and jingling rhymes of burlesque.

I forget how many pantomimes Blanchard wrote for Drury Lane Theatre, but I think over twenty; and even though he wrote some of them in the days when burlesques were in fashion, he kept very near to his old pattern of verse all the time. Those were the days when the writer of the pantomime was the author of all the words and parodies spoken or sung. Special songs and special business to suit music hall or special artists of any kind was then hardly thought of, so the books of the openings of pantomimes were complete dramas in their way, and when an original song or a good

parody found much favour in a pantomime it was sung in public gardens, music halls, and other public places. That would seem to be the natural road for the songs to take ; but in these times, and for some years back, there has been a sort of "try it on the dog" with songs and specialities for pantomimes, and Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and hundreds of other popular music hall artists, male and female, make as sure as they possibly can that their songs and business for pantomimes will be all right by trying them in the halls first ; the more popular the songs and business are in the halls, the more sure are they to be so in the pantomimes. In fact, most of the music hall artists who go into pantomimes must, as it were, find many of their own songs and business, so that writers or rather arrangers of pantomimes in these days have no anxiety about a good deal of the music. I am sure Messrs. Blanchard, Nelson Lee, Conquest and Spry, and other old pantomime writers, would not have considered they were authors of pantomimes under such conditions. But the old order changed, and had to give way to the new. Perhaps some old Bohemian will remind me that E. L. Blanchard often dined at the Edinburgh Castle. I remember it well, and I also remember old John, the waiter, always gave him special attention. That was in the days when the genial dramatic critic lived down Gravesend way, and could not get home to dine before going to the theatre, for he was, as is well known, for many years the principal dramatic critic for *The Daily Telegraph*.

JOHN OXENFORD.

In 1869 Mr. John Oxenford, the then noted theatrical critic of *The Times*, sent young Frederick Hawkins to me with the MS. of a life of Edmund Kean, which he had just finished writing. I do not think young Hawkins at that time was more than about eighteen years of age, and was a reporter for *The Times* at Worship Street. Mr. Oxenford had read or at least scanned the work, and he sent me word he thought it was well worthy of my consideration ; so I had the MS. read, and I had quite a favourable opinion given to me of it, with the exception that Mr. Hawkins had tried very hard to excuse Mr. Kean for his intrigue with Mrs. Cox. In fact, it was little less than surprising how the very young Mr. Hawkins had entered into (and on the side of the great actor) a case that was a disgrace to all concerned. I found it almost impossible to persuade my young author that he might have passed the wretched scandal over with a very few words. But he evidently thought it at the time a very interesting portion of his otherwise very readable work. There was not much question about Mr. Hawkins's literary ability at that time and afterwards, for he was soon found a post in the foreign editing department of *The Times*, and wrote dramatic criticisms, and all by the time he was about twenty years of age. Since then he has made himself almost master of the history of the French stage, and he has an excellent knowledge of English theatres and English players. Soon after I

published his life of Edmund Kean, he was most anxious to write a history of *The Times* newspaper, and had got together some very interesting matter. He should have plenty of material now for a good book on the subject, for he is still on the staff.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

I published one or two three-volume novels by that audacious, very clever, but uncertain writer, Mortimer Collins.

This gentlemen was, I believe, no relation whatever to Wilkie Collins, nor did he show in any one of the many volumes of fiction he wrote one atom of the cleverness of construction of plot or the splendid patience in working out such thrilling narratives as several of Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories.

It hardly seems credible that such a clever writer as Mortimer Collins was should not at all times when using his pen have written good, pure, and healthy reading; for there is some sweetly clever work in prose and verse in the heap of very questionable productions of his.

I hope the word "audacious" is not much out of place as applied to Mortimer Collins, especially when I can assure my reader that, at a splendid banquet given by Lord Mayor Lusk to ladies and gentlemen interested in Literature and Art, Mortimer Collins had the assurance to present himself to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, not in evening dress, but attired in light-coloured trousers, white waistcoat, and short-cut brown velveteen jacket, and

seemed to revel in what, to say the least of it, was an act of very bad taste.

There were two incidents at the above-mentioned memorable banquet that I shall not soon forget—Mortimer Collins, dressed like a fairly well-to-do country farmer, and the veteran George Cruikshank, mildly remonstrating with all of us near him for partaking of any kind of alcoholic drink.

Not a few of us asked to take wine with the staunch old teetotaler ; but his answer to all was, “Not for worlds, my boys—not for worlds.”

The dear old fellow was as proud as possible of his courage as regards not taking alcoholic drink, and no man amongst us but admired him for his pluck.

Those responsible for the seating of the guests at that memorable banquet had rather a peculiar task, and were fairly successful in most cases.

But there was one, I thought, rather bad mistake. Madame Patti, then the Marquise de Caux, had the seat of honour on the right hand of the Lord Mayor, and no doubt had good claim to that position ; but there was no excuse for placing her splendid rival, Madame Titiens, a long way from the cross table, and in a seat of no importance whatever.

Not a few of us noticed this fact, and could see that the queen of tragic opera of her time was not a little vexed at the great preference shown to Patti, and even to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and others of about their standing in the dramatic profession.

Robert Brough and George Cruikshank, a good many years ago, undertook to write and illustrate a

“Life of Falstaff”—Brough, of course, the letter-press, and Cruikshank the illustrations.

During one of their talks over the matter of the book at Cruikshank’s house, he intimated to Brough that he could not offer him any wine, spirits, or beer, but he could have plenty of lemonade or ginger-beer. Whereupon Master Robert left the house, but soon returned with a foaming pot of beer, and said, “That is my drink, George; you have what you like.”

E. P. HINGSTON.

I knew E. P. Hingston (Artemus Ward’s friend, manager, and *impresario* in general) for many years. He was a very intelligent fellow; a capital *impresario*. Nothing came amiss to him to manage, from a panorama to Italian opera.

Hingston, until his health gave way, was ever on the move. He had a good deal of what is called “Yankee ‘cuteness’” in his nature; but he was a kind, genial, fine-hearted man, and was never too proud to listen to advice, especially when he saw there was good to come of it.

Early in life Hingston wrote “blood and thunder” stories for the late Edward Lloyd, proprietor of *Lloyd’s Weekly Newspaper* and *The Daily Chronicle*.

At that time Mr. Lloyd had an office in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, where he sold cheap literature for the million.

He had a staff of authors, to whom he used to give a certain number of sheets of white paper,

and each author had to write a story on the paper and deliver it before receiving payment.

When Hingston was writing stories for Lloyd he found out by accident that he was giving too much writing for the money he received. He saw that his brother authors wrote as much conversation as possible, and made their lines very short; whereas Hingston had filled in all solid matter, and by so doing was giving half as much work again for the money as any of the other authors. "I did not do it again," said Hingston.

That genuine humorist, Artemus Ward, was very fond of Hingston, who was a rare good manager for him in many countries and strange places.

Ward's death was a great blow to Hingston, and strange to say he did not survive his genial, extremely witty master many years.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

Some old playgoers will, I am sure, remember the very gallant effort made some years ago by Mr. and Mrs. James Wallack to establish a good run of the legitimate drama at the Marylebone Theatre. Wallack was a capital melodramatic actor, and could play Shakespearian parts very well indeed.

Justice Talfourd's play, "Ion," was a favourite play with the Wallacks, and by a curious coincidence was acted at their theatre on the evening of the death of the learned author. I was one of the audience, but knew nothing of the sad event till next morning.

One of the most successful new plays James Wallack produced during his lesseeship of the Marylebone Theatre was called "Love and Loyalty," the really clever author of which was soon afterwards convicted of serious defalcations on one of our large railways, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

The clever young lady who played juvenile leads for the Wallacks was then Miss Cleveland, now the well-known actress, Mrs. Arthur Sterling. A Mr. Shalders was a very amusing low comedian ; and Charles Sennet and the late Mr. E. F. Edgar were also members of Wallack's company.

The mention of the Marylebone Theatre reminds me that E. T. Smith was the lessee of that house for a short time, and employed various members of his Drury Lane company to interest and amuse the patrons of that part of the town.

GRAMMAR VERSUS FLATS.

The old joke against players, that the audience did not mind their bad English so long as they joined their flats, has long passed away. In the early part of this century, many men and women with retentive memories and an honest love of their profession, but with limited educations, no doubt threw more zeal into their acting than grammar, hence the joke about the joining of flats. There were many educated actors and actresses playing in booths and temporary theatres, but with them sometimes would be found good artists with not much knowledge of grammar.

There is rather a good story about a baker's son who turned actor, and a very good one too; but his knowledge of how to pronounce words and sentences was rather limited, and all sorts of jokes and fun were made of him. One night, when he was in the green-room of the theatre, he was informed that two gentlemen were at the stage door demanding to see him, as he had done them a great wrong. Upon inquiring who the gentlemen in question were, and what wrong he had done them, he was quietly informed that they were the ghosts of Dr. Walker and Lindley Murray.

Education on the stage now is no doubt more plentiful than really good acting. The truth is, that in the old days boys and girls went upon the stage, some for love of the work and the life of adventure, while many others were the children of strolling players, and were obliged to act, whether they were willing or not. And I take it that no boy or girl, woman or man, or at least very few of those who have once donned the sock and buskin, and got applause, ever very willingly tried any other profession, unless it was something very much more profitable.

My remarks as regards education on the stage at the present time are meant in no disparagement to older members of the profession who were brought up behind the footlights—or rather, behind, in those days, the oil lamps—and who are now, strange to say, the best and most correct speakers of prose or blank verse living—of blank verse especially;

for your modern and fairly well educated young actor is, strange to say, a poor hand at speaking blank verse. He may say he has not been taught how to declaim it, and make many other excuses; but no excuse he can make goes for much. He "can't" do it, and "doesn't try," is about the truth of the matter.

In the old days, hard study, and plenty of it, taught the old actors and actresses what they so well know now. The old managers and fathers and mothers of our veterans dug deep into the mighty art and meaning of Shakespeare, and taught their sons and daughters so well that the art of bringing out the full meaning of a long piece of Shakespeare's blank verse was, and should be, the aim of every actor or actress with any pretensions.

Mr. Irving was fully alive to the fact that old and well-trained actors were most essential for the better reproduction of the legitimate drama; hence so many old and thoroughly reliable actors have been seen at the Lyceum Theatre, playing very small parts indeed, but for capital salaries.

MORE THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

I was on the committees of several important benefits to some old and deserving actors. The largest as regards the sum of money collected was given for the benefit of that excellent gentleman and actor, Henry Compton, for many years an important member of Mr. Buckstone's company at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Compton had had a

long and honourable career on the stage, but had a delicate wife and a large family of children, which he had brought up and educated well. I think I am right in saying that, even though he was for so many years regularly engaged at the Haymarket, it was not until late in his life that he had anything like a large salary, and that was when John Knowles, of Manchester, engaged him to star in the country in a new play by Tom Taylor, which was tried at the Olympic Theatre, and was not a great success. Afterwards Henry Montague engaged Mr. Compton to play a sort of "Bottom the Weaver" part in James Albery's sweet little play, called "Oriana"; in fact, had the play not had a sort of resemblance to a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and certainly Mr. Compton's part less political and more humorous, it should have succeeded, for there are many beautiful lines and passages in it.

I think there was collected for Mr. Compton's benefit somewhere about three thousand pounds, for we had no drawbacks to work against. We had a very honourable career to work upon, and our hero was at that time stricken down with a disease that in the end was bound to be fatal to him. That alone created much sympathy; and then, or soon afterwards, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Mr. Compton's brother, was a most influential man in society; indeed, all the genuine influences combined brought in the most money, and in the easiest way I had ever known for a theatrical benefit.

I was co-treasurer with Mr. Edward Ledger, of *The Era*, in a benefit given to Mr. Buckstone, of Haymarket Theatre note. We found no such sympathy for Mr. Buckstone as we did for Mr. Compton, for Buckstone had handled a good deal of money in his time, and had also had a good many theatrical benefits. It is no sin, I hope, to say that Mr. Buckstone was for many years a very improvident man. Indeed, quite at the end of his career, when the Haymarket Theatre had passed into the hands of that excellent actor and generous gentleman, Mr. J. S. Clarke, who was allowing Mr. Buckstone about thirty pounds a week for no particular reason, except perhaps for keeping his name *as lessee*, he said, "I cannot live upon thirty pounds a week," and I well remember my reply to him was, "I wish I was obliged to live upon that sum weekly." But as regards money matters, late in life Mr. Buckstone was incorrigible; no amount of it seemed of substantial help to him. The proceeds of the benefit were, I think, between ten and twelve hundred pounds, and before the curtain went down upon the last portion of the benefit entertainment, a bill discounter was introduced to me and my co-treasurer, with accommodations and over-due bills for about five hundred pounds, with a request from Mr. Buckstone that we should pay them there and then; indeed, within a few weeks Mr. Buckstone had had all the benefit money except about seventy pounds. We had some amusement over the above-mentioned sum, for the old

comedian tried to double upon his money lender. He had had the money from me and Ledger, and then went straight to his, I suppose, *any rate* of interest discounter, and wanted him to advance the money, saying he would give him an order on us for it. But the percentage man was not to be had; he sent a messenger on to Ledger for particulars, which of course were given personally at that time. I would have given a five-pound note if Buckstone had done the money lender at last, for I know he had made a little fortune out of the capital dramatist and excellent actor, but very improvident gentleman, and I know he would never have prosecuted Buckstone if he had obtained ten times the sum from him.

One of the most curious and certainly unsatisfactory benefits I had to do with was the one a number of us got up for the benefit of Edmund Falconer, the author of the Irish drama called "The Peep of Day," and, in fact, numerous other plays, several of them well written and interesting. However, his money was all gone, and when we arranged the benefit, Edmund O'Rourke Falconer was a great deal down in the world. It was fairly certain he had made close upon twenty thousand pounds out of "The Peep of Day" alone, so he had handled some money in his time. We arranged to play "The Colleen Bawn," with the original cast as near as possible, and as Falconer was the original Danny Man in London, he, of course, played his old part. I think, after all expenses, we had between five and six hundred pounds to

hand to Falconer, and we all thought the proceeds of the benefit very satisfactory. So we called a final meeting at the Temple Club, and invited Mr. Falconer to be present to receive the money, and as we knew Mr. Charles Millward was Falconer's oldest friend, Mr. Jonas Levy, our genial chairman, and the rest of us agreed that he should hand the cheque to Falconer. No mention of the sum was made in his presence ; in fact, we all thought, and especially Millward, that the Irishman's heart would melt when he saw the size of the cheque. Millward caught his old friend round his shoulders, and set to work in a most sympathetic way. He lauded the man, the actor, and his many claims upon his friends and the public ; in fact, had Millward been a Frenchman instead of a true-born Englishman, I am sure he would have kissed his old friend more than once, and after a really very good little speech, he handed the cheque in triumph to Falconer, who was silent for a moment, then blurted in no kindly way, "Sure, is this all ?" and not only in looks, but in half words, insinuated that, if we had not done as well for him as for Mr. Compton, we certainly ought to have done as well for him as we did for Buckstone, and he did not even say, "Thank you, gentlemen." Poor Millward then almost cried in real earnest, most of the committee were disgusted, and the subscribers used words of no complimentary kind, and almost swore not to have any more to do with benefits. However, I had been on the committees of many benefits that had been satisfactory,

and often delightful in many ways, because those for whom we often worked rather hard were grateful, and, indeed, often delighted, and always at the results.

I was on the executive committee of the Alhambra Relief Fund when that enormous establishment was burnt out, and all those employed—I forgot how many hundreds—were thrown out of employment. Lord Londesborough was our excellent chairman, and he did his work admirably. He never made set speeches, and went to the fountain head of all business matters very quickly. Mr. Wilson Barrett was our deputy-chairman, and of his business capacity there never was a doubt; plenty of money rolled in, and King Fire inflicted no great loss or misery upon those he had burnt out of employment. In fact, after we had for weeks, indeed I think for months, paid all fair and just claims, we had a large sum of money in hand, which was invested in the names of Lord Londesborough and Mr. Wilson Barrett, for a case of emergency of the Alhambra kind in the future. Now and then there was some difference of opinion on the different claims. The one of most note was when Mr. Bancroft intimated that he thought that the members of Mons. Jacobi's band had had almost as much of the fund as they ought to have. Jacobi did not secure a penny-piece from the fund for himself, but he fought well and hard for his men. However, it was quite evident Mr. Bancroft had little or no sympathy with theatrical bandsmen, for he said, and very truly, whenever

there was any monetary trouble in a theatre, the first to strike was always the band; "No pay no play" was their motto, and they stuck to it; and, as Mr. Bancroft said, often, if the bandsmen had been as content as the actors to wait until the money came into the theatre, there would have been no strike at all. However, the little brush came all right in the end, and Jacobi's men were all, I think, fairly well satisfied, especially as several of them put in claims for valuable musical instruments they had left in the orchestra, which were burnt. I do not think any valuable Strads. were claimed for, but I am sure none of the instruments claimed for were at all under-valued. However, as I have said above, plenty of money came in, and we were not inclined to question too closely any bandsman or anyone who put in a claim for any reasonable sum. But how far or likely a bandsman would be to leave a valuable instrument in the orchestra of a theatre at night hardly needs questioning. One of the most ridiculous, and I think almost the only one we refused to consider, was a claim put in by one of the working staff for a diamond ring he had left in the theatre, which he said was worth between twenty and thirty pounds. Whatever may have been the value of the ring, it was quite certain his position did not warrant him being so foolish as to leave it out of his sight, for it was no weight to carry. Mr. Toole and I were asked by the committee to go and see the then excellent secretary of the Alhambra make some of the weekly payments.

However, it so happened that Mr. Toole was away in the country, and I went alone. Most of those on the fund certainly seemed fair claimants; but I did have some qualms of conscience when now and then a member of the ballet came for her half-pay wearing a sealskin jacket, worth a good sum of money. Those rich adornments were not plentiful, but the good and homely-dressed women were.

After the Alhambra benefit I was beguiled into being chairman and a co-treasurer in a benefit for the widow and children of Mr. Alfred Jones, who, with a Mr. Barber, had entered into possession of the Alexandra Palace and the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre. The ventures were wild indeed on the part of both gentlemen, for neither of them had enough money of their own to open either of the risky money-making places. The venture soon killed poor Jones, and their estate was, of course, in bankruptcy. There was a good deal of sympathy for Jones, and so a benefit fund was started by generous-hearted Mr. James Belfrage, of Younger and Co., the noted brewers, Mr. Freeman Thomas, and some other gentlemen. All concerned worked well for the good cause. However, when the fund was closed, and we on the committee had made our plans about the disposal of the money, the widow put in a claim for the whole of it. But it was not nearly all of it hers; all circulars and advertisements proclaimed it to be for the benefit of the widow and children. Most of the children were much under age, and we had no

great belief in the widow's administrative powers. We thought we had better give her a fair start afresh in life, pay for the education of the younger children ; in fact, do as fathers of families do—as we should have wished anyone to do for our wives and children under the circumstances. However, the widow and her advisers stuck to their claim, and I and my co-treasurer had no alternative but to place the money in the Court of Chancery, with full particulars of the object for which the fund was raised. We could have been made trustees, but we were disgusted with the matter altogether ; and, as Mr. Henry Sampson truly remarked in *The Referee*, a few more cases like the Jones memorial fund would hinder well-intentioned people from helping at all in such benefits.

By a curious coincidence the Jones and Barber ventures at Covent Garden and at Muswell Hill were the beginning of Mr. Freeman Thomas's ventures at Covent Garden. He, it appears, had lent Jones and Barber a sum of money to open Covent Garden, and a larger sum of money to open the Alexandra Palace, with the distinct understanding that he would go to the Palace on the Monday in the day and receive the money he had lent, and go to Covent Garden in the evening and receive the money he had lent for that. Messrs. Jones and Barber stopped payment on the Wednesday following. However, Mr. Thomas helped to carry on concerts for that season, and, as is fully well known, carried on the Promenade Concerts and other

entertainments at Covent Garden Theatre for several seasons after. Indeed, it was the failure of Jones and Barber which led Freeman Thomas rather deeply into the musical world of London.

A SCRAMBLE OVER OLD AND MODERN TIMES OF THE STAGE, THE DRAMA, AND THE PLAYERS.

I venture to think that there is hardly a profession, trade, or simple calling in England which has not got a fairly complete history written about it, and yet there is not a by any means complete history of our stage, drama, and the players. There are numerous books in the form of autobiographies, biographies, essays, criticisms, and volumes that deal with certain times, plays, and periods of the drama ; but of a profession which it would seem should claim a large cyclopædia of its own, there is not anything like a complete book of reference for anyone interested in the drama to refer to. Later on in this rambling chapter I shall venture to mention some of the most important books that have been written about the drama and the players during the last half century. My love of the drama does not, I hope, make me over-estimate the value and importance of dramatic history ; at all events, a profession that has worked hard to amuse and interest a large proportion of the population of cities, towns, and even villages all over the world for two or three thousand years seems well worthy of some kind of consecutive history. Let me say at once that I could not, if I would, supply the

want. The fact that these rambling notes are not intended to be serious history must have been patent to the reader upon first looking into these volumes.

Those better versed than I am in dramatic matters would perhaps argue that the historian need not go back two or three thousand years for dramatic history—in fact, might begin it at about 1500, so as to lead well up to the time when the noble Shakespeare made our drama the greatest the world had then or has since known. Of course, there is no doubt Shakespeare would have been a great poet and dramatist had he not known the works of the many noble poets and dramatists before his time. In fact, his truly dramatic renderings of incidents in the reigns of the lives of Kings Henry, Richard, and John is excellent evidence of his greatness on purely English ground. But there is no doubt that he revelled in the works of the old poets and dramatists, and also that he found stories and legends upon which he built some of his most wonderful plays. Who is there that cares who it was that gave him hints for "Hamlet" or "Othello"? and who was or is there that could have written those great dramas except the noble bard himself?

Perhaps a history of the drama would be more complete if the historian showed that the most ancient drama and that of to-day are very close relations.

I do not remember whether our drama is as much indebted to other countries as to ancient Rome and Greece for dramatic legends.

The drama of Spain is very old, but I do not remember that it has sent us one great classic play, nor, I think, has China, whose dramatic history seems to be ages older than that of the ancient cities of the in its time mighty East.

Of the age of the drama an old writer says that "the stage is almost as old as the sacred inspiration of the Muse, admired when at nurse, and even in its infant prattle pleasing, born in Greece, and nourished in Athens." So, perhaps, for a start for a dramatic history, the drama of Athens would be a fair beginning. At all events, it is fairly certain that the first known theatre in Athens held some twenty thousand people, and that it fell, and many people were killed, and others maimed. But a new theatre was soon built of solid marble, under the superintendence of Aeschylus. But who knows the exact time when

"Thespis, the first professor of the art,

At country wakes, sang ballads from a cart" ;

or the time when the noble Homer sang his wondrous war songs for his daily food ? In another part of these volumes I have dared to say that I think Homer may have been a glorious Bohemian.

There is another rhyme about Thespis that I think is quite a good little bit of dramatic history :

"Thespis the first that did surprise the age

With tragedy, ne'er trod a decent stage,

But in a waggon drove his plays about,

And shew'd mean antic tricks to please the rout ;

His songs uneven, rude in every part,

His actors strutted, and the stage a cart.

Next Aeschylus did greater art express,
He built a stage, and taught them how to dress.
In decent motion he his parts convèy'd,
And made them look as great as those they played."

I hope I am not wrong in thinking that our greatest and best dramatic inspiration came from the East, because from that same region came the great and glorious inspiration of true religion, without which the world would be a desolation, and who knows how brutish its inhabitants? It therefore seems a wise Providence indeed that our noble poet and dramatist was able to glean gems from the great works of the noble classics that had gone before him, and reset them in purest gold. And there is no wonder his mind was rich indeed, for he knew Seneca for tragedy, Plautus and Terence for comedy, and he had as it were at his finger ends the merits of Menander, Aeschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, and all the classics of their times. His knowledge of Homer for his days of few books and scant history was wonderful, for, in his days, Homer's mighty poems were certainly not ordinary school classics. There is excellent evidence of how well he knew the merits of all the old classics, for mark how he sums them all up in Polonius's speech in "Hamlet" in praise of the players. "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited, Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light"; and even though I have more than once heard laughs at the above speech when the Polonius

has not felt his words, and gabbled them into poor meaning, they seem to me to cover a world of phases and traits in human nature. The term "rogues and vagabonds" as applied to the old or new players should not, I think, be taken in the full meaning of those hard-sounding words of this age. At all events, it should be remembered that "Hamlet" bids Polonius see that the players are well cared for, and it is noted in history that the players, as a rule, offered up prayers for those before whom they played.

When we are told that a theatre in Athens held some twenty thousand people it seems incredible that our Shakespeare never saw one of his plays fairly well staged in even a fairly good theatre. The Globe so often mentioned by writers was a very primitive building, and from pictures seems to have been not unlike one of the numerous round towers built on our coast in the early part of this century for war purposes. The Blackfriars Theatre was in a private house. "The Rose" and "The Hope" theatres were of a very primitive nature, as it seems were also "The Curtain," "The Cock Pit," the house in Goodman's Fields, and other places for dramatic and other amusements. In fact, many of them had partly open roofs, the best seats were often rough planks, and in the cheapest parts the audience stood on the bare ground, and were called the "groundlings." The stages were often strewn with rushes, doubtless cut from the banks of the Thames. It seems that amongst the best actors in

Shakespeare's time were Taylor, Burbage, Lowen Hemmings, Condel Allen, and others. The lighting of the theatre was with candles, stuck into lumps of soft clay, and scenes and situation in the plays were indicated by words, written in chalk on blackboards.

Mention is only made of actors, because in those days women were not allowed on the stage, and it seems fairly certain that Shakespeare never saw one of his noble heroines played by a woman ; and if such is really the fact, I am bold enough to at least think that he never saw one of his plays done justice to in acting. In fact, one's dramatic taste seems to revolt at the idea of the cleanest shaven and most feminine looking youth or man that ever lived presuming to look or speak like the fair "Ophelia," the gentle "Desdemona," or "Cordelia." The ungentle natures of "Goneril" and "Regan" might have seemed a trifle natural in those days with men actors, but one shudders in these days at the thought of a man dressed as "Constance," "Lady Macbeth," or any one of Shakespeare's greatest heroines, and trying to interest in their wonderful speeches. And yet it seems to be written with good authority that once when King Charles II. went to the theatre, the performance was delayed for a time because the *actor* who was to play the heroine was being shaved !

I am not for a moment trying to dispute or undo history in any way, but it will be remembered that amongst the players Hamlet engaged to play the murder scene before the guilty King and Queen

there is a young girl whom Hamlet has seen before, and he addresses her as follows :— “What ! my young lady and mistress ! By'r Lady : your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by a chopine.” But, of course, the young lady may have been the wife or sister of one of the players.

There is of course a strange fact that many of the most important boys' parts in Shakespeare's and other plays have as a rule been played by young girl actresses, who have succeeded better than most boy actors in the same parts, and have seldom caused any revolt in the minds of playgoers. But female Romeos and Hamlets have always in the minds of students of the drama been looked upon as curiosities in acting, rather than the best efforts of true genius or even great talent.

However, it seems that, soon after his restoration, Charles II. gave permission for women to appear on the stage, and a Mrs. Margaret Hughes was the first of a glorious line of Desdemonas and all Shakespeare's heroines.

But the noble bard had long been at rest in his grave when his beautiful and immortal heroines were having justice done to them. One almost dreams how entranced he would have been with even the rather flighty Nell Gwynne as Desdemona, and how he would have worshipped the mighty Siddons, and may we not be sure how delighted he would have been with the good scenery and dresses that came in later years for his

noble plays? And, too, may we imagine him meeting David Garrick after his first performance of "Richard III." at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, and being in Drury Lane Theatre on the first night of Kean's wonderful rendering of Shylock? Master Kean had not the means then as in later years for revelling night and day, but we can almost dream of him being introduced to the company at the Mermaid, who were, indeed, midnight revellers, and the great actor would not have been the first to go home. But I am forgetting that Master Kean was not a bright society man, so might have been out of his element with Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others of great note at the time, and since.

I am afraid I am nothing even when speculative; still one cannot help being sorry that our noble poet did not meet David Garrick, for it seems certain that that great actor was the first to find and delineate the human and inhuman traits in several of his greatest creations. But, doubtless, my "might," and "would," or "should have beens" are poor stuff, for if Shakespeare did not see justice done on the stage to his heroes or heroines, he must have had the satisfaction of knowing, or at least hoping, that the time would come when his text and characters would be played in all their brilliancy and meaning. As a proof that Garrick was brilliant on the stage, did not Quin say of him: "By God, if he is right we have all been damnably in the wrong"? And Garrick was right, for the old humdrum

actors seldom put any fire into their acting or declamations, and in Garrick's time there came the desire for better dressing and mounting of plays. There is no doubt that Garrick's quick, incisive acting had great influence with the actors and actresses of his time, for now and then men like Barry were equal to him in some parts, and doubtless Quin, Booth, Betterton, Holland, Powel, Mossop, Brereton, Reddish and others learnt to be quicker and brighter in their acting, and at that time the heroines of the noble bard were in the hands of actresses who had the gift to play them well, and, if I may use the term, humanly and womanly.

Some of the most noted of these latter were Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Clive, Miss Bellamy, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Barry ; later on came Mrs. Yates, Miss Brunton, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Jordan, and the noble Siddons. They, like the actors I have mentioned, covered a good deal of the dramatic ground of the last half of the seventeenth century, and some years into the eighteenth century. Indeed, there was a goodly army of good, if not great, actors and actresses about that time, but no great and very few good new plays came to them ; at least, not a semblance of Shakespeare's noble work. Addison's "Cato," born as it were about the time that Shakespeare died, held its own, or at least had a fairly long life, but it never grew to be very venerable.

But the earnest historian would find the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries good

ground for an English dramatic history, for if great dramatists were scarce after Shakespeare bid London good-bye, his exponents grew well, and some of them great.

I dare not attempt names and dates for anyone to work upon, but I suppose I may say that the length of the life of any kind of a drama is some proof of its goodness, if not greatness; and as with dramas, so with the actors and actresses—they must do good work on the stage to make their names in history. It seems almost melancholy to imagine into what a state the English drama would have fallen had not Shakespeare been its main prop and stay; and is there any better proof than that there is not a dozen out of the thousands of plays (except Shakespeare's) written in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that are ever now seen upon the stage, and it was late in the seventeenth century before a better class than that which had gone before it came into fashion. Such plays as "John Bull," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "The Iron Chest" (Homes Douglas), had no more than fleeting lives. Goldsmith's "Good NATURED MAN" and "She Stoops to Conquer" came to us late in the seventeenth century, as also did Sheridan's "Rivals" and "School for Scandal," and with the advent of the above-mentioned plays it seemed fairly evident that a purer class of drama was coming in, although authors, prone to foist unhealthy garbage in the form of dramatic matter upon play-goers, now and then did their best to

taint ground that was beginning to grow sweeter flowers.

The different schools of acting seem well worthy of an historian's serious consideration, and he might also show that most of our greatest actors and actresses made their names, fame and fortunes from acting Shakespearian parts. Garrick's excellent rendering of Abel Drudger might have given him some fame and money at the time, but his rendering of Richard the Third and Lear stamped him at once as a great actor for then and all time. Edmund Kean might have starved for fame but for his great rendering of Shylock, and even the marvellous Siddons might never have been known to be great but for her wonderful rendering of Lady Macbeth; in fact, the whole army of actors and actresses, from those who first strutted their hours upon the stage to Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, would lack great reputations but for the mighty aid Shakespeare has given them—that is, if I am right in thinking that the fleeting drama gives only fleeting reputations. There may be those who can point to exceptions; of course there are exceptions to every rule. Irving's Polish Jew and other characters proved him to be a great actor, but his Hamlet and several other Shakespearian productions proved him to be a great artist.

But I am running in and out, dog in the fair fashion, in these more than ever rambling notes, and have rushed from the sixteenth century to close

upon the end of the nineteenth, and not even done an atom of justice to one year of that long time. I should like to work back to the time of Goldsmith and Sheridan, who have at least one play each standing to their good dramatic fame—"She Stoops to Conquer" to the former, and "The School for Scandal" to the latter.

The best stored mind of a theatrical historian could, of course, point to almost a shoal of authors and plays that have done good work for the drama and the players, but few of those authors count much now in history—the Dibdens, Colmans, Fielding, Macklin, Congreve, Mrs. Inchbald Cumberland, and almost hundreds of other authors of one or more plays of note, who had their fleeting reputations before and between the times of Goldsmith, Brinsley, Sheridan, and, say, Sheridan Knowles, and, if it pleases the reader, Bulwer Lytton. Much as I love Shakespeare's great works, I am one of those who heartily wish that he had blotted out many lines and words in his plays, and it seems strange to me that such great literary men as Doctor Johnson, Pope, Warburton, Rowe, and others who were first serious editors of Shakespeare did not blot out lines that will darken the great poet's pages as long as they are there. I use the words "serious editors" because it is plain that Hemming and Condel merely bundled the plays together. I am not dreaming of a kind of Bowdler's butcher's chopper being used, but the gentle hands and pens of those who know the good from the bad in the text. At all events, it seems

to me that it is almost as important that Shakespeare's works should be as free from the blame of the time they were written as the text of holy writ.

But leave my throat alone, you morbid-minded lovers of the unclean! You are welcome to the dirt; I'm for the bright gems in our noble literature.

Perhaps I am right in thinking that our dramatic literature began to mend, at least in words, at the early part of this century, and no doubt that Goldsmith's dramatic works, especially "She Stoops to Conquer," and Brinsley Sheridan's "School for Scandal," had became as it were text books for dramatists to work upon. Whether they were or not, the time was fast coming when licentious matter in plays was neither liked nor allowed on the stage. Following in the footsteps of Goldsmith and Sheridan for pure drama came Bulwer Lytton and James Sheridan Knowles, whose dramas were much above the average of ordinary time plays, and, indeed, "The Hunchback," "The Wife," and "Virginius" seemed to want little to give them long lives. Perhaps it is nothing wonderful that Lytton's "Money" and the "Lady of Lyons" have lived out seemingly much better dramatic work, for there is a peculiar dramatic sentiment in them that tells with playgoers, and they cannot tell you why. Harking back a little, there seems a rather strange coincidence that Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Bulwer Lytton each wrote two plays that have had fairly long lives, but the strangest part of the matter is that "The Lady

of Lyons" has perhaps been played many more times than "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The School for Scandal." And there is a similar coincidence in operas. No one ever argued that "The Bohemian Girl" is the best opera that was ever written, but anyone might fairly argue that it has been played more times than any other of the old or new English operas of any time or age. I must repeat that I am not even trying to write theatrical notes, but only scribbling about men and women of times I have read of or known. I never saw Edmund Kean, nor his famous rival for fame, George Frederick Cooke. Kean won the greatest fame in the end, but it seems Cooke was an excellent actor, but perhaps a worse master of his own acts than Kean was. The Kemble family, father and sons, and their noble sister, Mrs. Siddons, who was by far the greatest, not only of her own family, but of all other actresses of her time. Charles Kemble was considered to be the greatest of the actors of his name and kin. The Kemble family seem to have created a school of actors and acting. Young and Macready were very much of that school, which was the old slow delivery of lines and sentences, and point making. Perhaps it was one of the Kemble family who asked his manager whether he was going to put a play on in the front of the drama he was playing in, and the manager told him he could easily put one on between his sentences.

When thinking of Mrs. Siddons, it is hardly fair not to think of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Glover of

later years, and some others of an excellent band of actors and actresses who worked as hard to adorn the stage and the drama as those who were stars of greater magnitude :—Bannister, Munden, Liston, Emery (the elder), Charles Mathews (the elder), Dowton, Johnstone, Fawcett, Blanchard, and quite a score of others who did capital work on the stage. I hardly dare mention even a few of the merry band of actresses who bewitched the play-going world of their time :—Miss Farren, Miss O'Neil, Miss Kelley, and scores of others the historian could note. But I am now right out of my depth, and floundering I know not where. I can perhaps just crawl to land by mentioning Tobin's good old-fashioned "Honeymoon," Poole's "Paul Pry," and of course "Black Eyed Susan." I well remember seeing T. P. Cook play William when he was old and scant of breath ; but still he would dance a hornpipe, and not badly either. But his words would not come directly after the last step, and no wonder, for he had danced in that good old drama more than thirty years before that time. Good mention should be made of Dion Boucicault as a compiler and dramatist in this rambling gallop over time and mention of works of dramatists. But I would not have it thought that I use the word "compiler" in any disparaging sense, for the plays I have mentioned could not nor would not be popular without some sterling merit in them. "London Assurance" must always have good mention in any important work about the

stage, and it was certainly a most noted play for such a young man as Boucicault was when he wrote it. There were those who would not give him the whole of the authorship; but those who claimed to be part authors did not insist upon having their names upon the book. It is said that Boucicault adapted, or compiled, his play, "The Colleen Bawn," from Griffin's "Collegians" in a few hours; but, whether he was hours, days, or weeks doing so, it is a capital drama, although perhaps not such a complete play as "Arra Na Pogue."

If there are those who would have more of my random notes about authors, dramas and players, and wonder why I have not mentioned scores of well-known people, my reason is that I am sure these pages are already too full of names.

CHAPTER X.

SOME DRAMATIC BOOKS AND CRITICS.

It will be easily seen that in this random ramble I have as a rule only mentioned some of our best plays and players. I dare not have done so had I been trying to write history. I have only had the assurance to scan books, and make some notes that may be of use to the historian. But, of course, the best service a scribbler like myself could do for an interesting historian of the drama would be to make as complete a catalogue as possible of all the printed books and matter referring to the players and the drama from the earliest times down to the present time. Such work would, of course, be of immense value to the historian, but very dry reading; in fact, not the history of the drama that is so much required, and which, if well written, should be of the best reading in English literature. It would indeed be interesting to find an historian who would have the courage to write about the time of the actual beginning of the mimic drama—that is, when men, if not women, worked or rather played or sang to amuse their fellow-creatures. Might one almost imagine that the first mothers in the world were players when they sang, chanted, or in some such way lulled their children to sleep; or, perhaps a speculation more likely, was there ever a time when

human nature had no soul for mimicry? if so, at that time there was very little dramatic history. But, as I have said before, I am nothing if not speculative, and quite likely worse than nothing when I am so. I have mentioned that I think that anything like a complete catalogue of dramatic works would be useful but dry reading; but I should like to mention some of the sources of dramatic literature that have been collected during about the last half century. I say "about," because those roughly tumbled together volumes of "Geneste's" are more than half a century old. And, in fact, so is the Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt matter in "The Examiner" and other papers, and long before this last half century began there is, if I may use the term, tons of interesting dramatic history buried away in the early volumes of the *The Times*, *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Morning Post*, *The Globe*, and almost scores of other old daily and weekly newspapers. In fact, the historian of the last half century would be blest indeed for reference books were he lucky enough to have a complete set of "The Stage" and "The Era" volumes to refer to. But the so-called "Actors' Bible" and its younger contemporary "The Stage," are not of ancient history, and it is the ancient history of the stage that would give the earnest historian no little trouble in the way of diligent research.

I had an intention to try to make as complete a list as possible of dramatic volumes published in my time, but I find that the plain titles of them

alone would cover almost endless pages, and not add to the interest of my dry, scrambling matter. I will therefore be content to mention at random only those authors, critics, and volumes that are in my memory. Perhaps the best book on the drama of the middle part of this century is Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants," but that book is about half a century old, and therefore covers no dramatic history since about 1860; and Professor Morley's little volume makes no pretence at general history, being only reprints of his dramatic notes and criticisms in "*The Examiner*," and refers to London theatres only. Mr. Dutton Cook's various volumes are much of the kind of Professor Morley's, but cover some later ground. And Mr. E. L. Blanchard's volumes, edited by Mr. Clement Scott, though excellent matter of the time and events they describe, make no pretence at being a complete dramatic history. Mr. Barton Baker's books are of good research. Dr. Ward's book on dramatic literature is a most useful work as far as it goes, and is prized very much. But without doubt the most earnest and most useful dramatic historian of the last half century is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. His "*New History of the English Stage, from the Restoration to the Liberty of the Theatres*," is the best work of its kind in existence, and if it had about two extra volumes added to it, one covering the dramatic ground before Shakespeare made the English drama immortal, and the other volume continuing dramatic history down to the present time,

it would then be a most useful book ; indeed, Mr. Fitzgerald's "Life of Garrick," "The Lives of the Kemble's," "The World behind the Scenes," "Romance of the English Stage," and "Comedy and Dramatic Effect," are all good books from which to cull dramatic history. Mr. Frederick Hawkins's "Life of Edmund Kean" is also good matter for dramatic reference, and Mr. Hawkins is no mean dramatic critic of the English and French stage. Amongst the excellent old dramatic critics were John Oxenford, Mr. Eraud, E. L. Blanchard, F. G. Tomlins, G. H. Lewes, Bayle, Bernard, Palgrave Simpson, Edward (now Sir Edward) Russell, Henry Dunphy, Moy Thomas, Mr. Joseph Knight, and doubtless quite half a score of other able men, whose names are not in my memory at this moment. I just seem to hear the then shrill voice of my old friend John Hollingshead saying, "Do not forget me, Tinsley. I served a pretty long apprenticeship as critic for *The Daily News* and other papers before Moy Thomas." Certainly, John, but you became an important London manager, and then some critics bowed, and others pandered to you when the sacred lamp was burning its brightest. I have said there is good theatrical history matter in *The Times*; so there is, but the historian must read a good deal between the lines of John Oxenford's matter, for he seldom slated badly the worst of plays. F. G. Tomlins's matter in *The Advertiser* is full of interest, for he was well versed in the English drama. Dear old Mr. Eraud wrote a life of Shakespeare in a volume

almost as big as himself, and I am afraid it was too heavy to have a long life. Dear old Mr. Eraud! I have more than once seen him sleep soundly through a whole act of a new play, but *The Athenæum* seldom suffered for his naps.

Strange to say, each one of the dramatic critics I have mentioned seldom what we termed thoroughly slogged a play or a player. Every one of them were severe at times, but not one of them ever made the blood run with his lashes ; and it was left to Mr. Clement Scott to use the dramatic whip, regardless of friends or foes. Oxenford could be almost as severe as Scott, but those whom he silently whipped seldom howled aloud ; for honest John was like an expert dentist—he could make pain almost bearable ; in fact, he was such an institution in London dramatic criticisms that it seemed he could not be dispensed with. But with Oxenford, as with the best of men, time soon effaces their loss, and the new comers became important in their turn.

And so with Mr. Clement Scott, who lately retired from the dramatic department of *The Daily Telegraph*. As all the dramatic world knows, it only happened a short time ago, and yet those who loved or hated him when in great power as a dramatic critic, smile now in remembrance of the mornings after the productions of new plays, when they have left their breakfasts untouched, and gone forth to try to find and whip the as a rule too truthful critic. Strange to say, Mr. Scott seemed the most unreliable when in his best natured

mood about plays and players ; at least, there were plenty of his readers who said openly, when he wrote a flattering notice, that there was some influence or interest at the bottom of it. I suppose no man is human who will not at times serve his friends, but there is plenty of proof that Scott made enemies, or, at least, bad blood between himself and his best friends, through being perhaps rather too truthful in impulsive moments. How far first-night criticisms are responsible for the acts of impulsive natures such as Mr. Scott's I dare not try to prove. At all events, it is quite certain there are, and always have been, first nights at the play bad enough to vex the souls of the coolest-minded critics, and there is little time for an impulsive-minded critic to get quite cool between the fall of the curtain on a new play and his opinions being in print. Perhaps—I say perhaps—Mr. Scott has not slept quite soundly after some of his slashing dramatic notices, and has rubbed his eyes the next morning when looking over *The Daily Telegraph* ; but in my little way of thinking, I feel sure he has seldom written a line of dramatic criticism except in the true and honest cause of dramatic art.

But here am I again pushing forward my "I thinks."

However, harking back to my desire for a history of the drama, for such a work the historian should not confine his pen to London theatres only, as so many writers have done, for even though London is the home of the English drama and the players,

there is excellent dramatic history in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Almost any old play-goer remembers the time when our most noted actors and actresses were proud to say that they had played successfully in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and Liverpool and Birmingham, and there is yet plenty of excellent material for such a history about the old Bath and Bristol circuit.

I have ventured in the early part of this rambling scribble to refer to times remote, and places and people whose names and works are sacred in history, and I know I have bidden for a history of the drama in a very rough manner, and perhaps there are those who will say, "What about the ancient drama of Spain, France, and America, and our own colonies, who are all building up dramatic histories of their own?" And if the historian wants more interesting research, let him turn to China; in fact, there is dramatic history all over the civilised and uncivilised world. There you are, Mr. Historian; find a publisher and go to work.

It will be seen that in this scrambling chapter I have made hardly any note of the players of the last half century. The reason is that in other parts of these volumes I have scribbled at some length about the stage and the players I have had the honour to know as friends or acquaintances.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY SAMPSON, G. R. SIMS AND RICHARD BUTLER.

The first time I met Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sampson was at one of the many (and especially in the summer time) dinner and always jolly evening parties which Mr. Frederick Burgess, of Moore and Burgess minstrel fame, used to give at his lovely old house and grounds at Finchley, which he was proud to call "Burgess Hall." Henry Sampson was, as all the sporting world knows, founder and editor of *The Referee*, and above the signature of "Pendragon" wrote many of the best sporting articles of his time, especially on boat racing, boxing, and wrestling. About the time I met Sampson he had hardly done with risky, and now and then over personal, paragraphs in his paper ; but he soon found that such matter was not good journalism. On the night in question Sampson and I had several "word shies" at each other over the merry dinner table about certain matters in *The Referee*, and I am afraid our host Burgess now and then thought we were getting rather personal to each other ; but even though we both doubtless had a little earnest meaning in our banter, we were never on the road to a wry word. In fact, I had no notion of trying to beat Sampson, who was a master

of words. Indeed, I hope I may say that we were never anything like bad friends during the many years we knew each other, and no one was more sorry than I when the good man and capital journalist was called away years before he had seen old age.

Dear unctuous Bill Hill sat next to me at the dinner in question, and he could always get a good hearty laugh from me. That night he was at his best, and in a mood for any fun. During the dinner he said to me, "I say, Billy, Fred's got some better champagne than he is giving us ; at least, it is not quite so dry, and I like it better than this." So I said, "All right, Bill." As I was seated close to Burgess I soon caught his ear, and said, "Bill says he likes that less dry champagne better than this." The moment Hill heard what I said, he point blank accused me of taking a liberty. Burgess, however, was soon on his way to his cellar for a bottle of the wine to which Hill had referred, and Hill's face, which always was a picture, was a full moon without a shade on it. We had no little fun over our bottle of wine, which we, by some manœuvring, kept to ourselves—in fact, we so lauded the wine that Burgess handed us another bottle, and jokingly said, "There you are, you devils." Two or three of the curious wanted glasses of our wine, but we told them to stick to their own, of which there was an abundance ; indeed, the fun was fast and furious at our end of the table.

Dear old Mrs. Keeley, who was seated close to Mrs. Burgess at the other end of the table, called out, in fact, in a stentorian voice, "Kindly send some of your fun up to our end of the table." And yet she had more than one good comedian close to her, amongst them Lionel Brough, who was ever a good guest at any table. That jolly dinner had, to some extent, gone out of memory with me, and I certainly had made no note in my mind about my little bit of banter with Sampson ; but a few weeks afterwards I was reading *The Referee*, and came upon a paragraph which was a nice appreciation of my cricketing ability, and I at once remembered his (Sampson's) last shot at me over Burgess's dinner table, which was as nearly as possible the following words : "All right, Master Tinsley, I will remember you," and he had. My presumption in playing cricket at Lord's was fairly natural. I was always fond of cricket, and have not missed seeing most of the best matches at Lord's any season since 1852, and I published in good book form Mr. Fitzgerald's (the then secretary of Lord's) account of the, I think, first English team that went to Australia. And I was, at the time I am noting, treasurer of the first United Thespian Cricket Club, and the committee of Lord's more than once allowed us to play our last match of the season on the ground sacred to much of the best cricket in the world. Sampson was rather nice about the match that season, and some of the players were fairly well mentioned. "But," said he, "the moment I saw Tinsley wending

his way to the wicket to bat, I left." And I am bound to say he was right. Still, I seem to remember I got three runs. I had several little word innings with Sampson in after years, and perhaps now and then got a notch. I hope I am not wrong in applying the word "social" to the excellent sporting and theatrical features of *The Referee*. In fact, Henry Sampson's travel and other social articles were always interesting, and the more so because of their social tendency. But for right down plucky and amusing matter, I venture to refer to Mr. G. R. Sims. To me it is almost wonderful that, after writing some three or four thousand columns in *The Referee*, numerous dramas and acres of other literary work, he is always more than merely readable. Perhaps, had he not had time, subjects and people to work upon and jest about, he would have found it hard work to fill his allotted space in the paper. At all events, his "Albert Edward," "Mrs. Bullyboy," his dumb animals, of which he is so fond (his health he seems to have little respect for, or he would not work so hard and so continuously), give him many pegs to hang his amusing matter upon. And there is certainly a peculiar fact about Mr. Sims's personalities in his daring romances about different people. I know of no writer for the London press who dare do such work without the fear of libel. But the fact, I think, is that the romances are always so plainly so, that "only in fun" is written right across the face of them, and those jested about accept them in the kindly spirit in which they are meant.

But those who read Mr. Sims as "Dagonet" merely for laughs in no way fairly estimate him as a writer of serious matter. I often think there are lines, if not whole verses, in his jingling rhymes, worthy to be in very good poems. And I have in my memory many serious paragraphs he has written in *The Referee*, about the loss of friends and other sad events, which are full indeed of sorrowful and deeply pathetic meaning, and written in language which plainly shows that "Dagonet," the humorist, is almost weak in comparison to the "Dagonet" of pathos.

Any mention of *The Referee* without also mention of Richard Butler, the present editor, would be unfair, for it seems to me that that gentleman has devoted almost a long literary lifetime as sub-editor and editor of that journal, and I think I am right in saying that only one copy of the paper has ever gone to press without personal aid from him.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Some twenty years ago I published two novels by that distinguished musical critic, Sutherland Edwards. He tried hard to make his name as a writer of fiction, but failed to do so, as many literary men, very clever in other ways, had done before and have done since.

It would be breaking confidence, and revealing many strict secrets, were I to give the names of a number of very clever literary men in almost all other kinds of literature who have tried hard and failed to write a fairly interesting novel.

I should mention that Sutherland Edwards put his name to his novels, so that I am not breaking faith with him. And I quote him as a sample of a would-be novelist who had the courage to put his name to his novels. Yet it seems very strange that such a clever man as he was should not succeed as a novelist. He is a well-travelled man, and brimful of knowledge of all the operas and the music of every nation of the civilised world. It would seem that there ought to be a good deal of romance in such an amount of knowledge of romantic literature ; but, as is well known, the art of constructing and writing a fairly good novel is a gift, and not to be cultivated by those who have not the gift to do it, be they ever so well educated or clever in any other kind of literature.

MR. AND MRS. DALLAS, MISS GLYN.

In 1868 I published a revised edition, in three handsome volumes, of "Clarissa Harlowe"—under the proper title of the book, "Clarissa"—for which I had paid Mr. E. S. Dallas, a writer for *The Times*, and the author of an unfinished work, called "The Gay Science," four hundred pounds. I knew very little of Dallas before I agreed with him for the work, but I soon found that I had made a bad bargain with an unreliable man.

I had a great deal of trouble to get the copy from him, and, when I did get it, all the work he had done on the whole book—introduction and preface included—was not more than a

fortnight's work for any industrious, fairly clever literary man.

I should not, however, have lost so much money on my venture had not Messrs. George Routledge and Son, or one of their authors, copied Dallas's idea, and actually produced a two shilling edition of "Clarissa."

I had well advertised my book for some months before it was published, and it was well noticed in *The Times*, so that there was a good demand for it at Mudie's and the best libraries—especially when many of the best literary papers had intimated that Dallas's version of "Clarissa" might be taken home and not hidden away from foolish young girls or youthful readers, whose minds might not be strong enough to resist pandering to the morbid side of the old classic.

However, the two shilling edition was bought in preference to mine, and a large proportion of my copies were left on my hands, to be sold for much less than the cost of production.

Of course, Mr. Dallas would not have been so much to blame for the way Messrs. Routledge played upon me had he let me have his revised copy of the book within a reasonable time of the agreement.

His not doing so gave Messrs. Routledge or their author plenty of time to mature plans of what, to say the least of it, was a very unfair opposition.

E. S. Dallas was the husband of Miss Glyn, the celebrated actress ; and but for the great reputation

of his wife, it is hardly likely he would have become so well known as he was. They had a splendid house in Hanover Square, and Dallas led Miss Glyn to believe that when she became his wife she need not go upon the stage again. Nor, perhaps, need she have thought of doing so, had he been a fairly thoughtful, energetic man.

Those who remember the stately Miss Glyn as the Duchess of Malfi, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, and many other heroines in the legitimate drama, must regret that such a brilliant actress spent all her money and a large proportion of the best part of her life off the stage.

Miss Glyn was for many years a splendid teacher of elocution. Rather late in life she was stricken down with cancer, and died in poor circumstances.

J. S. LE FANU.

In 1863 we published James Sheridan Le Fanu's first acknowledged three-volume novel, called "The House by the Churchyard," and to my mind I hardly think Le Fanu ever wrote a better work of fiction. It has, no doubt, many of the faults that are usually found in authors' first books, but there are many very witty and humorous passages in it, plenty of good writing, and the interest is very well sustained from the beginning to the end.

Mr. Le Fanu was, at the time we purchased "The House by the Churchyard" from him, the proprietor and editor of the "Dublin University Magazine." He had had the book printed and part of the edition

bound in Dublin before we saw or agreed to publish it ; but when he sent us a specimen copy, we found it was very badly produced indeed. Paper, printing, and binding were all of an inferior quality. We did not alter the printing and paper, but we got our binders to re-bind those sent to us in the binding done in Dublin, in fact, we made the volumes look as well as we could, and the book sold very well indeed. In after years I published several novels for Le Fanu, but, strange to say, I never saw him. He seldom, I believe, came to London. He did call at my office once, when he was in London, but I was out of town at the time. Le Fanu was a very generous and very pleasant author to do business with, and although rather a prolific letter writer to his publisher, I do not remember one letter from him of a disagreeable kind.

Perhaps I am right in mentioning a curious fact, which is, that "The House by the Churchyard" was the only three-volume novel I remember being printed and bound in Ireland. I have seen some books that have been printed and bound there, but only the one three-volume novel I have mentioned. Irish printers and binders do or did not shine in the art of printing and binding of books years ago. This is a curious fact. Not so with Scotch printers and binders—they excel in the art of producing books ; and to show themselves to be masters in bookwork, they produced a magnificent edition of Robert Burns at the centenary of the poet, and guaranteed that the whole of the work—paper,

printing, drawing, engraving, and binding—was of Scotch manufacture ; and the production was as good almost as it could possibly be.

James Sheridan Le Fanu was a descendant of the Sheridans.

JAMES SHERIDAN.

At the time I was working at Notting Hill we had with us a man well on in years, whose name was James Sheridan ; in fact, he declared his full name was James Brinsley Sheridan, and that he was one of the great Sheridan family, but how far removed from the author of the "School for Scandal" I do not seem to remember. I do remember he had in his mind, if not on paper, a family pedigree quite satisfactory to himself, if to no one else. I am afraid there was some chaff went on with Sheridan, but none of us were in a position to dispute his birthright ; at all events, he was really a superior looking old man. He always came to his work in very good black cloth clothes, a black satin stock round his neck, good clean boots, and tall hat, and his walking stick had a small silver ring round it ; in fact, from his general appearance, when going to or from his work, he might easily have been taken to be a superior clerk in some lawyer's office, instead of being a mechanic. Sheridan was very Irish in his brogue ; he was disgusted when called "Jimmy," and his face beamed with delight when our employer said to him, "Will you kindly do this or that, Mr. Sheridan ?" even though there was now and then just a touch of chaff in the polite requests. I

do not think any of us, except perhaps our employer, knew where Sheridan lived, but it was somewhere in or near St. Giles, and I believe he was well known in his own neighbourhood. However, one morning the old chap came to work sadly knocked about. It appeared he had been out rather late the night before, and when almost close at home, some roughs, who did not know him, had surrounded him, and used him very badly, quite thinking him to be a gentleman of means, and he only got out of their hands by being recognised by a neighbour.

As regards Sheridan's pedigree, I think there is rather a good story of another member of the Sheridan family, who in later years set to work to make out a family tree or pedigree of the famous family, and got on very well back to a certain date, and then he found the next in the line was a Catholic priest, and to have left him out, or even included him, would perhaps have complicated matters.

STAGE MAZEPAS.

More than once I have mentioned that the first stage play I saw was Lord Byron's "Mazeppa," at Astley's Theatre, in 1850. Nothing in my remembrance of stage plays since that time has been so real or more intensely interesting to me than was that entertaining representation of that exciting spectacular drama.

Some years before, I had seen small circuses and Richardsonian melodramas at country fairs. But the mimic performances of the murder of "Maria

Martin in the Red Barn" by William Corder, and of "William Weare," by Thurtell, Hunt, and Provert, and many other heart-rending and side-splitting burlesques of true incidents in real life, had left no great impression upon my mind, because I knew that in the dramas, Maria Martin, William Weare, and the many other mimic representatives, were not the real heroes and heroines of the murders.

But the incidents in "Mazeppa" were very real to me. Men, women, and horses, and even the mimic eagle or albatross, seemed alive, and to swoop down in awful earnestness upon the almost nude form of Mazeppa, borne upon his bare-backed, untamed steed. Perhaps my disbelief in the Richardsonian true story dramas was because I knew that many of the real perpetrators of the bloody deeds had been hanged not long before. But the story of "Mazeppa and the Wild Horse of Tartary" was all new and true to me. For that night, and for many days and nights afterwards, and even now, although it is fifty years since my first night at Astley's Theatre, I can remember it as well, and better, than I can the story and incidents in a modern melodrama witnessed only a few weeks ago.

I do not remember the name of the actor who played Mazeppa, but to my thinking it was a good performance. There have been a goodly number of stage Mazeppas since that time, and most of them were decent horsemen and fairly good actors.

But true lovers of the drama almost shudder when they remember that two or three indifferent actresses tried to play Mazeppa in years gone by merely because there was a chance for them to exhibit as much of their fair forms as the law would allow, and more than common decency admitted. In fact, the part was nothing in their minds only when they were tied on to the back of the very much pretended wild horse ; then their splendid limbs were in full display, and their morbid-minded admirers in the haven of their delight. But I think it is to the credit of almost, if not every one of the circus masters who had Astley's Theatre, from Astley to the Sangers, that they have never let a woman play Mazeppa. Ada Menken appeared in the part when the old theatre was rented by E. T. Smith, and Amy Sheridan also played the part under a temporary management, and I think that, as a rule, women who have appeared as Lady Godiva have done so more to exhibit their splendid figures for money than for a love of the art they did not adorn.

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ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

George Rose, better known as Arthur Sketchley, was the author of "Mrs. Brown at the Play," and numerous other shilling books of light and amusing reading. In fact, Sketchley's "Mrs. Brown" was an amusing institution in her way for some years. Rose was, I think, first a Catholic, then a Protestant, and in the end died a rather bigoted Catholic. He was a well-meaning, but sadly disappointed author. He

wrote numerous plays, and had some accepted and played ; and he was never tired of telling his friends he was, to some extent, a badly used author by managers. So-and-so's play, then running, was poor stuff, and his play was sent back ; and he was quite sure Mrs. Willoughby, in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," was taken from his Mrs. Brown, he himself forgetting Mrs. Malaprop, and various other garrulous old women that existed in literature even before Mrs. Malaprop ; his Mrs. Brown was half a century behind Sheridan's version of Malapropisms and Sheridan was doubtless centuries behind Malapropisms in general. Rose tried readings of his Mrs. Brown's cockneyisms in America, Australia, and in South Africa ; but in none of those places did he get good paying audiences. He also, like Mark Lemon, because he was a stout, bulkily-built man, played Falstaff in London and various other towns in England and abroad, but with no great success. His rendering of the character was very intelligent, but lacked the full-flavoured, unctuous manner of Shakespeare's fat knight.

I published three or four novels for Rose, and they were really very well-written, interesting books ; but, while his skits of Mrs. Brown on almost every popular subject of the time sold by hundreds of thousands, his novels had very small sales indeed. Poor Rose got so very stout in the last years of his life that it was painful for him to walk about. I had many pleasant dealings with him ; and when you could by chance get him out of his grumbling, discontented mood, he was excellent company.

Rose wrote an account of his visit to America, and I published it in a volume, called "The Great Country," but his overbearing prejudice against almost everything in the States, except Catholics and their churches, was fatal to the sale of the book. There was a rather amusing story told about his visit to America. He arrived there in a very hot season, and just before landing he was mopping his face and complaining of the heat very much, when one of the officers of the ship told him that perhaps he would not feel the heat quite so much if he took his back away from the funnel.

MY OLD CARD BASKET AND PART OF ITS CONTENTS.

Years ago, when I began to scribble the foregoing recollections, I thought it best to rely upon memory rather than refer to documents of any kind. Since that time I have discovered that I had in my possession a large number of business and visiting cards, and no doubt, had I remembered them, they would have been some help to me in the main portion of my book, for an old visiting or business card is a good reminder of the past. However, I have not the courage to go back over my scribbling journey again, so in the following pages I will mostly refer to men and women of note whose names I had forgotten for the time. Of course, old business cards can hardly be of much interest ; but I remember my old friend Mr. W. H. Collingridge, of *The City Press*, telling me years ago that he was collecting documents,

in the way of cards, circulars, prospectuses, and papers, relating to company promoting, and all important business matters, in the City of London. If he has continued to do so, he must have a wonderfully curious collection by this time, and one that tells many strange tales. Who can guess the number of millions of money named in a fairly complete set of such documents, and who can tell where it all went? It would be easy and truthful to say where many of the poor deluded creatures went who paid their money to bogus companies for bogus shares—they went to the parish for relief; and it was no relief to them when now and then swindling directors were prosecuted, and were rich men when they had done their time in a gaol.

I am glad to think that I must have lost or destroyed one or more of those not over inviting cards, with William Calcraft's name upon them, which were plentiful about London during the time that noted hangman was in office. And, indeed, for some years afterwards, the joke of calling at a friend's house, and sending in one of those wretched cards by the servant, as a rule, caused more amazement than amusement for the moment, because some of the servants almost shivered at the sight of a card from the common hangman. Of course, all those in the grim joke of the wretched forgery did not try the deception on each other. And unless the master of the house was at home, it was of course cruel to leave it with the servants or the family;

but your true practical joker does not always study the finer feelings in human nature.

However, it is pretty certain that the wretched forgery on William Calcraft was seldom exposed in the family card basket ; but I am afraid, when found in a practical joker's house, was kept ready for the grim joke to be passed on to some one else. The plan of well exposing the visiting cards of important people is not from a commercial point of view so foolish as it seems, for your tradesmen and weak-minded friends (when you have any) are apt to think you are somebody if they only see a lord or a lady's card anywhere in your house ; indeed, there are a goodly number of fairly sane people in the world who are often almost proud to know a man or a woman who knows a lord or a lady, or anyone of great note. A shrewd old lady friend of mine, who was a clever author and a good business woman in many ways, had a nice little sanctum in her house, with a large green-baize board over the fire-place, on which were pinned a large number of cards from noted people ; and all visitors who called were shown into the sanctum, and most of them were expected to glance at the conspicuous board. Whether they did so or not, the moment the old lady entered the room, after welcoming her guests, she would glance at the board to, as she said, see if anyone of importance had called and not asked to see her, for she had told the servant to pin the cards on to the board, so that she could see at a glance who had called. But there was more

business than useless vanity in the old lady's card board, for she was a capital writer on many fashionable subjects, and it was profitable from a monetary point of view for her to know as many important society people as possible.

But my old friend's plan of exhibiting her visitors' cards was not quite new—I mean as regards getting as much advertisement out of them as possible. Anyone who knows people who are fond of displays of the kind, and has been to their houses, has seen how conspicuously cards and letters from noted persons are placed on trays, or, to all appearance, casually thrown on to drawing room tables and other furniture, where visitors must see them. I ought to mention that my old friend had at least one duke and a duchess and two or three lords and ladies who took her into their sets of society as much as possible, and the doing so got her invitations to many other noted places. And she would often come into town to tell me how she had actually been almost a star at a dinner party and a great society gathering the evening before.

I ought to mention that letters and cards of introduction in business seldom or ever had any bias with me. Those who came to my office with or without introductions were all equally welcome to state their business, for the business of publishing admits of little or no foolish favour.

In fact, to my mind it is hardly fair to over-anxious and sometimes over-confident young authors for any person at all well versed in literature to overpraise

them, for such authors are ten times more down-hearted when the crash of the failure of their literary efforts comes upon them than those who only hope for success ; and as a rule then the praised almost curse the praisers for filling them with false hopes. I have harped upon this subject more than once in these rambling recollections, not because I do not like to encourage young people in good work of any kind ; on the contrary, I think the youthful mind should be well stored with good honest hope and solid encouragement, but never with false hopes and foolish flattering which ninety-nine times out of a hundred tend to work wreck and ruin.

More than once in these pages I have mentioned that I think Charles Dickens was seldom plain-spoken enough with young authors, and was very apt to pass them on to publishers with notions in their heads that got there from the great author seeming to say, " Go on, and you will prosper."

I have in my mind at this moment an almost distressing case of false hopes. I remember Lord Lytton, the novelist, sent a clever young writer to me with her first work of fiction. He had no doubt read or well scanned the MS., for my reader's report of it was much of the same nature that his lordship expressed in his letter. But as a matter of fact, there was more promise than actual merit in the work. However, I published it, and it was very justly noticed by the press, and did fairly well, and so I accepted the author's next book a

good deal upon the merits and promise of the first. But the young author had used up almost all the authorship she possessed in her first venture, and her second book was a failure, and fewer copies of it were sold than of the first. Now, had the author been a fairly strong woman, and well to do in the world, there would not have been much need to pity her ; but she was in poor health, and I am afraid not at all well off in pocket, and I had little doubt that not succeeding as an author, with such a fair start, and a noble author for an adviser, the poor girl looked back upon authorship with not the best feeling possible.

I am afraid there are very few press reporters in or out of the gallery of the House of Commons at the present time who remember Nick Woods, a not only very good reporter, but also capital descriptive writer. On a card of his I have is printed, "Mr. N. A. Woods, *Times* reporter" ; but I feel sure Mr. Woods did much better work than ordinary reporting in the way of public meetings, exhibitions, notable executions, and other events for *The Times*, that as a rule required better press work than ordinary dry reporting. Mr. S. Phillips Day's card does not denote that he was a press man of any kind, but I remember he was very proud of having been sent down South, for I think *The Morning Post*, during the civil war in America ; and his letters home were re-printed in two volumes, and published under the title of "Down South." Mr. Day was a rather prosy talker, and perhaps a

little inclined to over-rate his position in literature; but I always found him to be a very honourable man, and always very much above looking or seeming to be poor or badly off at any time. Some playgoers should remember young Phillip, better known as Phil Day. He was the son of Mr. Day and a very good actor in some parts, and seldom bad in any part he played; but, years before he was anything like an old man, he became unsteady, and careless of his art on the stage and of his life off it. And I seem to remember that he died a long way from his native land, not really as much thought of as he should have been, had he cared more for himself and the profession he might have adorned in old age. Simply George Barrie by no means denotes the owner of the card. I forget if I ever knew whether Mr. Barrie held any particular degrees as a medical man in Melbourne. At all events, he held a very important and lucrative position as a doctor in Australia; in fact, had made a large fortune out of his profession. He was a great friend of Mr. Christopher Pond, who had known him many years before in Australia, when neither of them were as rich as they were at the time Mr. Barrie called upon me with a message from an old friend of mine, and an intimate friend of his own in Australia. The very mention of Mr. Barrie reminds me of diamonds galore. I never saw a man, except of course the Shah of Persia, who sparkled so much with brilliants. And I am remembering

Mr. George Moore, of Moore and Burgess Minstrels fame, who for years on the stage wore diamonds of good value ; but the diamonds on one of Mr. Barrie's hands were worth nearly as much as those Moore wore altogether, for they were brilliants of exceptional beauty in every way. Certainly, Mr. Barrie never boasted of their value, but made no secret of being very fond of diamonds, and of the best of them he could obtain. And I am willing to confess that he handed to dear old Chris. Pond a diamond one day that just made me wish that he had gone one person further with his favours. But may I say that I have had a good many stones thrown at me, but not diamonds ? Before Mr. Barrie left England he was determined to leave some sort of a mark behind, so he asked Pond to prepare a splendid banquet for him, and about one hundred and fifty men of some note, and as Mr. Barrie was not well enough known in England for such an event, he left the invitations mainly to Mr. Pond ; and that being so, the guests and meeting were merry indeed. In fact, the banquet was managed quite in City Lord Mayor fashion. Mr. Barrie had all his guests' names announced in full, and they all were presented to him in Guildhall and Mansion House grandeur. I did not even hear a Mr., Mrs. and Miss Penny announced as "three pence," but the doing so would have been a poor old joke. I saw the beginning of the feast, but I was far away in the country before the giver of it vacated the chair he so generously

and really well filled, for Mr. Barrie was a very good speaker, and even a better host.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dillwyn, Hendrefoilan, is on the gallant colonel's card, and in pencil is written : "Miss Dillwyn will be glad of an answer about her MS." I published the lady's novel, and a copy was received by her Majesty the Queen, but it was not a success.

Sir Archibald and Lady Lamb's cards, of Beauport Battle, remind me that at the time her ladyship was writing for my magazine she was a lovely specimen of human nature ; in fact, I think, certainly one of the handsomest women I ever saw—perhaps I should say one of the prettiest, but the lady was almost too wonderfully built to be termed merely pretty. I quite think she was six feet high, and she was apparently splendidly formed, as upright as a dart, and a queen for whom Mark Antony might have deserted Cleopatra. I remember I told Lady Lamb how sorry I was Sir Archibald would not allow visitors to Hastings and St. Leonards to drive through the grounds of Beauport when out for pleasure drives that way, a privilege Mr. Thomas Brassey had for some years given when he and his family were in possession of the beautiful old place.

However, her ladyship told me the privilege had been so much abused by excursionists cutting branches off the shrubs and trees, and other depredations, that they had felt compelled to close the lodge gates to all but friends and actual visitors

to the house. But her ladyship was kind enough to say, "Whenever you are at Hastings, and want to drive through, Mr. Tinsley, you are welcome to do so."

Mr. Charles (afterwards Dr.) Mackay's card, of Fern Dell Cottage, Box Hill, and the Reform Club, must have been with me a good many years, but perhaps he did not use the prefix of "doctor" on his cards at any time. Be that as it may have been, the veteran poet and song writer was quite a noted man in his time. All the world will not be with me when I say I almost believe Mr. Henry Russell, the even now gallant old singer, might not have been known quite so well had not Charles Mackay's words so well fitted his tuneful and heart-touching melodies. At the risk of being almost alone in my opinion about song writers, I have and shall always consider that many of our best written songs have lived as much upon the theme and words as upon the music. I only published one book for Doctor Mackay, and that was a sort of imitation of Lord Lytton's "Coming Race," but it fell very flat from the press.

Mr. James Albery's card reminds me of a man whose name as a dramatist should have well lived out the last century, had he had the courage and strength of mind to have nursed his constitution, and cultivated his more than ordinary dramatic talent. But he started life as a dramatist with too much good fortune, at least for his self-conscious mind ; perhaps, had he had to put up with

some three or four failures or partial successes before he wrote "The Two Roses," he might not have made himself believe that he could not write an unsuccessful play. As it was, when the time came that he had written quite three or four failures, he became irritable, and the first night of more than one of them he wanted to dictate to the audience; in fact, tell them that the plays were good, and their verdict wrong. But that sort of conduct on the part of any author in England never has been and never will be tolerated. I remember I was very much in sympathy with Albery on the nights of the production of two of his plays; the first, I think, called "Apple Blossoms," and the other a pretty play, "Oriana," perhaps because I was one of the few playgoers who did not care a jot for "The Two Roses." I had no doubt about the many good dramatic points and situations in the play; but I doubted a good many of the lines and insinuations in the text that went far in my humble thinking towards being vulgar, if not absolutely coarse. I certainly thought there was some sweet dramatic work in "Apple Blossoms," and I thought it could not fail to keep before playgoers for a fairly long life; but it did not. There are, as I have mentioned, lines in "Oriana" that I think might easily be called Shakespearian; in fact, if any playgoer could forget "The Midsummer Night's Dream," he might admire Albery's fanciful play very much. I see there is written on

the back of Albery's card, "What is the latest time for copy for 'Mirth,' and what time will Byron be with you?" I remember Byron came, but Albery did not; he had then grown to be very uncertain about sending in his copy. Mrs. Albery (Miss Mary Moore), of the Criterion Theatre, is an example of what good work and perseverance can do on the stage. I remember when she held a very small position at another theatre, and now she is one of the most admired comedy actresses on the London stage.

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM WINTER.

William Winter's card, of *The New York Tribune*, of State Island, Fort Hill, New Brighton, reminds me of one of the most companionable men I ever met. He was for many years, and is now, called the Oxenford dramatic critic of New York, and it was no disparagement to our then honest old *Times* critic to be named with William Winter; for though Winter had not at that time gained the wonderful knowledge of the English drama Oxenford had, he was then a fine dramatic scholar, and an exceedingly well travelled man into the bargain. Twenty years ago, Winter was very fond of and made much of his visits to England. In fact, he knew our old country wonderfully well, and it was much safer to ask than try to tell him about notable places in England, especially in Shakespeare's county. But strange to say, when I first knew Winter—and, as I have said, he then had a capital knowledge of England—he had not been to the British Museum, and I only found out by accident he had not been there. He and I happened to be passing the building in a cab one summer afternoon, making our way northwards to a garden party, and he said, "I must spare a few hours to go there before I go back home this time." As

neither of us was in a great hurry to go to the party I said, "Shall we have a run round for an hour now?" He was quite willing, so we discharged our cab and went to the gates, but found the institution was closed to the general public. But it may not be generally known that the British Museum is seldom closed on working days to foreigners and travellers from far off lands, so I told Winter to present his card, and I would get into the building with him somehow, so he signed from New York, and I signed as from thereabouts. On such occasions a guide is told off to accompany visitors ; but Winter was in quick time the guide's guide, and mine also ; indeed, in our quick run through the building, I learnt more than I had known about it before or since, for Master Winter is a scholar, and master of several languages, and an antiquarian of good note. I published a volume of very sweet, fanciful poems for William Winter, but they were not strong enough to make him Poet Laureate of England or America.

Dear old Pal. Simpson, as many of us had the privilege of calling him, seems to have left several of his cards with me. The reason was, I am afraid, I often owed the genial old dramatist and critic money for contributions to my magazine, and I well remember he was never loth to hunt me up for payments as soon as they were due. Simpson was, I think, quite an old bachelor, but still quite the ladies' man ; and I believe several ladies were

jealous of each other when the genial old gentleman gave one more preference than another by asking her to accompany him on the first night of a new play. Palgrave Simpson was no mean judge of plays, actors, and acting; it is well known that he never tired of reminding London managers that young John Clayton and Arthur Cecil were more than ordinary clever young actors, and in those two cases his predictions were right—they both made good and honorable names as actors and gentlemen. A card I have, with the combined names of Mr. and Mrs. Weldon, Tavistock House, must have been in my possession a goodly number of years, for it seems to me a good many years ago since that unhappy couple ran well together in married harness. I well remember that Mrs. Weldon got me a good deal twitted about an article she wrote for my magazine on the art of singing. The facts about it were very simple. An author of very good standing brought the MS. to me from Mrs. Weldon, and I took his word that it was fairly interesting matter and did not read it. Perhaps if I had, I should not have understood its purport. However, it appeared Mrs. Weldon's theory was very foolish—at all events, I found out afterwards that the fair lady could now and then talk as well as write nonsense, for she declared to me that she could teach me or anyone to sing well in three months; but, considering that I never had an atom of a singing voice, and never knew or had a notion of a note of music, the said proposed task was a

great deal too much for even my not always quite limited imagination.

The Countess von Bothmer's card is by no means a pleasing recollection. I published a three-volume novel for the clever lady, but a friend of hers, who undertook the business part of the matter, and I had a great difference of opinion about the agreement, and I got the worst of the bargain and the settlement also.

"To introduce Madame Blackford" is on Edmund Yates's card from 22B, Cavendish Square. Miss Blackford was the handsome lady who was sent out of Russia some years ago for carrying on an intrigue with one of the then Russian princes about some valuable diamonds. Miss Blackford wanted me to publish a book for her, but I found it was not at all in my way. She did not make the slightest secret about her intrigue in Russia.

"To William Tinsley, from Captain Richard Burton, Consul de S.M. Britannica, Trieste," is on one of the great traveller's cards, to introduce to me a niece of his about some literary matter—perhaps the same lady who some time ago did much to prove that her uncle did not die a strict professor of the Roman Catholic faith. On another card from the gallant captain, from the Athenæum Club, he has written to introduce John Keane, who had sought an interview with Captain Burton to tell him that he had just returned from Mecca and Medina. It is only fair to say that Burton did not express any opinion as to the truth of Keane's statements about

his adventures in the two sacred cities so closely sealed against members of the Christian faith. Of course, it is well known that Captain Burton, when a young man, did go disguised as a pilgrim to Mecca and Medina, and by successfully going through Mahomedan forms and rules, for the time got safely out of an adventure that required a good deal of pluck, daring and even education. John Keane declared that he went to Mecca and Medina as servant to, I think he said, a Persian prince, and that his master well schooled him in all the forms and ceremonies he would have to go through in the Holy Cities. There was always just a doubt in the minds of those of us who knew Keane as to some of his statements about his adventures. But I do not think one member of the press actually contradicted him point blank, for, as a matter of fact, his volumes on Mecca and Medina bore every sign of being truthful; and it was rather too far and much too dangerous for reviewers to go to verify facts. I think I am right in saying that up to a few years ago only three Christian travellers had dared the perils of Mecca and Medina. I forget the name of the German traveller, but he, Burton and Keane all wrote books about their journeys. Now, supposing the German traveller was a Protestant, a Catholic, or of any solid Christian faith, it would seem he was rather a hypocrite to intrude himself into a community of bigoted fanatics, but still stern believers in their own faith, and not only be there, but ape their forms,

ceremonies, and modes of religious worship. I only say suppose as regards the German's religious or any other faith; but there can be no supposition about Captain Burton's or John Keane's religious faith—as a matter of fact, neither of them at the time professed to hold any kind of religious faith or religion. But, as I have said in another place in these recollections, I do not believe Captain Burton was ever what is termed an atheist, and as for Master John Keane he was one of the most devil-may-care young fellows I ever met. And yet we hear, and seem bound to believe, that the two men, for the sake of adventure and their own ambitious ends, entered sacred cities, and aped one of perhaps the strictest forms of religious faiths under the sun. It may be that I am seeming to try to make a mountain out of a molehill, but I hope I am not. I am only trying to show that it is almost wonderful that deception can walk so easily hand-in-hand with any true faith—I do not say for all time, but for a very long time; and strange to say, such men as Burton and Keane never even mentioned or thought of Providence in any of their adventures.

It must indeed be a goodly number of years since Mr. (now Sir) Henry Irving gave me an order for two stalls at some London theatre on his own card. It is evident I did not use the seats, or the card would have been given up. I seem to think I must have had the order over a quarter of a century. The world went very well with me then, and Master Irving too was looking forward to the

world going well with him in the coming by-and-bye ; as it has done, and those who know the man and the actor say heartily "We are glad of it."

I see I have a card from William Archer, the noted dramatic critic, and also one from Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree. I have not the slightest remembrance of ever seeing Mr. Tree off the stage, but perhaps he was at one time a struggling author as well as actor ; and I have no remembrance of ever seeing Mr. Archer, but I think perhaps he contributed to my and H. J. Byron's unlucky venture in "Mirth," which brought a sad loss to us both.

Captain Mayne Reid, 21, Clifton Villas, Maida Vale, is written on his card. He was in his time a very good successful novelist. I only published one novel for him, and that was some time after his hand had lost a good deal of its cunning in fiction, for there had been a time when he could make floating islands and headless horsemen a good deal more than fairly interesting.

Mr. W. R. Ralston, of the British Museum, hardly need have left his card, for he was often in my office during a goodly number of years. I knew him when he had at least one, in fact I may say two weaknesses in literature—he had a wonderful opinion of Turgenev, the Russian novelist, and he revelled in Slavonic folklore. I seem to remember he once delivered a lecture on folklore at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, to a rather large and noted audience. It seemed at one time that if Ralston had lived, and kept on with his craze

for Russia and things Russian, that nation should have built a large monument to him.

I see I have quite a number of Lady Barker's cards. That lady was rather an extensive reviewer of fiction for *The Times* in her time, and she was not loth to intimate to publishers that their newest and most important novels might be sent direct to her private residence ; and a goodly, or at least a large, pile of them she must have received during the time *The Times* employed her, to try to satisfy you ; and old writers of fiction, who prayed for *Times* notices every morning of their lives.

The card of Olive Harper, an American journalist, is not nearly so singular as the lady herself seemed to be. She was very American in manners and talk ; in fact, she talked very quickly for a long time together. When she called upon me she was travelling correspondent for a number of papers, amongst them being *Alta*, *Californian Globe*, *St. Louis Graphic*, and one or more papers in New York ; and she had so many plans of travel in her mind that, if she had not an interesting past, she certainly had an interesting future before her, for she seemed to have a desire to encompass the whole world and all in it.

Queen Victoria was quite thirty years younger than she is now when Annie Thomas, now Mrs. Pender Cudlip, was a bright, merry, and light-hearted girl, and a writer of bright, easy-reading fiction, of which she could write almost acres in a short time. But when she found time to write so

much was often a puzzle to me, for she seemed to be always out and about. She was in a bright and merry set at the time, many of whom had "at homes," dinner parties, dances, and merry meetings of different kinds, including some theatre going, and in time there became some speculation as to who would be the lucky man to win the hand and heart of the merry young authoress. At one time it seemed possible that Mr. W. S. Gilbert would win the fair prize ; but that was not to be, and one morning it was mooted abroad that Annie Thomas was married to a clergyman—a serious step I do not think dreamed of by the lady a very long time before the event took place. Be that as it may have been, I well remember that the first visiting cards of the happy pair which I found on my table startled me more than a little. Had the lady joined hands and hearts with any one of at least half a dozen clever young men of the world I could name I should not have been surprised. I seem to remember that Master Gilbert had a little shy at the event in one of his Bab Ballads. At least, I remember one of the lines runs about as follows :—"Henceforth she'll only marry curates." But even though the fair Annie was married to a man who was then, and is now, a hard and earnest worker in his adopted faith, her busy fiction pen was not to be stayed, or hardly halted in its merry career, although it is perhaps not quite so swift as of old ; for I remember the time when Annie Thomas made little boast of being able to write a three-volume novel in about six

weeks. When I mention that a three-volume novel of a fair length contains about one hundred and twenty thousand words, it will be easy for anyone at all versed in penmanship alone to know that that number of words requires a large amount of labour, without reckoning serious thought, to put on paper, and it is quite certain that the most frivolous work of fiction requires some thought and planning to make it any sort of a complete book. It is only fair to believe that Mrs. Pender Cudlip has held her own as a writer of light fiction for at least the last thirty years ; for I feel sure she has got quite a record for her number of volumes of fiction. Twenty years ago I had published close upon twenty three-volume novels for her. Before that time other publishers had published several for her, and since that time she has been continually before the reading public with new fictions. It is not my business, gift, or intention to try to hint at what standing Mrs. Cudlip should take as an English novelist, but I dare on my own part think that when the reading public have given fair support to close upon one hundred volumes even of light fiction from one author, who never outraged good taste, that same author in her old days has the right to write "Author" to her name in all honesty. I do not think I have seen Mrs. Cudlip more than two or three times for over twenty years ; and I have no motive in my poor scribble about her. I knew her as a bright, merry girl, and sincerely hope she is now a bright, merry, and happy woman.

Some few years after I had been publishing for Annie Thomas, the late Mrs. Ross Church, better then known as an author as Florence Marryat, daughter of the famous novelist of his time, came to my office, and in the course of a few years I published several novels for her. She was a fine, handsome young woman at the time, but it seemed that she and Mr. Ross Church did not agree, and were separated. In time the fair Florence, as some of us used to call her, became the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Lean, but that was not a very happy union either, and perhaps ended in about the same way as her first marriage. Florence Marryat made a very good start as a writer of fiction, and certainly bid fair to keep her father's name as a writer of fiction before the reading public ; but in time her writings became very unequal, and I am afraid she never reached the winning post she seemed in years gone by to have in view.

P. T. Barnum's card, with the simple address New York upon it, reminds me of a visit from the great showman some time over thirty years ago. I have mentioned, in another part of these recollections, meeting Mr. Barnum in later years at a City banquet.

The sight of the late Mr. G. W. Godfrey's and his wife's cards does not remind me of a pleasant business incident. I published a novel called "Loyal" for Mrs. Godfrey. It was by no means a great commercial success, but it paid the costs of production, and there were a few pounds to

divide between me and the author. Some years after, when Mrs. Godfrey's book was dead and forgotten, I published a novel, called "A Mad Marriage," for a Mrs. Fleming, and did no better out of that book than I did by "Loyal." However, it seemed that by chance Mrs. Godfrey read Mrs. Fleming's novel, and found in it some likeness to her "Loyal," and, hoity-toity! her solicitor pelted me with letters and threatenings of an injunction and unlimited claims, for injury done. Where the injury was I never could understand, especially as both books were as dead as door nails, and certainly I had had no hand in writing a bit of either of them. I certainly thought that, in all fairness, Mrs. Godfrey should have fought the matter out with Mrs. Fleming. But she would not. I was her mark and victim, and the wretched affair cost me close upon one hundred pounds ; for after we had both obtained almost scores of opinions *pro* and *con* about the similarity of the books, I agreed to give Mrs. Godfrey fifty pounds, and each of us to pay our own costs. Readers of these scribblings will long since have found that the subscriber never fought law cases of any kind in court if he could possibly help it. The money I lost in the trumpery case does not affect me now, but I think now, as I did then, that I did not have a sign of justice in the most unfair claim. Of course, according to law, if there was an infringement of copyright—because I, as publisher, had put my name to both books—I was responsible, and perhaps it is not

bad law that makes a publisher responsible for stolen or vicious matter, when he will not give up the name of the author, or it can be proved that the publisher and author are working together in any unfair act. It might have been that "A Mad Marriage" was a good property, and I had money in hand for the author; but Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey knew "Loyal" was not a property.

I owed them all the publishing accounts of "A Mad Marriage," which proved that that book was not a property either, and, as I have said, both books were dead at the time of the action, and yet Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Godfrey would have pursued me to the bitter end in the matter, had I not hated law and its endless vexations. But strange to say, the settlement of the case with the Godfreys proved to be rather unfair in after years to an old friend of mine, who had purchased "The London Journal," in which "A Mad Marriage" was first printed as a serial. It occurred to my old friend that some of the old serials in "The London Journal" would be as good as new serials for his more modern readers, so he reprinted a number of them, amongst them "A Mad Marriage"; but as soon as Mr. Godfrey found he was doing so, he entered an action against him, and having his not over creditable victory over me to work upon, again got damages; for as a matter of fact, when I settled the matter, I signed no end of foolish documents, thinking that both of the books were dead and buried; in fact, they certainly were for volume form, and no property to anyone.

My old friend was very much vexed when he saw me after the action against him, and learned from me that, even though I had settled the matter in the way I did, I never had a shadow of doubt that I had suffered an injustice, at least as I have said, to the extent of close upon one hundred pounds. Since writing the above I have heard that Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Godfrey are both dead, and I am truly sorry. I would a million times rather a living man cut off my right hand than I would wrong a dead one.

“To introduce to Mr. Tinsley my esteemed friend Mr. Richard Whiting—Justin McCarthy.” I seem to remember that Mr. Whiting wrote some “Star-light Readings” for *The Star*, when Mr. McCarthy was editor, and signed himself “The Coster,” and I also seem to remember that he married a lady whose fortune gave him the chance of being a good deal independent of his pen, and he took the opportunity of being so.

My old friend Miss Glyn was always trying to do someone a good turn, and as often worrying her own life away about a worthless husband. On one of several of the excellent actress’s cards is written, “Dear Mr. Tinsley,—Will you help this lady to some literary work? She is able and good.” The lady was, no doubt, charming; but I have no remembrance of her literary work.

Capt. Disney Roebuck’s card, of the Irish United Service Club, reminds me that the gallant traveller wrote a small volume called “A Theatrical Trip for a

Wager." I think he wagered a sum of money that he would travel so many hundreds or thousands of miles, visit a named number of towns, and be back in England on a named date, and I feel sure I am right in saying that he won the wager.

I am afraid that, after all my trying to prove that I was almost a genial publisher, I shall in these recollections show that I was a good deal the reverse, for here are two cards pinned together from Charles Lamb Kenney and Madame Balfe, which denote a failure in book writing almost lamentable. It will be remembered that for some years before William Michael Balfe died, he and his music had been somewhat in the background of the musical world, but certainly not lost sight of altogether, for then, and even now, "The Bohemian Girl" was keeping his memory green—I had almost written "a good bronze green," a tint of green supposed to be rich, good, and lasting. But he had done nothing in the opera world of much note since "The Rose of Castile." But another circumstance which had told against Mr. Balfe was that his old friends the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company had, if not been disbanded, got weaker in their energies and efforts than they had been years before. Mr. Harrison—never a great actor, but a good singer—had begun to show that age was creeping, if not running, after him, and Louisa and Susan Pyne were not young in their work. Susan had married a handsome young singer, now the well-known Frank Celli, a step not at all good for the husband or the wife. However,

it came as a matter of course that, when the excellent composer died, there was almost a rush for his music ; and it so happened that he had finished a new opera, entitled "The Talisman," before he died, which when it was played proved a good success ; and with the proceeds of that and other music over which Balfe had not lost all control, Madame Balfe was determined if possible to have a good life of her husband written. She, and indeed every one who knew anything about musical matters of Balfe's time, quite thought that Charles Lamb Kenney was the right author to write the life of the man of whose career he knew so much ; and so Madame Balfe sought out Kenney, and paid him a sum of money down to go to work upon the book at once ; and certainly he did work well at first, as long as he had the scant material Madame Balfe had given him to work upon. But when the time came that he should have taxed his own memory, and gone here, there, and everywhere he thought material could be had for the book, he became slow and lax in his efforts, and at times the work was quite at a standstill. As a matter of fact, at that time Kenney was not at all well off, and when Madame Balfe's first advance of money to him had gone, he wanted more, and she, through a firm of music publishers, advanced him a further sum. But still the work did not grow at all fast or well, for Kenney was at that time literary adviser to Frederick Chatterton at Drury Lane Theatre—I am afraid not a very remunerative position. That office

and some other literary work, such as translating and writing librettos for comic and serious operas, and in fact doubtless working hard, was merely a hand to mouth living for himself and family. And at last Kenney and I came to a serious quarrel. He was being paid well to write the work, and by agreement was to have a good monetary interest in it out of the profits. In fact, he bullied me because I would not advance him money, and in the end sent in only material enough for a very poor, thin life of a man about whom there must be heaps of interesting material to be had for the looking. However, I managed, with large type, and very thick paper, and a couple of portraits, to make a presentable-looking volume. But the life of William Michael Balfe has yet to be written, for from the time he wrote "*The Siege of Rochelle*" to the time he wrote "*The Talisman*" was, if I may so term it, an adventurous time for English operatic music. It is a poor speculation to make, but who knows how much better Balfe's operas might have been had it occurred to him and other composers of his time that good librettists are important factors in all kinds of lyrical plays? Bunn, and other librettists of about his standing, moved along in a fairly easy way, and some of their songs have lived from the fact that they now and then contain glimpses of human nature and human feeling. But what could be expected of librettists who were often called upon to write a libretto for as small a sum as ten pounds? And twenty-five or fifty pounds for one of them

was looked upon as princely pay. I seem to remember that Mr. Planché once had an agreement with Mendelssohn to write a libretto for about one hundred pounds, but I think the agreement fell through. I wonder what some of the old librettists would say could they see the returns to Mr. W. S. Gilbert for his share in one of the Savoy operas! I think they would open their eyes in wonderment and almost envy.

Charles Kenney and I, some years ago, were making our way westward one afternoon, when we came upon George Cruikshank looking intently at a pile of buns in a pastrycook's shop window. "What are you looking at, George?" said Kenney. Said George, "I am going to have a penny bun, and I am trying to see which is the largest of the lot."

I suppose Madame Lightfoot, *née* Comtesse Eugenie de Cheeryd Austrasie, is or was a person of importance, for her card is quite an elegant production, with a picture of a coronet printed in colours upon it. It seems the sort of card that would have delighted my old lady friend to exhibit on her green-baized board ; but I have no remembrance of what the business was the many-named lady called upon me about.

Two cards, Pierce Egan, Senior and Junior, are of course neither of them from the author of "Tom and Jerry," who was the father and grandfather of the above-mentioned gentlemen, and lived before my time in literary London. Mr. Pierce Egan, Senior, I knew, wrote some really

interesting "London Journal" kind of fiction, and even if in "The Flower of the Flock," "The Poor Girl," and most of the other stories there were both daring and perhaps somewhat maudlin matter, there was interest enough in them as well to find hundreds of thousands of readers. Mr. Egan, Junior, helped Mr. W. S. Johnson to edit "The London Journal" for some years, but did not live to be an old man. I quite seem to remember that he told me he had christened his eldest son Pierce, so that there were four Pierce Egans in succession ; but the youngest of them has not seemed to put his name forward in literature. But perhaps he is none too proud of being the great great grandson of the author of "Tom and Jerry," nor the grandson of the author of "London Journal" fiction.

On a card from Mr. Moser, the well-known detective in matters matrimonial, but not always happy unions, is written—"Dear Tinsley, did you publish John Brenon's 'Ambrosia Amoris' ?" "No, I did not, Master Moser, and don't you mind me in any way. I happen to have known you too many years not to know what a nice man you are for a small tea party and a divorce case, the latter by you I know much preferred."

Here are two capital what are termed one-handed entertainers' cards—Frederick Maccabe and Charles Duval, both in their best days hard and earnest workers. Poor Duval seemed the last man to dream of who would take his own life ; for he had a charming little wife and daughter, and a dear

loving mother, and he never seemed to tire of working well and bravely for them ; and yet one dark night at sea he jumped overboard, and was never seen again. At the time he was suffering from the results of a severe attack of sunstroke, which had unhinged his mind.

My old friend Maccabe is still alive, and seemingly not tired of his honest work. This is an old story :—I was at the Standard Theatre a goodly number of years ago. Maccabe was there doing his entertainment, and when he was on the stage as a ragged minstrel, a fellow in the pit stalls would talk and interrupt him. One of the attendants was going to drag him out, but Maccabe said, “Let him stay, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,” and that or something did, for the fellow was quiet enough afterwards.

One of the most impudent applications for aid sent me while I was in business was from a fellow whose printed card reads as follows :—“A. D. E. Roche, of — Gray’s Inn Road, earnestly solicits your kind interest for employment as waiter, valet, or any such capacity, having lived in some of the best hotels in England, also with the highest families, and can produce the highest references from the same ; is a total abstainer.” On the back of the card is “A little family in need.” Not a bad form of begging letter, and as the address in Gray’s Inn Road was not printed, but written on the card, it could be used and sent from any other address, or indeed by any other person. In fact, it bears upon

the face of it a close resemblance to systematic begging in a bad form.

Madame A. J. Foli, the wife of the late noted singer, called upon me with reference to a work of fiction she desired to publish. We did not agree about terms, and she had the book published at another publisher's. There was nothing very wonderful in the matter, only that, some few years after, I was talking to Signor Foli in Covent Garden Theatre, and I found he was quite under the impression that I had published his wife's book, and also under the impression that the costs were rather overdone ; however, I was glad not to have been guilty of that one sin, out of not a few laid at my door.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALFRED THOMSON.

On Mr. Alfred Thomson's card, Army and Navy Club, is written, "I will endeavour to meet Mr. Sala at your office at four o'clock." Mr. Thomson was a good artist in black and white, and on wood blocks. I remember Sala called earlier, and asked me to ask Thomson to alter in some trifling ways some wood blocks he had drawn for our, or rather Mr. Willing's, "England in the Nineteenth Century" venture. When I pointed out to Thomson Sala's wishes, he carried them out in the shortest time possible, even to rubbing out and drawing a fresh head to one of the portraits. I seem to remember we had a laugh over the fresh head business, for I asked him if he remembered the fact that, when Greenacre was hanged, one of the enterprising ballad mongers happened to have a portrait of, I think, Mr. Cobden, so he cut off the head of the picture, and put a likeness of Greenacre's in its place, a desecration in art not complimentary to the great Free Trader. Those who remember "The Mask," will remember that Alfred Thomson did some good telling drawing for it. I have written the name as I found it on the card, but I think Captain, or perhaps Sir Alfred Thomson was his name by right. I am afraid I am right too in

thinking that Thomson died in America some few years ago.

I have in my memory at this moment three publishers of literary papers, but I only seem to have two of their old cards. One from Francis, of *The Athenæum*, the other from J. M. Jones, of *The Saturday Review*. But the most interesting old publisher I ever knew was a dear old chap who had published *The Examiner* for thirty or forty years, and perhaps longer. But when I began to be a publisher, *The Examiner* was going down hill fast, and the old publisher had now and then hard work to get a good show of advertisements. So he often looked round to see publishers himself, when his good nature and manners mostly gained him some few, if not a large number of book advertisements. I had many interesting conversations with him, and I seem to well remember he told me he had been at the office of *The Examiner* all through the times of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, the Fonblanques, and Professor Morley. I am sure it was with no disrespect to any of the proprietors, but the old chap always spoke of *The Examiner* as his paper ; as a matter of fact, I think he could have been proprietor of the paper in its later days more than once, had he chosen to take it. In fact, for several years before he died or left, the printers and paper merchants looked more to him than anyone else for payments. John Francis, of *The Athenæum*, never had half the work, as publisher of *The Athenæum*, that my old friend

of the *The Examiner* had, because *The Athenæum* had become an acknowledged great literary paper in England, and all new English and some foreign books were advertised and noticed in it. The difference was that the poor old publisher often almost begged for advertisements, while the publisher of *The Athenæum*, on the contrary, often had so many sent in, with so many requests for certain positions, that he found great difficulty in obliging all his customers ; and it was no use to offend him, for he would then get more autocratic than before. So we as a rule pandered to him. And it was still less use to write to Hepworth Dixon, the still more autocratic editor ; the business part of the paper was in no way his, nor did he want it to be. J. M. Jones was also master of his situation at *The Saturday Review*, and he had to be pandered to now and then, especially when we wanted the whole of the back page of the advertisement sheet, for he mostly had a number of applications on hand for that page at close upon twenty pounds per week. Francis, of *The Athenæum*, could mostly look over the text of his paper, and perhaps, not often, shudder to think what certain publishers would say to him about the notices of their books ; for though Hepworth Dixon and his staff now and then pecked at books a little, there was very seldom a right down slashing bad notice in *The Athenæum*. But poor old Jones, of *The Saturday*, now and then winced a bit when he found one of the best publisher's books cut into

very small pieces. But I never heard him say the reviewer was wrong. It was very strange how much for years the tone of the letterpress of *The Saturday Review* was in keeping with Mr. Cooke, the editor. A young friend of mine had to call upon him, in the Albany, and Mr. Cooke's servant, thinking my friend's business was of some importance to his master, knocked gently at his room door, and mentioned the visitor's name and business, and Cooke's manner to his servant and to my young friend was not of the most cheering. However, if Francis and Jones, as publishers, had six days in the week to face some of the peculiar phases and workings in literary London, they both of them tried to do good work on Sundays, for I had it on good authority many years ago that they both taught in Sunday schools, delivered religious tracts, and preached religious discourses.

How soon some men die out as novelists is somewhat exemplified by the sight of Charles Gibbon's card. Twenty years ago he had, or seemed to have, a very good career before him as a writer of good honest fiction. But I suppose, and hope, Mr. Gibbon found work more congenial to his mind, and more profitable than the work of fiction, that only runs smoothly for the few.

Alfred Whitty's card, of *The London and Liverpool Leader*, reminds me that he gave Edmund Yates an acceptance for about one hundred and fifty pounds, which I was fool enough to discount, and before it came due *The London Leader* was dead,

and both Mr. Whitty and Mr. Yates were in monetary difficulties. This is a sort of recollection not worth a dip of ink, but it is written, and may it hinder some other man from imitating my worse than foolish act.

My old friend John Coleman the actor's card must have been with me a goodly number of years, for the address on it is Duncombe Street, York, and it seems to me he has been stationed in London a good way towards twenty years. John Coleman has had a busy, hard working, adventurous life as actor and manager in the country and London for many years, and when he found the cares of management and acting work almost too hard to go on with, his skilful literary pen was of good use to him.

Isabel Fyvie's name seems to have dropped out of literature. I do not remember ever seeing the clever lady, nor do I remember how her card came into my hands. I purchased the two books I published by her from Mr. Alexander Strahan, of "Good Words" note, and he made quite a mystery about the author, whom, as I was told in after years, he had found serving in a baker's or pastry-cook's shop in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and sending capital matter to Mr. Strahan for "Good Words." The peculiarity of my dealings with the lady's books was that the first one I published of hers was called "The Crust and the Cake." One of her greatest admirers, as an author, was Mr. William

Gilbert, the father of W. S. Gilbert, of Savoy Opera fame, who seemed to think her writings were very much above the average.

Horace Wigan's card reminds me of two capital actors—him and his brother Alfred. The palm for being the best actor was given to Alfred ; but Horace now and then played parts quite as well if not better than his brother could have played them. I refer more to strong, rough character parts. I only remember meeting Mr. Alfred Wigan two or three times, but the difference in the build, dress, and bearing of the two brothers was very marked. Alfred was very smart in dress, manner, and speech, while Horace (especially late in his life) might easily have been taken for an old farmer from the country. Perhaps Alfred Wigan was a good horseman. I remember a good many years ago, when he was at the Olympic Theatre, I saw through my blind in Catherine Street a very smart-looking gentleman on a very handsome black palfrey, and I soon discovered that the gentleman who was *not* master of the horse was our best John Mildmay on the stage, and Mr. Alfred Wigan off. Had the horse been a pie or skew-bald, I might have asked Mr. Wigan to make him do a few tricks for fun at the corner of our street ; but he was not a professional horse—that is, except in champing his bit, frothing at the mouth, and being about as obstinate about going forward or backward as any brute could be. However, I patted and coaxed him, and Mr. Wigan humoured him, and then he pranced away along the

Strand, and Mr. Wigan was safe in his seat as far as I could see him.

Those who remember Mrs. John Wood's essay in management at the St. James's Theatre, I forget how many years ago, may also remember that Mrs. Wood brought with her from America two gentlemen, who both had very good reputations as actors. One of them, Mr. Mark Smith, soon made his way here; for his old Mr. Hardcastle, in "*She Stoops to Conquer*," was a capital performance, rich in tone, and excellent in humour and feeling. But Mr. Barton Hill's *Young Marlowe* was a very poor, thin performance. I happened to have been introduced to Hill before he made his first appearance in England in the part, and there seemed no earthly reason why he should not have, what we used to term, trotted through the part with all the ease and finish possible, for he seemed a well-educated, bright, gentlemanly-looking man; but he failed lamentably. I forget whether Mr. Hill played any other part of importance in England, but when he went back to America, where he became a star actor, he sent me a list of capital press notices of his acting of quite a dozen important leading characters he had played. If bad notices in England ever hurt Hill's feelings, he never seemed to show it. In fact, I met him scores of times during the run of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," which was, I think, about one hundred nights, and he never praised or blamed himself. It will be remembered that

Lionel Brough was very good as Tony Lumpkin, and well noticed for his rendering of the part ; but Master Lal was not over praised I think by Clement Scott. About that time there was a banquet or gathering of actors, critics, and others, and some one called out to Lal, " Glad to see you got such good notices, Lal." " Yes," said Lal, " they are all pretty good, except the one written by that young clerk." Several eyes were fixed at once on Clement Scott, who was close to Lal, and about that time was deputising for Mr. E. L. Blanchard on *The Daily Telegraph*, and was supposed to have written the notice. He was at that time I think a clerk in the Admiralty, and was not, I think, very pleased that Brough had spoken in the way he had. However, if he did not like Lal's Tony, he has liked him in a good many parts since, and said so in no disguised manner.

Charles Collette, late 3rd Dragoon Guards and Savage Club, is on our genial Charles's card. It may be remembered that Collette left the army, and went upon the stage, and in fact, to further identify himself with the dramatic profession, married one of Mrs. Bancroft's clever sisters. I do not seem to remember the nature of Collette's first business call upon me, but I know he called a good many times afterwards with no serious business intention. I see I have almost shoals of letters and cards from Mrs. B. H. Buxton, the author of " Jennie of the Prince's." I published several works of fiction for the clever little lady, whose quite sudden death when

she was not by any means an old woman was a sad shock to those who knew her merry ways.

J. Comyns Carr's card, from Garden Court Temple, reminds me that he was and is well versed in art, and wrote a good deal about it. Perhaps I am right in thinking he was art critic for *The Globe* at that time. Comyns Carr was a good deal concerned with Sir Coutts Lindsay in founding the Grosvenor Gallery, which, like some other projects of the kind, was to settle the question of a home for the rejected pictures from the Royal Academy. But even though there has now and then been a good picture thrown out by the hangers, most of the best painters who have had their pictures returned have bowed to decisions as a rule honestly meant, even if sound judgment has now and then failed.

Soon after Mr. Watts Phillips died, his widow and one of his daughters called upon me about a copyright they thought I held belonging to the estate of Mr. Phillips. I am afraid Watts Phillips was not a very close observer of matrimonial obligations, nor even of money matters, for although often earning a good deal of money as a dramatist, writer of fiction and other literary matter, the several dependents upon him in his life were not always well used, and at his death were left not at all well off.

I have several of Doctor Julius and Mrs. Pollock's cards, from 85, Harley Street. The lady was very anxious to make a name as a writer of fiction, and did write two fairly readable novels

which I published for her. I remember I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Pollock and some friends at Harley Street twice. Mrs. Monckton was there, and was as sparkling in her conversations as the numerous brilliants she wore. Sir Richard Henry was there, the noted Bow Street magistrate. I think he died some little time afterwards. Old Lady Pollock was there also, and the dinner was served quite in a stately manner. I well remember Doctor Pollock was most particular the way his port and claret were served after the ladies had left the table. He went to his cellar for them himself, had them uncorked without disturbing the liquor in the least way possible, and although there were close upon a dozen of us present, would only have one bottle of each opened at a time, and was most particular the wine cradles were passed round the table the way the sun travels.

A good many play-goers remember Harry Jackson, the actor. I think Dion Boucicault brought him, or sent for him, to London to play in "Babel and Bijou." I feel sure Jackson had come from America, or perhaps Australia, to play his part; but when the words were handed to him, he found they were so few that he wondered he was sent for to speak them. At rehearsal Boucicault cut the part again, at which Jackson complained bitterly, when, to mend the matter, Dion cut out all the words, and told Jackson to pantomime it. All the pantomime he had to do was waggle

with a string the tail of some kind of effigy animal or bird that was fastened to a kind of helmet on the top of his head. But Jackson's salary was not the only useless expense in that gorgeous production. There were plenty of high-salaried parts in it that were only worth supers' pay for the good they were to the play, and there was not a man or woman in "Babel and Bijou" who was better noticed than Helen Barry, who was chosen Queen of the Amazons, more because she was more than ordinarily tall, and of splendid proportions. But it must not be forgotten that Joseph Maas had his first chance as a singer in London in "Babel and Bijou"; and the world should have known little Anne Sinclair better than it did as a singer, for she was very accomplished, and had a sweet voice when she was in the great Covent Garden show. Those who knew much about the production of "Babel and Bijou" stood and wondered why Dion Boucicault should be so wilfully wasteful with a generous noble lord's money. Dresses and properties of the most expensive kind were made, and then thrown into corners without the slightest compunction, until the Floral Hall was a huge store-house of expensive but useless things. I forget how much money was expended in trying to make a huge plaster of paris moon, which was to have Lionel Brough, Mrs. Howard Paul, and I think another person seated in it. I am not certain, but I think it was hoped to be a sort of a realistic

man in the moon ; but it was a heavy, cumbersome property, and could not be used, and away it followed the almost scores of other foolish properties of its kind.

Mr. Arthur Bagot, Army and Navy Club, reminds me I published a little sporting book for Mr. Bagot, who promised to recoup me a certain sum if the book were a failure ; and it was. But that was nothing new in the literary world.

I see I have several of the veteran Charles Kent's cards. On one of them is written, "Napoleon at St. Helena." I do not seem to remember the I suppose MS., but I expect I thought at the time that the subject had then been pretty well written about. It will I think be remembered that Charles Kent was supposed to have received the last letter Charles Dickens ever wrote.

I suppose young Mr. Evelyn, the son of William Blanchard Jerrold, had authority to put "correspondent of *Punch*" on the card of his address in Paris. I only mention the matter because I seem to remember that Napoleon the Third was not over fond of *Mr. Punch*, and his now and then satirical, if not scathing remarks and pictures upon the worker of the strings of the Second Empire. I seem to remember too that an elegantly bound set of *Punch* up to that time was not allowed to be exhibited in the first Paris Exhibition. But Mr. Jerrold's, like the famous Goswell Street card, has no date upon it, so I may have received it after Napoleon had left the gay city.

Literary men who have not succeeded, and authors who have succeeded and fallen, would be interesting reading, even if now and then the author drew honest tears, which are no disgrace to any man or woman in the world. Perhaps about ten years ago I was passing up a street off the Strand, when I met a once young friend of mine, and then by no means an old man, and the sight of him for a moment unnerved me. For the moment I began to think of parting with one of the few shillings I had in my pocket, but on looking closely at him, I saw he was not only sinfully dirty, but ragged also. I have always argued that a person in the greatest poverty need not be very ragged, and never dirty. For even very badly patched clothes are no disgrace, but rags are. And not only was the once clean, bright, clever author dirty, but I felt sure was smothered with vermin, for he could not hold a limb still, and was continually rubbing himself; and however bad natured it may have been on my part, I refused him aid of any kind, and was glad to be rid of his presence, but the sight of him haunted me for days. I knew him when he was an editor and writer of some good books, and, as I have said, a clean, bright, and good man enough for any company. I cannot drag myself away from this miserable subject without just a mention of a young authoress I had on my staff years ago. She was of good family, had been well educated, and was a clever author; but she, in the course of time, forgot herself and her position so much that when

I met her in London in later years she was neither clean, tidy, nor sober. And again I passed by a creature who, had she only shown signs of honest poverty, would have had at least one half of my last sixpence, and made me glad and not sad.

If I can make out a good case for an old author, whom I did not know until late in his life, I shall be very glad, for the above poor effort at trying to moralise over lost reputations is sad indeed, and doubtless will give me more blame than praise.

The man I want to try to hold a little brief for is, or rather was, dear, honest John Baker Hopkins. I say was, because death claimed his worried soul some years ago. Poor Hopkins had had a long career as a journalist before I came in contact with him. He had, with another gentleman, edited a paper called *The Index*, which was a noted Confederacy paper during the American war ; was a correspondent for *The New York Daily News*, had held a good position on *The Standard*, helped to edit *The Law Journal*, and had been an important contributor to *Vanity Fair* and *The London Figaro*. But when he came to me, most or all of those occupations had gone, and his chief support for a living was writing short stories of fiction ; and certainly, for the five or six years I knew him, he must have had very hard work indeed to live and support a very delicate wife and some young children. I do not remember that Hopkins ever mentioned his home affairs to me, but I fancy he must have married rather late in life, for he was by no means a young man when he now

and then brought young children to my office. At all events, I took a good deal of interest in him, because even though he was poor, he was always clean and tidy in dress, and he never once showed a sign of pandering to me in any way ; he was always thankful when I printed any of his writings in my magazine, and if he wanted a small sum on account before the regular pay day, he always said he should be glad if I could oblige him. But my poor help to him was by no means enough to keep his then very small household going at all well, for my magazine was only published once a month, and I could not always find room for a story by him every month, and what was worse than all, my old magazine had seen its best days, and the time had gone by when I could afford to, or did, pay at all well for ordinary padding. I hope I am not even seeming to beg this question, but I did my best for my old friend, because even when it was plain enough his clothes were very old and his boots much worn, he always came to my office as clean as a new pin. He made no effort to hide or parade his poverty, but sometimes almost smiled at it. And when misfortune came upon me, and I ceased to issue my magazine, poor Hopkins was, I know, as much distressed as I was. Then I lost sight of him, and, in fact, never saw him again. But when I made another small effort in journalism, his landlady called upon me with a bundle of stories, and told me poor Hopkins was in a very delicate state of health, and that, in fact, she had kept him and his children entirely for

some few months. Times were not at all good with me then, and I had no use for the matter the dear old chap sent. In fact, I had then, and have now, some matter of his that I expect I paid for and did not use. I learnt from the landlady that poor Mrs. Hopkins had died some time before, after being for some time in a very delicate state of health. Even that sad event had not come to my knowledge before. Now, I do not think I have in any way exaggerated what were my feelings and actions with regard to my old friend, John Baker Hopkins. There is an old saying that one story is good until another on the subject is told ; and the comments I heard about my supposed ill-treatment of Hopkins certainly startled me. I was one day alone in a little office I had taken, when a young man walked in, and deliberately accused me of almost, if not quite, starving my old friend to death, and his language was not of the choicest to me. I stood aghast for a moment, and, in fact, dumb-founded ; but the rascal had gone before I could realise what he had said, and as I was then very much a cripple from a badly broken leg, I dared not follow him. I had known the time when such a vile charge would not have escaped without some rough change, but I never saw or heard of the fellow afterwards ; and if my version of the matter ever comes before him, I hope he will at all events regret having made an accusation of which he could not have known the nature.

Some years ago an author confided to me that

he had in his possession, and his own property, an original unpublished poem by William Wordsworth, and I agreed to publish it in my magazine ; and advertised that I was going to do so. But, oh, dear me ! the then William Wordsworth, of Willow Brook, of somewhere, rushed to town, presented his card, and desired to see me at once. I saw him, and I am sure, had the bit of MS. of his great uncle's been in my possession, he would have demanded it from me at once. But it so happened that at that time I had not even seen the poem, for my friend had not shown it to me. I am afraid Mr. Wordsworth and I did not part at all good friends, for as his manner was rather abrupt, so was mine. Even if there were any copyright in the poem, it only required the smallest request from anyone concerned to hinder me from printing it, for I hope I was never in favour of infringing any man's rights or copyright. But there was no copyright in the poem, for it was found, after all, that it was printed in an early edition of Wordsworth's works.

Mr. J. Ashby Sterry's card reminds me that he is perhaps one of the best and most fashionable light essayists and verse writers of the middle and latter part of this century. It seems fairly certain that had Mr. Sterry lived in the old essaying days of *The Spectator* and *Rambler*, his work would have found favour with Addison, Steele, Doctor Johnson, and other wits who knew the true art of essay writing in its most pleasing and instructive

form. At least, there are essays in a little volume I published for Mr. Sterry, called "Tiny Travels," that are I think as good as much of the matter that is in *The Spectator*, *The Rambler*, *The Traveller*, or others of that remarkable series.

I seem to have missed seeing a good many callers at my office I should like to have known, and yet I seemed to be a good deal there in all business hours. I have more than one of Mr. Gilbert Arthur A'Beckett's cards, a gentleman I should like to have known, if only for the pleasure of shaking hands with the son of the author of the comic histories of England and Rome. I do not think Mr. A'Beckett had a more interested reader of his Recollections in *The Sunday Times* than the subscriber; but when he spelt Charles Mathew's name with two t's, I really wrote and told him he was unworthy of two t's in his own name.

Mr. Thomas G. Bowles, *Morning Post* and St. James Street, sounds high up in society. I do not remember Mr. Bowles's business with me, nor have I any remembrance of meeting the great society journalist.

Close upon Mr. Tommy Bowles's card came Mr. Frederick Boyle's, Royal Thames Yachting Club. I seem to remember that Mr. Boyle has travelled very far beyond playing at sailing in ships in smooth waters. Perhaps it was Mr. Boyle who considered I was once rude to him in my office because I ventured to finish a letter I was writing before talking business with him.

Perhaps I was wrong ; still, I have heard that one's own business is sometimes of more importance than other people's.

Perhaps there was no other writer of the middle part of this century who was so nearly being the Mrs. Hemans of her time as Miss Jean Ingelow ; but she was not so prolific with her sweet verses. It seems to me that, had she been so, the world would not even then have had too much of the sweet writer. I published a very fair work of fiction for Miss Ingelow, but it did not have a long life ; Miss Ingelow's reputation was more for poetry than prose.

I have seen in print lately that John Saunders, the reputed author of "Abel Drake's Wife," was a very modest man about his own merits as an author. I published several works of fiction for Mr. Saunders, and I met him hundreds of times, and I never found him in the least degree modest about his own merits as an author. In fact, I do not remember that he even once said, "I think this or that work of mine is fairly good." I always knew there was money at the bottom of his pleadings about his new or old books. But his "This is a very beautiful story" was his estimation of his work as a rule ; and he often added "powerful" to the word "beautiful." If such praise by a by no means great writer of his own work is, or was, modesty, then I must find another understanding of simple meaning words. I published the next three or four works of fiction by John Saunders after "Abel Drake's Wife," and there is hardly a

semblance of the grip or interest in one of them that there is in the above work. In fact, that book was well alive, and being read when the books I published had gone the way of all books of their nature. I am not complaining of my dealings with Mr. Saunders, nor perhaps ought I to throw out any hint about his not being quite the sole author of "Abel Drake's Wife." But I well remember he over and over again told me that he consulted a clever daughter of his about all his fiction, and that she was a wonderfully clever girl. This was proved beyond a doubt when Miss Saunders published literary matter under her own name ; for, although she was not a wonderful writer, her work was very good, and quite of the "Abel Drake's Wife" grip, of which I thought she was part author. As a matter of fact, I do not remember one author I ever had dealings with who could sell poor fiction at such a good price as John Saunders. But modesty about himself, or his fiction, was not one of the best traits in his character ; still, he had worked hard and well in more solid literature before he took to writing fiction. He was one of Charles Knight's best men on "The Penny Cyclopædia" ; in fact, did much better literary work in his younger days than when well on in years.

Edgar Pemberton must have called upon me when he was a young man. I do not remember his business, but I see he is now a well-known man in the dramatic world.

I had several interviews with the excellent artist, Mr. Ford Maddox Brown, and I published the collected works of his son, a wonderfully clever youth, who had a picture in the Royal Academy when about seventeen years of age. And in the book I published, under the title of "The Dwale Bluth," there is some very good literary matter; but I do not think that the clever lad lived to be more than about twenty-one years of age. I seem to remember that young Maddox Brown had quite a fancy for toads, frogs, snakes, and other kinds of reptiles not often found in private houses. In fact, I should think he was the sort of boy Frank Buckland would have been delighted to have had at his household menagerie, for when he was away, the lad would have been in a sort of haven of delight to have fed and cared for Buckland's little zoological collection.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY CARD BASKET (*continued*).

It is rather a large number of years since Mr. Fred Horner, the noted adapter of French plays and the would-be statesman, was not above looking after the most important financial part of a newspaper, *i.e.*, the advertisements, in which he was much interested, and edited; and he was always a good worker in any venture he touched. I hope good fortune has come to him for his undoubted talent and energy combined.

Anyone at all versed in criminal law about thirty years ago must remember Mr. Martin Archer Shee. After his death his son, of the same name, was then old and clever enough to have a fairly good practice at Bow Street and City ways police and other courts; but he soon grew unreliable, and was more fond of pleasure than defending or prosecuting offenders against the law. And at last, in spite of good counsels and persuasions, he got into a bad state of health, and was persuaded to go on a sea voyage; where he went, or whether he returned, has gone out of my memory. However, I liked the young fellow very much, and have always thought that if he had had a good steady aim, he would have run many of the pleaders

of about his own age in the courts very close for place and power.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kingsley's names deserve a good deal more than a passing mention. I published three or four works of fiction of Henry Kingsley's; but none of them were by any means his best work. Readers of Henry Kingsley's books know how good he was at his best, and how thin and dull he was at his worst. The start he made with "*Geoffrey Hamlyn*" should have given him a position as a writer of fiction almost as good as that of his brother, the Rev. Charles Kingsley. But he was not an earnest worker, and at times forgot that his copy was over due to his editor or publisher, and in his later years grew quite unreliable. In fact, he might have been a twin brother of James Hannay, so much did they seem alike in many ways; and I should not like to say which I thought was the cleverer man of the two. I had a notion, from something I saw in my office one day when Kingsley was there, that he and the author of "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through a Looking-Glass*" now and then worked together, for Henry Kingsley had a capital sense of fun and true humour; but I may have been wrong.

I venture to refer again to the mother of the Brothers Brough, for I see I have one of her cards and a letter written close upon forty years ago. Although the dear old lady lived to see generations of her family pass away, and was ninety-five years of age at her death, I can see no

difference in her hand-writing for nearly forty years, for I happen to have specimens of both by me. I published two by no means uninteresting works of fiction for Mrs. Brough, and I had a good try some thirty years ago to get her a pension or a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund; but Mr. Gladstone did not see his way to help the mother of the Broughs. I do not know whether the great statesman had any knowledge that Mr. Brough was for a time in thinking and in fact one with the Frost and Jones rioters in Wales; but he found their outrageous acts must land them and him into prison if he stayed with them. And so one night he got the ringleaders to pass him out of the mob, and after some serious adventures made his way home. Some proceedings were taken against him; but no great harm came to him. But I think Mr. Brough's business was ruined, and so he removed to Liverpool with his family for a time, and from there to London, and was, I think, one of the original staff of *The Illustrated News*, and I feel sure, by a strange coincidence, reported for that paper the Chartist's meeting on Kennington Common.

Devil-may-care Jack O'Shea's card is as unpretentious as the man himself. My old friend has what may be termed seen life in most of its aspects in a great many parts of the world; and being a perfect Bohemian in manners, ways, and habits, has lived, eaten, drank, and slept in all kinds of places, and found favour with all kinds of peoples.. O'Shea was

a good servant to *The Standard* newspaper for some years. He wrote well on social as well as other subjects, and was a capital war correspondent ; he saw a good deal of the inside of Paris when the Germans hemmed in the gay city and its inhabitants with infernal machines, in the form of guns, made to kill men. It is true that there was a notion that O'Shea got out of Paris in a balloon, or in some secret way, some time before the siege was raised, for I heard it declared that more than one of his Paris daily letters and latest news was in *The Standard* when he was in London. However, I think O'Shea swore that it was only his ghost that was seen in Fleet Street ; and I believe so, for Jack was too honest to leave a ghost in Paris to send news for him to have the credit of. After O'Shea ceased to be one of the regular staff of *The Standard*, he made up his mind to try his luck as a journalist in America ; and so a little band of us thought we would give him a little pleasant send off. Mr. Edmund Downey started a subscription, and we got in a nice little sum of money to give our old chum, and to make his send-off more important, Colonel Fred Burnaby, of Khiva fame, was asked, and kindly consented, to be our chairman at a meeting at Anderton's Hotel, and I well remember the gallant soldier and eminent traveller spoke very nicely indeed about his old friend "Colonel" O'Shea. That was the only time I met Colonel Burnaby, and he seemed an excellent fellow indeed ; and he must have looked a

splendid soldier when in full uniform, for even in homely dress he was a remarkable specimen of human nature. Not many days after Colonel Burnaby was with us, he left England to do duty in one of our little wars in Egypt, and the sad news of his death too soon came to hand. Our old friend O'Shea did not find New York a happy hunting ground for journalistic work, and soon returned to his old loves, Fleet Street and the Strand.

Mr. Schultz Wilson, brother of William Wilson, a publisher near the Royal Exchange, was quite a grand card in himself when I knew him some years ago, and I hope he has still some of the life and energy he had then. He was, I think, a member of the Alpine Club, and so, of course, a traveller, and I suppose a mountain climber of some note. I well remember I dined with him and some other friends at the Arts Club in Hanover Square, and Wilson was quite the grand host, and had the dinner served in the most finished way possible. He ordered and inspected all the made dishes, and would make each of us actually choose the portions we preferred, and he was also most particular about the wines, and begged all of us to have any on the card we liked best. I remember one of the Godwins, I think Robert, was with us. Had I not known Wilson well, I should quite have thought he was more than over-doing his hospitality with me, for he paraded me round the smoking room of the club, and introduced me to a good portion of art London or the makers of it at the

time. The fact was, I had just published a pretty little volume of fiction for him, and he tried but failed to make his publisher an important man. I sincerely hope Mr. Wilson is as fond of and can now enjoy the good things of life as of old.

Anyone in search of material about James Robinson Planché should not find it difficult to obtain it from one or more of the children of Mrs. Mackarness, who was, I think, the widow of a bishop of that name. Mrs. Mackarness was Mr. Planché's daughter, and after her father's death she came to me with a bundle of MS. which he had overlooked when he was writing his Recollections for me. The matter is very interesting, but there was not enough for a volume of any dimensions. Mrs. Mackarness was an author of good note, and wrote scores of little volumes of sweet literature. One, called "*A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*," had a very large sale. When I was printing Planché's Recollections he lent me several original rough sketchy drawings, made by himself and others, but I only used one or two of them; the one by Thackeray has some humour in it, but it was done on the spur of the moment, one day when Thackeray and Planché were in Paris together. Amongst the sketches Planché left with me was rather a large, roughly coloured-in sketch, made on the spot, at the time, I think, of the crowning of Queen Victoria; and the veteran author valued it very much—in fact, so much so that we almost had words about it, for

it seemed quite lost for weeks, indeed I think months. But he never ceased to worry me about it, and if money would have settled the matter I would gladly have satisfied him ; but the picture was not a matter of money value to him at all, and we both remembered as well as possible which drawer it was in my writing table I placed it in when he handed it to me. However, when he asked me for it, neither he nor I could find it. I emptied, as I thought, not only that drawer, but all the others in the table. I said I thought he must have taken it away, so he went home and searched, but with no success. So whenever he came to my office he twitted me about his valuable drawing. How ever, it happened one day when he was there, I rummaged in the drawer again, and in doing so pulled out a layer of white paper at the bottom, which proved to be the lost drawing. Then it occurred to us both that I had put it face downwards, and it filled the bottom of the drawer almost exactly, and being white paper at the back, we had neither of us recognised it as it lay until the coloured side came upwards. I am sure the above is rather a foolish incident to make so much of, but it is, I think, just one of the kind that have ere now given great offence, and made bad blood where good should have run smoothly. I feel sure that when Bishop Mackarness died, he left his widow and quite a large family of young children not at all well provided for, and that for a good many years Planché worked hard to help support Mrs.

Mackarness and her children ; for, although Mrs. Mackarness wrote excellent literature, it did not give her a good income.

One of the best known men of his time in the London literary world was Mr. W. H. Wills, a by no means unskilful writer himself, but better known as Mr. Charles Dickens's right hand man in the office of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." In fact, I do not think it is too much to say that Mr. Wills's literary knowledge and capital business qualities were of more value to Mr. Dickens than he has ever had credit for, for it must be remembered that Mr. Dickens did a good amount of travel at the time he was busy writing his books and editing his serials ; and even though a rough make up in advance of several numbers of the periodicals may have been agreed upon before Mr. Dickens left town, they had to go before the public a credit to the great editor himself. Some people may argue that an editor can edit his paper or periodical some hundreds or thousands of miles away almost as well as on the spot. I cannot help saying I am sure he could not. I am aware that Mr. Dickens always chose serial stories for "Household Words," and in his time for "All the Year Round," but there is plenty of evidence of excellent editorial work in all the volumes of "Household Words," and all of the "All the Year Round" volumes, that bear the name of the author of "The Pickwick Papers" as editor only, and so I take the liberty to think that, when "Household Words" and

Charles Dickens's name is mentioned, the name and good work of William Henry Wills should not be forgotten. I had several literary business dealings with Mr. Wills after my brother Edward's death, and I can safely say he was no mean hand at making a bargain. Not many weeks before my brother Edward died, he gave a rather large garden party at his private house at Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Wills were there. Mrs. Wills, as is well known, was a Miss Chambers, a sister of William and Robert Chambers, in their lives the famous publishers of Edinburgh and London, and founders of "Chambers's Journal," a periodical that has, perhaps, better graced the light literature of England, and for a longer time, than any work of its kind ever published. At the party at my brother's almost everyone was in a merry mood. There was dancing and some very good singing. But there was rather a good joke against Mrs. Wills. Some of those present seemed to quite know she was a one-song bird, and was not above going through it in her rather broad Scotch manner; and so, after being tempted for some time, she appealed to her husband, and he said, "Oh, sing it, my dear, if you like." The version of the song was as clean and amusing as possible, but some of us there knew another version of it, and I am sure Mrs. Wills never knew why we laughed so much. However, there was so much merriment that she broke down not far beyond midway in her story. Mr. Wills said, in the coolest manner possible, "I thought

you would break down, my dear." Several of the company stayed till very late in the evening, and a good part of the next morning. Some of the merry gentlemen, in fact, stayed and saw the sun rise the next morning. The help to that unwise proceeding was brought about by the arrival, late in the evening, of James Hannay, John Boosey, and James Davidson, the husband of Arabella Goddard, and noted musical critic. It appeared they had dined at Richmond the night before, and if they had had any refreshment in the way of sleep or cold water, they did not show much sign of those ever refreshing medicines. However, they soon settled down for another night of it.

Master Gus Mayhew was my brother's right-hand man at that fatal party, and a right down merry devil he was. But a few weeks afterwards I saw him in a very different mood, for his burly form trembled and his lips quivered as he stood by the side of the coffin which held all that remained of his young host, who had for some years before overtaxed his strength, mind, and brain, and was stricken down, I dare not say without more than one previous warning, and passed away without the power to say a parting word to a loving wife and children, or a friend of any kind. I dare not assume to blame my poor brother at this date, but I did so very much at that time, for his was a valuable life to his young wife and children, as he was then a young and brilliant man.

I have mentioned my old friend, the late Mr. Jonas Levy's good work in connection with theatrical benefits in another part of this work, but I hope a few words about his rather remarkable career may not be out of place. It seems that when a very poor boy he sought employment from Mr. Levy, who in years gone by was a noted contractor for the collecting of tolls at the toll-gates and bars in and about London, and who found him such a willing and clever lad that at his death he left him a large fortune. I think it was said that the boy's name was not Levy, but that Mr. Levy induced him to change it to Levy about the time he decided to make him his heir.

I do not seem to remember who had the control of the letting of the toll-gates and bars, but I suppose the Woods and Forests Office. They were as a rule let for so many months or years by contract to the highest bidder, and Mr. Jonas Levy's master or patron was for many years one of the most successful toll contractors at least on the north and west side of London and a number of miles out. I am afraid these recollections have too plainly shown that I have been employed in a good many ways, and nothing in particular. When quite a boy I often collected tolls at the gate in our village, but I was only a boy deputy for an uncle of mine, whose name I have mentioned early in this work. He was a toll-gate keeper for many years for Mr. Levy and other contractors on the north and north-west roads out of London. My uncle was very fond of a game

of whist in the evening at one of the old taverns close by, and on the evenings when he was pretty sure the road would be tolerably free from traffic, he used to leave me and one or more of his own sons in charge of the gates. We of course knew all the charges very well, but the moment any difficulty arose, or was likely to arise, one of his sons could fetch his father in two or three minutes. At that time, if any London cabman drove his cab beyond a certain number of miles out of London, he or his fare was liable to one shilling and ninepence duty beyond the ordinary toll of eightpence. Now, it so happened that the extra charge, or most of it, was claimed by the toll-gate keeper, and when we boys were alone, if a fare of the kind came along, my uncle used to share between us a good portion of the one and ninepence, which was our chance for a good feast of sweetstuff, and we used to have it.

It was curious that Mr. Jonas Levy should have changed his name, because he was by a great many people supposed to be one of *The Daily Telegraph* Levys, but he was no relation to those Levys, who are now better known as Lawsons. I see I have one of Mr. Joseph Levy's (of *The Daily Telegraph*) cards introducing Mr. Felix Whitehurst, the for a good many years correspondent for *The Daily Telegraph* during the reign of Napoleon the Third. In fact, as I think I have mentioned before, Mr. Whitehurst and his clever wife were for a long time close and much trusted friends of the

Emperor and Empress Eugenie, and, as a matter of fact, when there appeared in Mr. Whitehurst's letters from Paris fashionable gossip about dress and smaller domestic matters, that matter had often been hunted up and written by Mrs. Whitehurst. At least, the lady told me so herself.

I have mentioned in another part of these recollections that I published two books by Mr. Felix Whitehurst, but not until after his death. I also published three or four chatty sporting volumes by his brother, Mr. Fred Field Whitehurst, who received many kindnesses from Mr. Joseph Levy. It is pretty well known that Mr. Joseph Levy and his son Edward, now Sir Edward Lawson, were not the actual founders of *The Daily Telegraph*, but it was they who made it the property it now is; at least, they, with a very clever band of young authors, soon made *The Telegraph* a fact in journalism which they themselves could hardly have dreamed of when the paper was almost forced upon them, for, it was said, a sum owing for printing. Certainly the money paid for it could hardly have been gigantic, considering that Lionel Brough has always declared that Colonel Sleigh, one of the original founders, offered him a large share in *The Telegraph* for a few shillings, or a cab fare. I well remember the somewhat primitive office of *The Daily Telegraph* in the Strand, and when now I almost by chance pass by the gigantic office in Fleet Street, I cannot help saying, "Well done, but fortunate father and son, Mr. Joseph and Edward Levy," and with their names come into

my memory Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, Horace St. John, Charles Brown his brother-in-law, George Augustus Sala, dear little Jeff Prowse, Edward Dicey, Godfrey Turner, E. L. Blanchard, and doubtless I could remember more heroes of the pen who have long gone to, I hope, sweet rest. I think only two of all those I have mentioned above who helped to make *The Daily Telegraph* are alive—Sir Edward Lawson and Mr. Edward Dicey.

Mr. Charles J. Dunphie's card reminds me of one of the most nervous men I ever met; he was at times crotchety to a degree. I have often said to him, "Why are you so miserable?" and his answer as a rule was, "I don't know, Billy; I don't know," and I do not think he did, for he used often to trouble himself about small complaints that few people die of. He was, I think, art and dramatic critic for *The Morning Post*, and brother of the for many years literary editor of the same paper, but the latter spelt his name J. H. Dumphy, so that the names and correspondence of the two brothers should not get confused. I published two volumes of essays for Mr. Charles Dunphie, much in the form of those I published for Mr. Ashby Sterry; and even though I have seemed to find fault with my excellent friend, I have no intention of putting one blot upon the memory of one of the most just men I ever met, as also was his brother, the literary editor of *The Morning Post*, with whom I had many literary and other pleasant dealings. Mr. J. H. Dumphy was also a very nervous man, and he also let little things

in life worry him. But he had one serious monetary trouble that he often told me about; in fact, it was in the law lists I think for almost years, at least for a long time, and it was strange that Mr. Dumphy should have been led into such a disaster, for he was himself a barrister, and yet he, as a trustee to an estate, let the heiress to the money draw upon him for a much larger sum than was due to her before she came of age, because she wished to get married; and, in fact, I seem to remember that the husband and wife gave Mr. Dumphy an agreement for him to deduct or for them to repay the money at a certain time. But when the time came they both repudiated his claim, and, it not being legal, the court agreed with them. Dumphy was by no means a poor man, but the ingratitude and the loss worried him for years. Doubtless hundreds of trustees have done the same foolish acts, but they have, as a rule, not lost their money. Of course, had Mr. Dumphy lent the money privately through a friend, the claim could not have been disputed; at least, it would seem that some such plan would have shielded him against loss.

One of the earliest contributors to "Mirth" was a Mr. J. A. Schofield. He sent one almost very funny contribution from Paris, and Byron quite thought he had found a writer whose literary humour would grow as he went on, but by the time we had printed his third story, we found his talent for humour and fun was limited, and when I printed a rather long three-volume novel for

him, I found he had by no means made hosts of readers.

But, as they say in racing parlance, I must quicken the pace. Here are four cards from four different gentlemen, and I do not remember seeing one of them. On one of them is written "Leopold Wagner." I do not know whether he was any relation to the famous Richard Wagner, who, when alive, was none too well treated by musicians in this and various countries, but his works are now much better appreciated than those of many who pooh-poohed him. Who Monsieur Justin Amoro was I have no notion. Nor do I remember seeing Lieut.-Colonel Outchlerlong, late of Royal Artillery, but he evidently called or sent to my office on some business matter.

I seem to remember having some business dealings with Mr. Pericles Tzikos, editor, "Minerva," Rome, 375, Nazionali. I see on a card from Mr. Tom Nicols, of the British Museum, that he asks me if I will accept for publication "A History of the Seven Capital Sins." I expect I told him that the work did not seem much in my way, but I certainly might have added that I was guilty of that number and more sins—in fact, as many as the flesh is heir to.

Here are four cards from the same number of young lady authors, who, but for their all being children of noted men of letters, would not perhaps have tried to walk the thorny path of literature, where fame is very uncertain and

vexations very sure. Miss Iza Duffus Hardy is a daughter of Sir Thomas Hardy, who held for many years a good position in the Record Office, and was much respected. She seems to have held her own fairly well as a writer of fiction; but I am afraid neither Miss Mary Lemon (daughter of the editor of *Punch*), and a good Falstaff without padding, nor Miss Mary Hepworth Dixon (daughter of the for a long time editor of *The Athenaeum*), nor Miss Fanny Lablache, if not a daughter, one of the once famous singers, I think a descendant or relation in some way, any one of them made any great way as writers, but if they did I shall be delighted to be contradicted. But I think I may tell the sons and daughters of men and women of good literary note that they cannot trade upon their fathers' and mothers' names for any length of time. The sons and daughters of tradesmen may learn to be good traders, and trade for generations upon the good names of their parents; but the profession of literature cannot possibly be learnt, and strange to say, is not at all often inherited. In my time as a publisher, and I suppose it is so now, the sons and daughters of literary men and women always got respectful hearing for their young literary efforts, but it was rare to find one of them with a semblance of the talent of their parents. I see Miss Dora Russell still keeps before the public as a writer of fiction; she has been a very fair and steady writer for a goodly number of years. She was a very charming woman when I published three or four of her earliest books.

Mrs. Otto Booth, wife of the noted violinist in his time, who writes under the name of "Rita," must have a very fair record as a writer of fiction, and if I dare class her with some half-dozen lady authors of about her own stamp, I think I could easily place her name first, unless Mrs. Lovett Cameron should have top place for always better diction, and perhaps as a rule more homely sentiment. I published several works of fiction for both the clever little ladies, and I think I may say that our business dealings were of a very pleasant kind. I published two novels for Mrs. Molesworth that were above the average of fiction, but they had no very long life in them. The lady made much more headway as a writer of children's story books; in fact, for some years Mrs. Molesworth's story books have been looked for as much as those of any English writer. Indeed, I hope there is still a great demand for her works, even though it is a goodly number of years since she published her delightful little book, called "The Cockoo Clock." Close upon Mrs. Molesworth's card comes one from Mrs. Annie Edwards, a clever writer, who had, if I may term it, several moods of writing. I well remember that, when rather a young woman, she published some two or three almost flippant stories—at least, one called "The Morals of Mayfair" was a good deal that way. Then she wrote a story for me, called "Miss Forrester," that was quite of the sensational order. After that she wrote "Archie Lovel." The work in that book, well followed up, would have given her a

capital stand as a writer of fiction, but she then halted on her way again to the stand she should have had, and yet soon after came a very good story, called "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," in which there is a good deal of reputation, but after that book came another of her smaller moods in writing. However, I hope by this time the undoubtedly clever lady has laid aside her pen, and is able to rest well on her well-earned laurels.

Mrs. Phillips's card reminds me of one of the most prolific verse writers I ever remember. Her work did not reach a very high level, but it was curious how carefully and well she turned her lines and rhymes, and was as a rule readable. She was the widow of Phillips, the artist, of Norwood. It seemed Edmund Yates knew Mr. and Mrs. Phillips well, and when Mrs. Phillips was a widow he put her verses forward whenever he could, for I think she was not left at all well off. I see I have some of the lady's verses that have not yet been printed.

I forget whether Mrs. Robert Wyndham is alive, but I hope so. What a splendid woman of business she was in her younger days when in Edinburgh! I think I first met her at Mr. Toole's house, or he introduced her to me somewhere. In any case, I remember she had two or three of her daughters with her, so I told Mrs. Wyndham I would give them some books to read on their way back to Edinburgh. I remember one morning Toole came into my office and said, "Come on, Bill. Mrs. Wyndham is staying in a street off the Strand."

The moment we entered the room she took hold of Toole, and galloped him round the table three or four times, then banged him down on to a chair, and said, "And they say we are old, Johnny," and in the same breath told one of her girls to get out the whiskey. I think I am right in saying that Toole did more and better work with the Wyndhams at Edinburgh than in any other theatre before he came to London, and Mrs. Wyndham was as a rule in the farces with him, and he told me many times that she was a capital hand at inventing new lines and new business for laughs. I well know she got a laugh against me that stuck to me for some time. The Wyndhams were not old, but with Mrs. Wyndham's good work in the theatre, and Master Robert's keen eye for picture buying and selling, they had made a fortune, and came to live in London. As soon as they were fairly settled in The Boltons, down Brompton way, Mrs. Wyndham gave an "At home," and a card of invitation was sent to me at my office. I was so foolishly curious about the invitation that I wrote at once to Mrs. Wyndham, and asked her in what way I was indebted to her for her favour to hand. The fact was, that for the moment I had forgotten that my friends had come to live London way, and there was a rather notorious Mrs. Wyndham about at the time, and I thought the invitation was of an impertinent character. However, I had not long to wait to find out my blunder, for Mrs. Wyndham sent my letter on to Toole, and then the play began.

"Mrs. Wyndham's compliments, and she has no desire," etc. ; Toole, "Dear Bill, Mrs. Wyndham says," etc. And when a few nights after I met Mrs. W., her "Dear Lady Disdain" was of the most disdainful kind. "No, she would not look over the," etc. However, we all had a good laugh, but at my expense. Hey Presto ! a remembrance of Home, the spiritualist, whose "Incidents in my Life" I published. I had several visits from the wily gentleman, but I did not discuss his semi-conjuring humbug. If there had been no more spiritualists in the world than I sold copies of Home's book, they would not have been numerous or strong enough to have done much harm. The last time I saw Home was when an old woman had got him in the Court of Chancery about the fortune he had obtained from her, and had to return, or the portion I suppose he had not expended. Certainly the old woman looked a poor, silly old mortal, and when asked a question by the counsel why she did this or that foolish act said, "Daniel (meaning Home) persuaded me to do it."

CHAPTER XV.

MY CARD BASKET (*continued*).

Not long ago I heard of the death of my old friend, Henri van Laun, who was a wonderfully well-read man in many subjects, but one of the most erratic working literary men I ever knew. He seemed to devote about one half of his life to hard literary work, and the other half with any sociable comrades he could find in any of the old literary haunts in and about the Strand. I suppose Mr. Vandam will not dispute that van Laun gave him much of his start of life in literary London; in fact, I remember when young Vandam did a good deal as his old patron desired him in literary work. But it is only fair to him to say that the always energetic young writer rather early in life began to travel his own way. I do not seem to remember when I first became acquainted with van Laun, but it was some years before he edited a beautiful edition of Voltaire's plays, and translated Taine's "History of English Literature." I have known him when in a working mood work almost day and night for a whole week; and hardly have one sleepy nod, and when in another mood I could find him, early and late, talking well, and throwing work and care to the winds.

The name of Tinsley was almost a curiosity when I first came to London. There was only one or two of that name in Kelly's Post Office Directory, and the first card with Tinsley printed on it was handed to me by an Irish gentleman, who, I found out, was at the time Mayor of Cork. Being in London, and seeing my name advertised a good deal, he said he thought he would call and ask me if I could give him any sort of clue to the origin of the name of the Tinsleys. I soon convinced the worthy mayor that he and I were in no way related, and he seemed to be a good deal perplexed about his family line. There may be doubts as to whether Henry S. Leigh ever had a visiting card. Those who doubt his ever going to so much expense may take it from me that I have one of his, but it is a rather primitive affair, and his name is written, not printed on it.

There is, and I hope will be for a good many more years to come, a notable looking man, but an excellent fellow, a good deal known in the Strand and at the theatres, not half a bad scribbler, and had he not been blessed with ample means for most of the comforts of life there might have been before now a good history of the Haymarket Theatre, for I remember some years ago he had collected a good deal of valuable material for the work. Yes, Master Linging, it is of you I am scribbling. I could not pass you by. You would not pass me I am sure if you could help it ; at least, you have not done so this many a year.

There was an idea that for many years Mr. Frank Toole, brother of the famous comedian, did little else but act toastmaster (as his father did before him) in the City, and try to advertise his brother in every way possible. Poor Frank would shout in the theatre now and then to get calls for Mr. Toole, so much so that I more than once heard his brother tell him he need not shout quite so loud. Frank Toole's card has on it "East and West India Dock Company, Cargo Department, Dock House, Billiter Square." But whatever money Frank earned, he and his large family needed it, for he seemed always to have sickness and trouble in his house ; and, indeed, had he not have had his brother's purse open to him for years, he would have often been in poor straits. I wonder if these lines will meet the eye of Miss Mary Rowsell. If so, I have the MS. of a novel of hers. "Gone away" has been the answer to addresses I have written to her about it. Edward Terry's card has on it, "Dear Tinsley, the bearer is the friend of mine I spoke to you about the literary business." Two dear old ladies wrote a book each for me—Mrs. Thomas Hookham and Miss M. Cooper. The former's "Life of Margaret of Anjou" was an interesting book, but not enough so to find much favour with the reading public ; Miss Cooper's "Life of Sir Thomas Wentworth" fell very flat from the press. The strangest part of the matter was that I never saw Miss Cooper after a few weeks from the publication of her book. Mr. Alexander C. Ewald's card reminds me that I published for

him, in two handsome volumes, a "Life of Sir Algernon Sydney," and also a couple of three-volume novels. I was sorry to hear some time back that Mr. Ewald had died a by no means old man—he was very bright when I saw him last. The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maquoid were familiar names to me and in the literary world. Some years ago Mr. Maquoid and one of his sons were good artists in black and white, and Mrs. Maquoid wrote very fair fiction indeed. I mentioned Mr. Vandam a few pages back when recollecting Mr. van Laun. I have before me a reminder that he wrote for my magazine a series of stories on some old classic legends, and I reprinted them under the title of "Amours of Great Men." There is capital matter in the volumes, and there is also matter the author would not be proud of now. On Mr. J. Drummond Duff's card he says he will call and see me the next day to go and see Mr. Toole on a matter of business. I expect it was another case of having written a play with a part in it to suit Mr. Toole splendidly. However, the business has not left a notch on my memory. When I first knew Lin Rayne, the actor, he was a clerk in McMillan's publishing office. He was by no means a bad actor, and played several parts very well. But he seemed born to play "Sir Benjamin Backbite," he was so very good in the part.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, the noted labour representative, asked me to publish in pamphlet form the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone's articles, entitled

“The Paths of Honour and Shame,” which the great statesman had given to the Labour League, of which Mr. Broadhurst was secretary. But strange to say, that even though the article was a good deal talked about when in the magazine, very few people cared much for it in pamphlet form, for it had a very limited sale. I see Captain James Newall, from the Isle of Wight, called upon me several times respecting different books I published for him. The gallant captain was a sad cripple. It appeared before the accident he was a very resolute horseman, and was very fond of hog hunting when in India; and after a day of that sport he with other officers had returned into the barracks yard, when the gallant captain’s horse reared up and fell back on to him, and broke or injured his back so much that he never regained the use of it. Of course, the spinal cord was not severed, so he could be propped up a certain distance without much discomfort. But he had to be carried in a well-contrived chair wherever he desired to go; and strange to say, even though in such a seemingly helpless condition, at least as regards helping himself, he was quite a traveller, a most expert fly fisher for salmon and trout, and an excellent shot and sportsman in other ways. I published two handsome volumes for Captain Newall, one called “Hog Hunting,” and the other “Eastern Hunters.” I think they are rather scarce and valuable volumes now. I also published a novel for him that had a fair sale, and I also published a work of fiction for one of his brothers.

During the time I was publishing for Captain Newall, his father called upon me on some business matter for the captain ; and he was very much concerned about his crippled son, who he said had, before the accident, a fine career as a soldier before him ; and I seem to quite remember that the wonderfully fine, handsome old soldier told me he had at that time four or five sons officers in the army, and that he himself was then in the service. I see I have several of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's cards, an author who, had he never read a line of Dickens, and relied entirely upon his own undoubted ability as a pourtrayer of character in fiction, should have become a novelist of more than ordinary standing. But he saturated his mind so much with Dickens's matter that the master hand was often visible in the work of the idoliser. Mr. Farjeon's love of Dickens's works reminds me of a young writer I knew years ago whose love of Thackeray's works was so great that he actually started to not only write, but print, a work of fiction in look and size an exact imitation of Thackeray's serial form of "Vanity Fair." I feel sure he never found a publisher, but I well remember having a made-up partly-printed specimen number in my office, but I quite forget what became of the foolish young man's worse than foolish idea. The what is called bump of imitation is never good when it succeeds even in the imitation of mechanical work. But he who tries to imitate genius or even fair talent in actual brain work always luckily fails ignobly ; and yet, strange

to say, when two or more authors write a book or even a play together, it is almost impossible for anyone to single out the work of each man. In such cases, as a rule, both authors should be clever men, and their work should be so well welded together that the joins are invisible. But here is a case where one man was undoubtedly clever, and the other was the subscriber. I had for some time a series of articles on time subjects running in my magazine, written by a clever author, but it often happened that I had to fill in quite long paragraphs. Certainly I would never have dared to write one of the articles in full, and yet several times when I pointed out to my author what I had done, he said, "I should never have noticed the additions," and, as a matter of fact, I could not now, nor do I think could the author, point out my bits in the articles. Of course, in such cases, the imitator is only working upon the mind of the original, and shows not an atom of talent of his own, but I am on very dangerous ground. Just one more idea of imitation. Perhaps there is no man living more easy to imitate for a few moments at a time than Sir Henry Irving. But those who think they can imitate the great actor right through any one of the numerous parts he plays had better set themselves the task, but not before an intelligent audience. Imagine the best mimic of Mr. Irving that is known being allowed by Mr. Irving to go on to the stage to impersonate him throughout "The Bells." In about five minutes the boy in the back seat of the gallery would say,

"That ain't Irving, I know!" Imitation of men or women is only just amusing when the originals are not present. No better answer to mimicry was ever given than the one I have before referred to, when someone had the effrontery to imitate Mr. Buckstone in his presence, and he asked what he thought of the imitation, and said it was not bad, but he thought he could do it better himself.

One of the best and most enterprising actor managers years ago was young Edward Saker, of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. He was the husband of the clever Mrs. Saker, who, with one or more of her sons, has now a good position on the London and country stage. She was a fairly well-known actress when she played under her maiden name of Marie O'Burne. Of course, our Ted Saker was descended from the excellent old theatrical stock of Sakers who did always good work on the stage in the Kean's, the Kemble's, and Macready's time, and perhaps before those stars whose brightness is not yet quite dimmed. When I first knew Edward Saker he and Lal Brough were called "The Twins" in Liverpool, simply from the fact that they were mostly together on and off the stage, and I seem to remember they used to play in a dual entertainment under some such title as "The Twins." That was about the time when "Caste" and more than one other of Tom Robertson's comedies were tried in Liverpool before they shone so brightly on the London stage, and Robertson was, as I have before mentioned, not even dreaming that

the first nights of "Society," "Caste," and several of his other plays would be important events in the history of theatrical London, and young Sydney, now Sir Squire Bancroft, was a general favourite with all the ladies of any theatrical company ; he was so because they could make him run here, there, and everywhere for them, even to buying them little luxuries in the way of cakes and sweets ; was not dreaming of becoming the husband, or, as he used jokingly to say, "the consort," of one of the brightest actresses on the English stage, and certainly was not dreaming of being in the future master of two important London theatres, and that he and his clever wife would one day retire with a well-earned fortune and title, and live in an important London square, and be noted people in London society.

Alexander Henderson was trying his luck at one or more Liverpool theatres the first time I was on a visit there ; but he gave up management in Liverpool in despair. H. J. Byron took his place, but he too soon deserted the Liverpudlian theatres for London. Henderson and Byron were men who would never be poor, or at least show it if they could help it. When Henderson came to London he went into partnership with I think a Mr. Blackmore, a theatrical agent, but there was not a heap of money in agencies at that time. However, Alec was none too well off, and when Byron came to London he was in about the same condition ; so he asked his old

pal Alec to lend him a fiver, and he did so with as much ease and freedom as if he was a millionaire. Byron's version of the affair was a good deal better than mine, and he assured me that he did not believe that Alec had another pound to help himself with after he had parted with the fiver, but he would not seem poor. Byron soon repaid his old chum, and, as is well known, fortune soon came to Byron and Henderson. I cannot help telling one strange story about Alexander Henderson. It was well known that his random love affairs were rather numerous, that there were quite two or three women who were mothers of his children. As a matter of fact, when he had married Lydia Thompson, who was prepared to work hard and well for him, he would not run straight on his matrimonial lines, and one day, when he and I were having a rather serious talk about a family matter of his, actually assured me that he was the most unfortunate devil alive in his domestic affairs. Yet he had a capital wife, who was ready to almost slave her heart out for him. However, death soon after ended his not over gallant career.

Sir Randal Roberts, *Bart.*, (Toole used to say in one of Byron's plays, "What's a Bart?") is printed on one of the then rather well-known author's cards. I seem to remember that the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph* employed Roberts as a correspondent during the Franco-German war, and I seem to remember that he was killed, or very

nearly so, outside of Metz, perhaps three or four times, such a dare-devil was he, according to his own showing. However, if the gallant young Bart. did a trifle over-colour some of his war pictures, there were doubtless some truths in the background, only the smoke of the powder hid them. I am afraid the prefix to Roberts's name did not always bring him good fortune in literary London, but he worked hard, and if he did not make a fortune he has deserved it. Some people seem to think there is some consolation in that—I do not.

Mr. Gilbert is printed on one of the in his time veteran author's cards. He was the father of W. S. Gilbert, of Savoy opera fame. But for almost always having a craze of some kind, or something or some one to dispute about or with, he should have made a notable reputation in literary London. He was one of those curious people who over-love or over-hate ; there was no father medium about him ; his friends were all good men and true, and his even often supposed enemies were scoundrels. I have mentioned that he quarrelled with Messrs. Smith and Son about a business matter, and he was delighted his son seemed to hint at Mr. W. H. Smith in the character of Sir Joseph Porter in the opera of "H.M.S. Pinafore." But his worst craze was against the Established Church of England. His prejudice against it was so strong that he laboured for years to prove that much of the monetary support of the Church, and especially the Bishop of London, was the rents of public-houses,

and, very much worse, disreputable dwellings in the City of London and Westminster. I believe at the time there was some truth in Mr. Gilbert's assertion about certain old houses in Westminster, but he over-loaded his brief against them, and his statements were now and then not credited, and when he was right in facts, the hand of demolition was hard at work rectifying certain disgraces that time was sure to efface, yet Mr. Gilbert would not see that it is hardly fair to blame a present generation or decade for the faults of the past. At least, it seems to me that when we see a wrong is being righted or swept away, it is better to glorify the present than to even stoop to curse the past. Plenty of us living remember well when there were acres of slums in Westminster, where in open day it was not safe to be, and at night dangerous in the extreme. But there were plenty of others of the same kind in St. Giles's, Drury Lane, and off Holborn Hill, both ways—Leather Lane to wit; there are not a few of the same kind away down East at the present time, and perhaps it is not too much to say that in the best civilised times to come, great cities will have slum quarters to deal with, and perhaps not find it easy to efface them.

I published a bulky volume on church matters for Mr. Gilbert, called, I think, "Disestablishment," but I am sure it did not remove a stone or a brick out of "The Church," but it removed some money out of my pocket, for it failed dismally. But I cannot part with these recollections of Mr. Gilbert in

any bad humour or bad feeling. I published two or three clever books for him, and they only just missed hitting the public; besides I published them with my eyes open, and I do not, and will not, blame a man who is no longer able to speak for himself.

I just remember there is rather a good story told about Baron Grant, who in the days of his prosperity built a mansion called, I think, Kensington House. In fact, it seemed the house was too large for anything except a Royal Palace, and it was not cared for for that purpose, so was demolished without ever being occupied. Part of the house stood upon some land that once held a very poor slum, and it was found hard to get the tenants to clear out. So Grant or someone hit upon the happy idea of giving the tenants the houses they were occupying; but with the distinct understanding that they each took their house away with them in a given time. The seemingly pleasant physic worked well, and the land was soon at the disposal of the owner.

The name of Miss Frances Power Cobbe is on a card, and is a strong one in literature. At least, the Miss Cobbe has held her own as a notable journalist and historian for a good many years. Miss Frances Cobbe was, I think, a niece of hers, and had she lived, might have done something in literature not to disgrace her aunt's good work. She wrote two or three rather good little essays for my magazine, but was in rather poor health at the time.

I see in the left-hand top corner is printed the word "Large," and in the right-hand corner "Felicitations," and in the left-hand bottom corner "Visite," in the right hand corner "Condolences." "Farewell" might have been printed on the card, for I hardly think I saw the lady afterwards, but was told she did not survive a terrible operation she had gone through.

Being rather well-known in theatrical London, and knowing a good many of the profession in America, I had a goodly number of messages and introductions brought to me from America. I remember Miss Calhoun brought an introduction to me, asking me to give her an introduction to Mr. Irving. I told the lady I would do so with pleasure, but she explained she wanted to play leading business. Such being her intention, I told her it was useless for her to see Mr. Irving, for, as she could see, Miss Ellen Terry was leading lady at the Lyceum. It seemed that Miss Calhoun had for some time played second to Adelaide Neilson in America, and had often played lead for that lady when she was out of the bill. But as Miss Calhoun was not known in England, I strongly advised her to have a matinée, and play one or more of her favourite parts ; she pooh-pooh'd my suggestion. But she was not long in England before she found my advice was not bad, for she had a matinée, and was I think soon after engaged at the Haymarket Theatre. Another very good actress who came to me from America was Miss Rose Eytine. She gave a good rendering of Nancy Sykes in a poor

dramatic version of "Oliver Twist" at the Olympic Theatre, and almost as a matter of course lost some money. Afterwards Mr. J. S. Clarke let her play Beatrice to Barry Sullivan's Benedict at the Hay-market Theatre, but the revival was a failure. The following card and idea from Captain Hippisley Marsh seems to have been a good one, but for some reason we did not agree about the book, "A Journey through Poti, Tiflis, Caspian Sea, Teheran, Mushed Herat, Furrah, Kandahar, Bolan Pass, to Jacobabad in Sinde, 1873." The following card must speak for itself as well as it can, for I have no remembrance of seeing the important owner: S.A.R., Le Prince Julius S. de Vismes, et de Ponthieu, Glanville, Galway; and so also must the following rather curious document, for I have no other remembrance of its owner: Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos, special, social and dramatic correspondent of the "Dagblad" of the Hague and South Holland, 14, Regent Street, S.W.

Some years ago Thomas Frost (not the Chartist as he was often taken for) offered me some interesting material for a book on "Circus Life," and so I proposed to advertise in *The Era* and some other papers, inviting proprietors of circuses and other such entertainments to send to my office any matter about themselves they thought interesting. But very few of them responded to the request; still, we received enough matter to make a fairly interesting volume. I knew Mr. Hengler, the original of the now Hengler's Circus, but he seemed to have no

great desire to say anything about himself or his always interesting and well managed circus business. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hengler made his circus show a pure matter of business, and all the artists he engaged had to be good at their work, and, even when out of business, a fair credit to their master in the way of dress, habits, etc. Mr. Henry, one of Mr. Hengler's old managers, had a very good knowledge of circuses and circus people, and some of his stories were very amusing. It was Henry's business, when the circus was in any town or place where there was a mayor, a lord, or duke, to get a bespeak night for their patronage, and if the patron would consent to appear in person so much the better. Once when Henry was with the circus in a very fashionable seaside town up North, he found a noble lord was there whose patronage he felt sure he could get. So he waited upon his lordship, who was very nice about the matter, but was truly sorry another engagement would hinder him from being present himself. However, he said, "You had better put the patronage under Viscount —, and he and his friends shall be there"; so Henry did the usual advertising, and in the evening had a double box ready, nicely set out with flowers, and he himself in full evening dress ready to receive the viscount, who quite at the time expected arrived in his carriage, not drawn by horses with elegant trappings, but propelled by one nurse, another walking by his side with white streamer caps; one footman walking in front and another behind in gorgeous

liveries ; but the baby viscount was sound asleep, so they carried him into the box in his perambulator, and the servants stood in state about him, while he religiously slept through the performance. Of course, Henry knew his lordship had sold him. Another story Henry used to tell was not very refined, and cannot be told in its original form. However, perhaps it may be thought amusing without its proper dressing. It appeared it was Mr. Henry's duty to see Mr. Hengler at his hotel or at any house he was staying at every morning about ten o'clock, when they discussed different kinds of business matters, in what as a rule was the family breakfast time with the Henglars. The engagement of artists was often an important part of their conversation, and if there was anyone or anything good and new about in circus business, Mr. Hengler was seldom loth to go almost any distance to see if it or them was good enough for his company. I wish I could remember the man who was Mr. Hengler's idea of a model clown, I think, some years before Little Sandy and Bibbs' time, and whenever he wanted a comparison about an artist he would say, "Is he like or as good as old——?" Now it so happened, even as particular as Mr. Hengler was about bad language in his company, or anywhere in his hearing, he had in Henry's time a clown who swore oaths almost by instinct, or at least, whatever was the cause of the failing, there it was ; and neither company nor place checked his use of words fearful to polite ears.

However, the old chap had found on his travels a very clever boy acrobat, and he wanted to speak to Mr. Hengler about him himself, but dared not do so in business ; so asked Henry to ask Mr. Hengler to see him one morning at the usual business time. Henry told him it was no use, because he was sure he would use some of his pretty oaths. However, he promised most faithfully he would not ; in fact, swore heartily he would not. So Henry told him to meet him the next morning, and he would try to get Mr. Hengler to see him. After Henry and Hengler had got through their usual business, Henry said, "I've brought old —, the clown, with me. He says he has found a very clever boy acrobat, and he wants to tell you about him himself." Hengler said, "Fetch him in, Henry." Henry went for him, and again bound him on his several oaths not to swear in his master's presence. In they went, and the old chap bowed low, and stammered, "Morning, Mister Hengler ; morning, ladies and gentlemen," and he proceeded to tell his master about the wonderful boy, when in an unlucky moment Mr. Hengler said, "Is he like old —?" "Like him!" said the old clown, rising above the situation, "Like him ! why, — my eyes, he can lick his — head off," and he had let loose such a string of oaths in a few moments that Hengler said, "Take him away, Henry, take him away," and when Henry got him outside, the old fellow began to curse his own eyes and limbs worse than before. I was rather curious at the

banquet given to Barry Sullivan, at the Alexander Palace, some years ago, to know who my left-hand neighbour was going to be at the table, but was pleased a few minutes afterwards that Mr. Hengler took the seat, and I said jokingly to him, "Your name is not Smith, which is the name on the card." "No," he said, "I do not always give my own name at such affairs as these." I tried to get something about circus life out of "Little Sandy," the clown, but even though he must have had some very interesting experiences, I could not get him to write anything down, even in a rough way, and strange to say the Brothers Sanger were very mute about their occupation. My old friend Jim Myers was a good talker about circus life and travelling showmen's lives, and was, I think, wonderfully well versed in the lives and training of elephants; thoroughly believed that an elephant would hardly ever forget to avenge a wrong done to it. He had a sad case of the kind happen in his show a good many years ago. One of his men had offended one of his elephants, and even though the man tried in every way to show the brute he had no spite against it, it waited till it got the poor fellow alone down a side street in a town in Switzerland, and then it bashed him to the ground with his trunk, and paraded up and down on his body until it was a flat, unrecognizable mass of blood and bones.

I just remember that Sandy, the clown, must have had some curious experiences in his time, for I think he is a son of an old melodramatic actor

for some years known in the country as "blood and thunder Alexander," so it is quite possible Sandy, when a baby, had to perform a good many parts, and doubtless was often thrown across a dreadful yawning chasm by Master "Rolla," and concealed in pantomime pies.

However, Charlie Keith, the noted clown, was in no way loth to send me matter about circuses and doings in them, and especially about his own acting; in fact, he sent me plenty of matter to make a large volume, but most of it was not very interesting. I venture to print a few of his ring witticisms which may be new to some readers. In speaking of the horse, he says it is one of the most noble of animals, for, like man, it can walk, trot, and run, and he had seen a horsefly. He had never seen a green horse, but had seen a horse reddish, and after numerous comparisons between men and horses, he says: "I and other men may be a little hoarse at times, and women are often perfect nags." Here is a bit of one of his mock election speeches:—"Electors and non-electors of this honourable borough,—I come before you as a candidate (not a plum) in the hope that you will let me represent you in your famous town in history. I will remove the income tax, I have no income, and I live upon the interest. I shall go in for universal suffrage, and no one shall suffer. I will suffer everything belonging to other persons to be shared equally, and when I have spent my share, I will have it all shared over again. In my opinion there should be no work done, and

those who have no money should not pay for anything. Every other dwelling should be a public-house, and the rest of the houses cookshops." He finishes his rigmarole by begging to be elected, because they had better have a fool they did know, than a rogue they did not.

I have, I think, quite a thousand lines of rhyme by Keith. But even though he could no doubt get good laughs out of them, I am afraid the reader would have to look a long time before seeing where the laughs would come in.

As I have said before, I am afraid the circus jester was a good deal responsible for the degeneration of our pantomime clowns, for many of them had not the gumption to see that a pantomime clown meant pantomime in its true sense, and that a jester's name must mean talking, and should mean good wit. Touchstone is a merry jester, and all Shakespeare clowns talk, but they are not, nor were ever meant to be, actors in wordless plays of the kind we were fond of as boys, and if we made them now and then try to sing "Hot Codlins," we soon found they were better pantomimists than singers. I see Charles Keith signed himself "English clown," but I think he has spent a greater part of his life on the Continent, where for many years good English clowns were much in request.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY CARD BASKET (*continued*).

The late Richard Dowling's card reminds me that several clever young Irishmen found their way almost direct from Ireland to my office. Two of several novels I published for Dowling should have given him a better stand as a writer of fiction than he ever gained—I refer to "The Mystery of Killard," and "The Weird Sisters." But he never got beyond the level of the good work in those two books. Dowling introduced me to his cousin, Edmund Downey, who is now a publisher under the name of Downey and Co., and an author of good repute—in fact, two authors rolled into one, or one divided, which is it? for he not only writes books under his own name, but writes another series under the name of Mrs. Allen. Mr. Harry Furniss is also from the green isle. He drew a number of wood blocks for me early in his London career. And I wonder what has become of my then young giant friend Manning, author and actor. I have at least one of the blackthorn sticks he gave me years ago. What a splendid big fellow Manning was, indeed I hope is, for his heart was as big as his body!

I heard some years after many of my young Irish friends had found fresh fields and pastures new, that my office was a suspected haunt for Fenians and explosionists for a time, but I am sure those detestable deeds were never favourably discussed in my office or anywhere in my hearing. However, when the matter was mentioned seriously to me, I remembered that I quite brought the suspicion upon myself. I was asked one day by one of my young Irish friends if I should care to see a noted American Fenian, who was then in London, and was leaving that night for America. I said I did not mind ; the fact was I was curious to see what sort of fellow a real Fenian was. We found him in lodgings in a street off the Strand, and he was in no way a dangerous looking or talking creature in my presence, whatever he was at heart or profession. Scotland Yard men may have known my movements on that occasion, and certainly on another occasion, when my young friend asked me if I would care to see the funeral of a celebrated doctor, who had been an ardent sympathiser with Fenians ; indeed, with anyone and anything Irish — in fact, it was known that the doctor had spent rather a long life and a large fortune in helping more enemies than friends to Ireland. The funeral was at the Catholic ground at Kensal Green, but, instead of there being hundreds of lovers of the dead man, and several hundred sightseers, there were not many more than twenty people at the grave altogether, including mourners, curious

sightseers, the priests, and the incense boys. In fact, the funeral as a show or demonstration was a miserable failure, and I am sure my young friend was sorry he had asked me to see how little a good-natured man could be appreciated when he had nothing more to give.

To better show how foolish the suspicion against my office was, and perhaps against me, I was at that time and for years on intimate terms with several inspectors and superintendents at Scotland Yard and outlying police stations, and there was hardly a week without one or more of them calling on me, or I called at Scotland Yard, this at the time the Fenian and the explosion scare was at its worst. I just seem to remember that the doctor whose funeral I have mentioned died somewhere, I think, near Fitzroy Square. And, I remember, when the Fenian scare was on, I received a rather curious letter from a man in Paris, who seemed anxious to write some important matter for my magazine about Fenianism and its promoters—in fact, offered to give, as he said, some important names in connection with the outrage. I thought the letter so curious, if not important, that I took it down to Cutbush at Scotland Yard, who when he had read it said, “We'll have a look at him.” The answer was back from Paris in almost no time: “Was here, but gone away.”

It is a long hark from the above dull matter to the in her young days golden-haired and merry Mrs. Alexander Fraser, for whom I published a

rather large number of volumes of fiction. She is, or was, the wife of Colonel Fraser, who was, I think, an inspector of lighthouses on the East Indian coast. At the time I knew Mrs. Fraser she was quite a society woman. She was not a favourite author with Mr. Mudie, although she hunted him up now and then, and tried to persuade him to take more copies of her new books. But Mr. Mudie was quite proof against her golden hair and winsome ways. In fact, he did not care for her or her books ; but he got her opinion of him in a curious way. A new book of hers was published when she was out of England, and she wrote quite a nice, pleading letter, asking him to do the best he could for it, and if she had sent the letter direct no accident would have happened, but she enclosed it in another letter to a friend. And in her friend's she opened her heart very freely about the noted librarian ; indeed, some of her opinions were very strong. After Mrs. Fraser's friend had read both letters she, as she thought, put only the letter for Mr. Mudie into the envelope addressed to him. But she unfortunately put her own letter in with the one for Mr. Mudie, and did not discover the mistake for some days. When the letters arrived at Mudie's, Mr. Mudie had left for a holiday on the Continent, and his eldest son Charles was in command, who thought the letters quite curious enough to forward to his father, with a rather smart letter of comments on the golden-haired author. Mr. Mudie at once forwarded them to Mrs. Fraser,

merely remarking that his son had forwarded them to him. In the meantime I think Mrs. Fraser had left for London, where Mr. Mudie's letter followed her, and then I think she interviewed Mr. Charles Mudie, and blamed him for sending her letters to his father. In fact, I would not swear that Mr. Mudie did not enclose his son's letter to Mrs. Fraser. At all events, if my version of the matter is not correct in all details, I know there was such a glorious mix-up of letters that each of the parties concerned knew pretty well what one thought of the other, and Mr. Mudie had a good laugh over the matter. Perhaps the above incidents are as good as some found in modern farcical comedies.

It is curious what a number of books are written in India by officers and their wives ; at least, many of the wives write their books in England. I remember I had books in my catalogue at one time written by several officers' wives whose husbands were in India, and they in England—Mrs. Pulleyne, Mrs. B. M. Croker, Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Fraser, and others.

I just remember I published a work of fiction by one of at that time Sir Garnet Wolseley's sisters, but I am afraid it was not a success.

I see there is written on one of Mrs. Leith Adams's cards "At home (on certain mentioned days) from three to six." I always hated "At homes," and would not go to them unless for some special purpose. But I do remember one "At home" that I think worth recording. Our hostess was Mrs.

Justin McCarthy, and of course her excellent husband the host. Their two children were then a long way from being out of their teens. After most of the company had left, there were only Mrs. Tinsley and I, William Black, Mr. Moncure Conway, and, I think, one other, whose name I forget—perhaps it was William Barry, a friend of Black's, and a really clever writer, but poor Barry drifted into bad health, and died when quite a young man. I just remember that, I feel sure, John Morley had been at the "At home," but had left. However, the few of us who were left settled down for a gossip. Moncure Conway had, I think, only just returned from the Franco-Prussian war, which had then not got far beyond the battle of Saarbruck, and he described a walk over that slaughtering ground the night after the battle, with other fearful but interesting details that chained us to our seats. Conway, as is pretty well known, has always been a good speaker, but on that evening he was fresh from scenes that gave him scope for word pictures that he painted in a wonderful way. I think that one of the wonderful war telegrams that Mr. Forbes had the credit for in *The Daily News* was sent by Mr. Moncure Conway. Our charming hostess at that time has long gone to I pray perfect rest, and to where the wrongs and Home Rule for her country no longer trouble her always anxious, but divinely honourable mind.

I hardly dare mention Mr. A. E. Rowcroft's name, for he got me into sad disgrace with the press, and

the "Saturday Review" especially. I and my reader made a stupid blunder over his MS. The fact was, I thought my reader had looked it over, and he quite thought I had. But I was most to blame, for one of the printers' readers sent me word there was very questionable matter in the book, and would not I look at some of the proofs? But I was very busy over some other and, as I thought, more important business, and as Mr. Rowcroft was the son of Charles Rowcroft, author of "Tales of the Colonies" and other books, and also a friend of Thomas Hood, I certainly thought he would not write matter that would tend to damage his father's name, and do me no good as a publisher. However, the book was published, and copies of it sent to the press in the usual way, and within a day or two Jones, the publisher of the "Saturday Review," called at my office, and wished to see me privately. He said he was sent by the editor, then Mr. Phillip Harwood, for I think Mr. Wingrove Cooke was dead or had left, and the message was to the effect that I had published a very immoral book, but that it would not be noticed in the "Saturday Review" if I would undertake to at once withdraw it from my list, and stop the selling of it, or if I would not do so, the editor would print a most damaging note. I do not even wish to hint that the message was unkindly meant, but it was such an extraordinary request that I was first vexed and then stubborn, so I told Jones to tell Mr. Harwood to do exactly as he pleased in the matter, and that I certainly should

not stop the sale of the book. And in the next issue of the "Saturday Review" there was certainly a stinging note indeed about the book, the author, the publisher, the disgrace to all concerned, etc. The paper had not been published more than two or three hours when I was making my way down Catherine Street to my office, and I met a young man and woman with a copy of the book they had just purchased at my office for the full published price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence, and that morbid-minded couple were deeply engaged trying to find the rather morbid passages in it. As a matter of fact, the scene that gave most offence to those who cared at all about the book was a poor imitation of the bedroom scene in "Cymbeline," where Iachimo takes a description of the fair Imogen asleep in bed to rouse the wrath of Posthumus, only that the gentleman in Mr. Rowcroft's book had stolen into a lady's cabin on board a ship at sea. I do not seem to remember that Mr. Rowcroft's hero, like Iachimo, found a mole upon the bust of the lady whose fair form he so faithfully described. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rowcroft was then, and I hope is now, a doctor, so that his anatomy would not be likely to be much at fault. However, even though I would not withdraw the book, I set to work and marked the passages that gave offence, and got Mr. Rowcroft to rewrite them. He had not to alter more than about a dozen pages out of close upon eight hundred, and the revised copies were ready for sale in about three days. In the mean-

time plenty of morbid-minded readers had been sadly taken in by the "Saturday's" alarm note, for before the revised edition was ready, I had sold between thirty and forty copies at the full published price. I sold quite as many more on the same good terms of the revised edition, and only two or three of the purchasers had the courage to return them, and say it was not the sort of work they expected.

Strange as it may seem, I can prove that I sold more copies of Mr. Rowcroft's book at full price—that is, at thirty-one shillings and sixpence—than I did of all the three-volume novels I ever published, for it was a rare event indeed for readers to purchase newly-published three-volume novels. In fact, three-volume novels were published for lending libraries, and lending libraries were established for the loan of them, and in the old days novels were often six or eight volumes. There is another fact about the "Saturday Review" and the book I have mentioned above. As I would not withdraw it, dear old Jones, the publisher, would not let me advertise it in the "Saturday," even when the book was as innocent of bad teaching as skimmed milk.

In one other case I got into sad disgrace about a book through being much too trusting in my purchase of it. The manuscript was brought in a complete state to me, and the author was well known, and her books were very well noticed in the best literary papers and *The Times*. I had no doubt the lady had sent me a good specimen of her

work, so I printed and published it, and was soon told by an important literary paper I ought to be ashamed of myself. I at once scanned the volumes, when I made no bones about the matter, but withdrew the book at once. Luckily, I had not paid for it, and was not to do so for a certain time after publication. The author tried for payment in more than one court of law. But I stuck to my plea, and treated the transaction as quite one of goods sold and delivered. I said I was led to believe that I had bought good, honest goods, and had been given instead an unsaleable article. Even my own solicitors and counsel were against me, but the author, after spending a large sum in law, was not inclined to meet me and the passages from her book in open court, and in the end withdrew her claim.

Little Ellen Clayton came to me with some literary work soon after she had written her rather good book about "The Queens of Song," which Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. published in two handsome volumes, with portraits of the singers she had written about. Miss Clayton was the daughter of Ben Clayton, a man rather well known in the artistic world about forty years ago. She was a very fair artist, and painted and sold a good many pictures in her young days; and in the days when original valentines were worth hand painting, made some money by painting a great many for Mr. Rimmell, the scent dealer in the Strand. She also painted a good many valentines for reproduction.

But that was the time when decent original pictures could not be bought for so much per square foot or yard, and capitally reproduced pictures given away with penny journals. Miss Clayton wrote a handsome book for me on "Female Artists," and another on "Female Warriors"—in fact, worked hard, and in the end, I am afraid, dragged out a poor existence, although she was a good, hard-working little woman, and deserved a better fate.

Here are three cards from three actors who tried to be authors of successful fiction. Mr. Wybert Reeve wrote a fairly interesting novel for me, called "Sundered Lives," but it gave him no encouragement to go on writing fiction. Mr. Arthur Wood has not played a part badly on the stage in his life, so conscientious is he in his profession. I published a novel for him called "Shoddy," and I feel sure had it had the name on the title page of a popular writer of fiction it would have sold well. I think Mr. Wood tried a dramatic version of "Shoddy" in the country, but I am afraid it did not succeed. It was hardly to be imagined that Mr. H. J. Craven, the author of "Milky White," and quite a score of other capital little domestic dramas, would not succeed in writing a fairly successful novel. But I published a story for him, called "The Old Tune," which made no way in the fiction market, and the excellent old dramatist was, I know, sorry he went into a market where they would not buy his goods. Paul Merritt novelised his play called "New Babylon," and offered it to me at a

price far beyond my idea of its value. However, another publisher published it for him, but even though the play was being played when the novel form was in the market, it was soon forgotten.

I had some cards and a good many letters from Mrs. Linton during the time I was a publisher, and as a rule her cards and letters were of a very pleasant character, for they were mostly in her own interest, and whether they were about literary matter she wanted me to take, or to pay for what I had printed, I think I always met her desires as much as possible. If ever there was an author who tried hard to be a popular and successful writer of three-volume fiction, it was Mrs. Lynn Linton. She began rather well about forty years ago. One of her novels, called "*Lizzie Lorton, of Greying*," sold fairly well, but the next fiction I published for her, called "*Sowing the Wind*," was a poor, dull book. Of course, the dear old lady was too much superior in the world of letters, if she were living, to notice my poor scribblings about her. Still, I want to say just a word or so about her. Some time ago I was vain enough to think I had some claim upon the Royal bounty fund; in fact, a petition I sent to Mr. Gladstone was signed by fifty authors of note in England. Of course, I tried to prove that I had done something in literature to give me some claim upon the fund, and when canvassing for signatures I thought perhaps Mrs. Lynn Linton would not mind using one dip of ink in my favour. But she

would not, and, indeed, did not say she would not in at all a gracious manner. She reminded me that I had only kept a shop, and sold inferior fiction—in fact, flooded the market with it. I was a little hurt at her refusal, but more surprised, for I knew she would have signed forty such petitions for me had I been able to sell cartloads, instead of a limited number of copies, of the fiction I had published for her.

I ought to have come across Mr. J. C. Parkinson's card when I was mentioning Mr. Ashley Sterry and Mr. C. J. Dunphie, for I published a pretty chatty volume for him, much in the style of the above-mentioned essayist's works, called "Places and People." It is a good many years ago, for Mr. Parkinson was in Somerset House at the time, or had not long left that rather monotonous life to work in a more profitable business. Mr. Parkinson and Edmund Yates worked together for some time on *The World*—in fact, he had some interest in that paper; but I expect Master Edmund's not over frugal ways of living hindered him from letting anyone share the mine of gold he so luckily founded.

AN OLD REMEMBRANCE OF STAGE FRIGHT.

It would be difficult to imagine how many good artists have been lost to the theatre and concert room, for nothing more than a want of confidence in themselves.

The best and bravest of our artists are often in a very nervous state when playing a new part or singing a new song. But the nervousness in experienced artists, as a rule, does not last long, nor does it always hinder them from doing excellent work.

The case is different with those who lack experience ; for however well they may be able to sing or act in private, or in the presence of a few friends, the moment they have to exhibit their powers on a public platform they are apt to lose the necessary confidence, and often miss the chance of grand careers.

An instance of stage fright of the worst kind came under my notice a good many years ago. It was about the time Henry Russell was singing "Cheer, boys, cheer," "I left my wife in England," "The Ship on Fire," etc. A friend of some friends of mine had a splendid but uncultivated baritone voice, and knew and sang in a remarkably pleasing way many old ballads and songs of the time, but could not be persuaded to stand up to sing in a room or on a platform.

Going home at night after a jolly evening, he would roll out song after song, and make the streets echo again.

And, strange to say, he would sing even sea songs when in a room, sitting down, and give them with excellent effect and good action, with just enough room to sway his head and arms about.

Indeed, anyone not knowing him to be seated when singing, would believe he was standing, and showing all the action of the body a sea song requires to give it the best effect.

It was generally agreed, by all who heard the man, that, with some cultivation, he would become a really fine artist.

But, as I have said, he had no nerve to stand up before strangers.

However, after a good deal of persuasion, he promised to sing at a music hall in Westminster for the benefit of a music-hall singer.

On the eventful night he was there, and getting through one song, even in his worst form, would have given him a good start in life. We none of us expected he would sing his first song well, but we did think he would start his rollicking sea song with some nerve and action in it.

But we were mistaken.

His entrance to and from public life was the shortest on record ; for he began the good old sea song in the most melancholy way, and before he had spoken—not sung—the first four lines, one of the boys in the hall bawled out, in the shrillest voice possible, “Attitude, you beggar !”

Those three words settled our friend’s public career for ever.

He rushed off the platform, and could not be persuaded to go on again upon any consideration.

And yet, that same evening, he sang a number of songs in capital style before his select friends in a public-house parlour ; and when going home, had Santley lived in one of the streets through which he passed, he would have wondered who was the fortunate owner of such a capital voice.

Early and for a long time in the history of English literature, pamphlet writing was sometimes a pleasing art, but very often very much the reverse.

I do not think I have ever been thought good enough for a pamphlet shot, but I am told there are two dirty little smudged word portraits of me in two different books by two authors who in my time as publisher I well befriended. To one I paid several thousand pounds, and to the other I gave his first fair start as a writer of fiction, when he had little or no money to buy food. The more than silly woman may be sure I care nothing for bad-natured portraits, and the silly, scurrillous man may be quite sure I shall never give them the publicity your true libeller always loves. But I must not grow morbid, as well as dull, on small things.

There was no pretence at libel in a very learned and certainly curious pamphlet I published for Dr. Beke, the noted traveller. It was called "Mount Sinai, a. Volcano," but whether the subject was treated in a too learned manner, or the matter was too dry, the little book had no great sale. I seem to remember that Doctor Beke was at that time anxious to get the public to give him funds to go and explore the scriptural mountain, and try to find out whether it had ever been a volcano. Dr. Beke quoted Exodus xiii., 21, in favour of his speculative idea, where the words I think are, "By day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light." But I am afraid the pamphlet was very Greek to me, and, in fact, so learned, that I gave up all idea of mastering its contents and meaning. Readers of African, and especially Nile travels, will remember

that Dr. Beke and his wife did some very good travels in their time, and wrote more than one book about their wanderings.

ARTISTS' CLAIMS TO AUTHORSHIP.

Some curious claims by artists to be part authors of works they have been employed to illustrate have been made during the last half-century. There was a rather serious one made by Mr. Seymour's relations or friends that he was partly the originator of "The Pickwick Papers," and it may have been that he did suggest certain pictures and incidents for the immortal work. But no one ever proved that he wrote a line of the book.

Dear old George Cruikshank lived long enough to write a pamphlet and quite believe that he was part author of more than one of the works of Harrison Ainsworth and of Charles Dickens's fictions, especially "Oliver Twist"; but he, I think, never mentioned any one line or page that he had written, nor did he put in one distinct claim for any matter he wrote for Dickens or William Harrison Ainsworth. No one ever doubted that Cruikshank's pictures were a great feature in any books he illustrated, but he found few believers that he was in any way author of any letterpress for Dickens or Ainsworth. And to put the matter in another way of arguing, supposing Cruikshank, after he had drawn the pictures for one of Dickens's or Harrison Ainsworth's works, had from some cause elected to publish them in a separate form, and, of course, the authors of the letter-

press did the same, the pictures by such an artist would have been valuable. But it is quite a question whether "Oliver Twist" or Ainsworth's "Tower of London" would have been much less popular. It is true that there are books that are alive because of their pictures by great artists, but "Oliver Twist" is alive on the merits of the author, and there is no better proof than that hundreds of thousands of copies of the book have been sold without a picture of any kind in them.

I am afraid I was wrong in preserving the cards of invitation to dine at the Mansion House from Lord Mayors Cotton, Lush, Truscott, and others—indeed, almost a bundle of such invitations to merry meetings at the in their time noted old Willis's Rooms, the Albion, and others of the old haunts for banquets, down or up to the almost gigantic Hotel Métropole, for as I look them over, they force upon me memories of friendships and pleasures never to return. That dreadful word "never" should not have been coined. But I will not trouble the kindly reader with any more details of my precarious life. It has been now and then a pleasure for me to remember and scribble off some of the events, but it is likely that what were events to me may seem nothing to others, and if I have written a book with no sort of interest in it, it deserves not to be read. If that is my fate I shall indeed be sorry.

* * * * *

Since it became known that I was trying to

scribble some account of Tinsley Brothers, but more about myself and people I have met, various statements have been printed which are in no way facts. I therefore reprint a letter I published in *The Athenæum*, which I hope old friends will believe is a fair outline of the founding of Tinsley Brothers.

THE FOUNDING OF TINSLEY BROTHERS.

[To the Editor of *The Athenæum*.]

2, Dove-Cote Villas, Wood Green, June 5th, 1900.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his new book, entitled "Personal Recollections," has printed some inaccurate statements about the founding of the publishing business of Tinsley Brothers. I shall therefore be very glad if you will allow me to state in *The Athenæum* some facts in connection with the matter. I was half proprietor in the business with my brother Edward from the first day of its existence in 1858 till the day of my brother's death in 1866, from which time I was sole proprietor for close upon thirty years. There is not a semblance of truth in the statement Mr. Edwards has printed that the business was founded with money borrowed from Spalding & Hodge or anyone. Nor is there any truth in his statement about our first dealing with Miss Braddon. Her first book of importance was "Lady Audley's Secret," not "Aurora Floyd," as Mr. Edwards intimates, and the first agreed price for it was two hundred and fifty pounds, not one thousand pounds, as Mr. Edwards also intimates. I most willingly acknowledge that the publishing

of "Lady Audley" and of three other books by Miss Braddon was an important event in our early publishing career. But Mr. Edwards is wrong in saying that we had no standing as publishers up to that time, and had only published one small pamphlet for George Augustus Sala. I have mentioned above we commenced business in 1858 (I have our original agreement before me at this moment), and it may surprise Mr. Edwards to learn that we had no dealings with Miss Braddon before 1862. As a matter of fact, we had in that time published quite a score of new books and new editions. Amongst our authors were James Ewing Ritchie, William Blanchard Jerrold, James Hannay, Andrew Halliday, George Augustus Sala, a large medical book by Dr. Wardrop, and other books by authors of some note. We had also a very good business as booksellers in general. In fact, we supplied that mad venture the Library Company, which was started in opposition to Mr. Mudie, with over ten thousand pounds' worth of our own and other publishers' books. Mr. Edwards tries to make some sport of what he terms my brother's "little shop." As a matter of fact, then 18, now 8, Catherine Street, is now a rather large restaurant, and before we occupied the premises they had been the printing and publishing offices of *The Morning Herald*, *The Leader*, and other publications of importance in the early and middle part of this century.

WILLIAM TINSLEY.

THE END.

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Tinsley, William
Random recollections of an
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